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THE NEW YORKER

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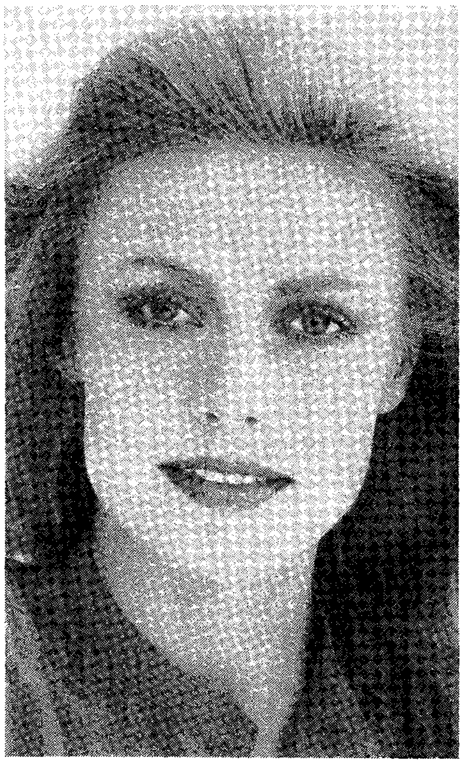

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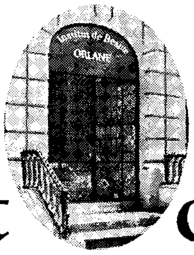

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

BAM Theatre Company—The first two of five plays to be presented in rotating repertory through Sunday, June 15. Charles MacArthur's 1941 satire **JOHNNY ON A SPOT**, with Gary Bayer and Roxanne Hart: Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 21-23, at 8; Sunday, Feb. 24, at 2 and 7; and Tuesday, Feb. 26, at 8 (previews); and Wednesday, Feb. 27 (opening) and Thursday, Feb. 28, at 8. . . . ¶ Shakespeare's **THE WINTER'S TALE**, with Brian Murray and Marti Maraden: Friday, Feb. 29, at 8, and Saturday, March 1, at 2 and 8. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

Bent—A play much less grim than its subject matter—the fate of homosexuals in the concentration camp at Dachau—would lead one to fear. Splendidly acted by Richard Gere and David Dukes. (Reviewed in our issue of 12/17/79.) (New Apollo, 234 W. 43rd St. 921-8558. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Feb. 20, and Saturdays at 2.)

Betrayal—Harold Pinter in what amounts, for him, to a happy-go-lucky mood: a man has an affair with his closest friend's wife, and the friend, learning of the affair, keeps silent, nursing his wrath. In the end (which in this play is the beginning) everyone feels betrayed, outwitted, and not uncomfortable. Well acted by Blythe Danner, Raul Julia, and Roy Scheider. Peter Hall is the director. (1/14/80) (Trafalgar, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Canterbury Tales—The Equity Library Theatre production of the musical taken from the Chaucer work. Nevill Coghill did the book (with Martin Starkie) and the lyrics. The score is by Richard Hill and John Hawkins. Directed by Robert Johanson. (Rialto, Broadway at 43rd St. 354-5236. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Changes—A musical conceived by Dorothy Love, with music by Addy Fieger and lyrics by Danny Apolinar. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Thursday, Feb. 21, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Charlotte—Uta Hagen and Charles Nelson Reilly make up the cast of a play by Peter Hacks. Directed by Herbert Berghof. Previews Wednesday, Feb. 20. Opens officially on Thursday, Feb. 21. (Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. 354-4490. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Class Enemy—Six apparently ineducable young toughs in a high school somewhere in London. The author, Nigel Williams, makes their plight a touching one. Tony Tanner is the director. (12/3/79) (Players, 115 Macdougal St. 254-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Elizabeth and Essex—Estelle Parsons and Richard White in a musical based on Maxwell Anderson's "Elizabeth the Queen." Michael Stewart and Mark Bramble wrote the book, Douglas Katsaros did the music, and Richard Engquist is responsible for the lyrics. Nancy Rhodes directed. Previews through Friday, Feb. 22. Opens officially on Saturday, Feb. 23, and will run through Sunday, March 9. (Encompass, 424 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Thursdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

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Equity Library Theatre—A revised version of Arthur Laurents' **THE TIME OF THE CUCKOO** is the fifth in this season's series of eight productions. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Feb. 24. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Evita—A blithe and calculatedly slapdash rewriting of Argentine history. The songs are easy to listen to, the cast is able, and the staging, by Hal Prince, is up to his usual high standard. (10/8/79) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-3600. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Filumena—Joan Plowright and Frank Finlay have a merry time pretending to be quarrelling in Naples in 1946, mostly about family matters. Eduardo de Filippo's play wears sufficiently well for all impractical purposes, and has been given high-spirited direction by Laurence Olivier. (Reviewed in this issue.) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Gertrude Stein Gertrude Stein Gertrude Stein—Pat Carroll's one-woman show. (Provincetown, 133 Macdougal St. 777-2571. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

The Housewives' Cantata—A musical by Willy Holtzman (book), Mira J. Spektor (music), and June Siegel (lyrics). (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Jane White, Who?—An evening of autobiographical monologues, musings, and songs by Miss White. (One Sheridan Square. 260-7137. Wednesdays through Mondays at 8.)

A Kurt Weill Cabaret—A pleasing assortment of Weill songs, ably presented by Martha Schlamme and Leonard Frey. (11/19/79) (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Mondays and Tuesdays at 8; Saturdays at 10:30; and Sundays at 9.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Gilbert and Sullivan's **H.M.S. PINAFORE** will play through Sunday, Feb. 24. . . . ¶ Victor Herbert's **THE FOR-**

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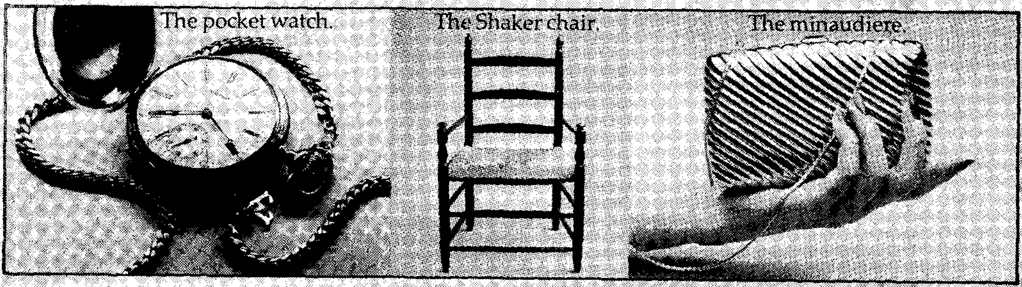
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TUNE TELLER will follow, opening Wednesday, Feb. 27, and running through Sunday, March 16. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

MAJOR BARBARA—A revival of Bernard Shaw's play, with Rachel Gurney, Philip Bosco, Laurie Kennedy, and Jon De Vries. Directed by Stephen Porter. Previews through Sunday, Feb. 24. Opens officially on Tuesday, Feb. 26, and will run through Sunday, March 30. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MARIE AND BRUCE—In Wallace Shawn's new comedy, a gross, foulmouthed tigress of a wife mauls her polite little husband, who may well gain the last word by keeping silent. With Louise Lasser and Bob Balaban. (2/11/80) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

MECCA—A play by E. A. Whitehead. Directed by Kevin Conway. (Quaigh, Hotel Diplomat, 108 W. 43rd St. 221-9088. Wednesday through Saturday at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 24.)

A MILLIONAIRE IN TROUBLE—A Yiddish musical, with Yakov Bodo. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 921-9442. Wednesdays at 8 and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Tuesdays through Thursdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)

MISTER LINCOLN—Roy Dotrice portrays Abraham Lincoln in a one-character play by Herbert Mitgang. The director is Peter Coe. Previews Thursday through Sunday, Feb. 21-24. Opens officially on Monday, Feb. 25, and will run through Sunday, April 6. (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MODIGLIANI—A sad, implausible, carefully written play about a few days in the life of the celebrated painter. Jeffrey De Munn takes the leading role. (11/26/79) (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Wednesday through Friday at 8; Saturday at 7 and 10; and Sunday at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 24.)

A MONTH IN THE COUNTRY—An admirable production of Turgenev's marvellous comedy, with Tammy Grimes, Farley Granger, Roy Cooper, and Amanda Plummer. (12/24/79) (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

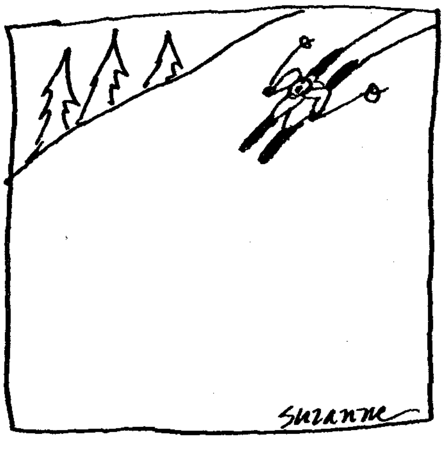
NEGRO ENSEMBLE COMPANY—Two one-acters, **COMPANIONS OF THE FIRE**, by Ali Wadud, and **BIG CITY BLUES**, by Roy R. Kuljian. Closes Sunday, Feb. 24. . . . ¶ A return engagement of Samm-Art Williams' play **HOME** starts Thursday, Feb. 28, and will run through Sunday, April 6. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave. at St. Marks Pl. 674-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3:30 and Sundays at 2:30.)

OKLAHOMA!—A very welcome new production of the thirty-six-year-old classic. Many a new day will dawn before it is done better. (12/24/79) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

ONE MO' TIME—A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity, and he has a leading role. Good old Jabbo Smith plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (11/19/79) (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

ON GOLDEN POND—Ernest Thompson's funny, sympathetic play about an old couple spending the summer in Maine is excellently performed by Frances Sternhagen and Tom Aldredge in the leading roles. Craig Anderson is the admirable director. (9/25/78) (Century, 235 W. 46th St. 354-6644. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

PETER PAN—Why not? (9/17/79) (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Wednesdays, except Feb. 20, and Thursdays at 7; and Fridays and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 6:30.)



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ROMANTIC COMEDY—A play about playwrights writing plays, by a playwright (Bernard Slade) who is evidently none too sure how the deed is done. With Anthony Perkins and Mia Farrow. (11/19/79) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

SAY GOODNIGHT, GRACIE—Ralph Pape's lively comedy about the sadness of three young men who are facing their high-school reunion. Adroitly directed by Austin Pendleton. (4/2/79) (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3 and 6.)

SCRAMBLED FEET—The cheerfulness and occasional ingenuity of this little revue about life in the theatre sporadically compensate for its lack of wit, but not often. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

SHAKESPEARE'S CABARET—Extracts from fourteen plays and a couple of sonnets and poems set, improbably, to music by Lance Mulcahy. ("Venus and Adonis" is done as country-and-Western.) Michael Lessac is the director. (Colonnades, 428 Lafayette St. 673-2222. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, March 16.)

SORROWS OF STEPHEN—A witty new comedy by Peter Parnell, about pairings among the young. The setting, by Stuart Wurtzel, is as witty as the play. (12/10/79) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

STRIDER: THE STORY OF A HORSE—The recollections of a piebald gelding. The show, a musical adaptation of a short story by Tolstoy, has been dramatized (after a fashion) by Mark Rozovsky, and needless to say, the gelding, as performed by Gerald Hiken, embodies any number of Tolstoy's ideas on any number of matters. Most of the actors, who do well, double as horses and people, and the results are sometimes effective, sometimes humorous, and often painfully cute. The music (originally composed by Mr. Rozovsky and S. Vetkin and arranged by Norman L. Berman) is consistently delightful. Robert Kalfin was both co-translator and co-director. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thursday, Feb. 21, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

SUGAR BABIES—This mock tribute to old-time burlesque embraces Mickey Rooney, Ann Miller, some buxom chorus girls, and a dolorous springer spaniel, and they all perform splendidly. (10/22/79) (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

TABLE SETTINGS—A young playwright named James Lapine has written a compassionate, hilarious account of family life in New York—a sort of Jewish and urban "Ah, Wilderness!" The cast is superb. (1/21/80) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

TALLEY'S FOLLY—Judd Hirsch and Trish Hawkins re-create their roles in a comedy by Lanford Wilson seen here last spring. Directed by Marshall W. Mason. Opens officially on Wednesday, Feb. 20, at 6:45. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

THESE MEN—The sometimes funny but mostly woebegone changes of fortune of two young women living in a tiny California cabin and desperately in want of men. The author is Mayo Simon, and the two girls are well played by Alix Elias and Jill Larson. The director is Zoe Caldwell. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

WAR AND PEACE—The final four of eight performances of a dramatic adaptation by Erwin Piscator and Alfred Neumann of Tolstoy's novel. With Erik Rhodes, Jacqueline Bertrand, Carl Low, and Timothy Landfield. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 865-2557. Sunday, Feb. 24, at 3, and Monday through Wednesday, Feb. 25-27, at 8.)

WEST SIDE STORY—Leonard Bernstein's musical with a book by Arthur Laurents and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim. Jossie de Guzman, Ken Marshall, and Debbie Allen head the cast. Directed by Jerome Robbins and Gerald Freedman. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

WHOSE LIFE IS IT ANYWAY?—Mary Tyler Moore assumes Tom Conti's role in a return engagement of the play by Brian Clark. Michael Lindsay-Hogg is the director. Previews through Saturday, Feb. 23. Opens officially on Sunday, Feb. 24, and will run through Sunday, April 13. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

LONG RUNS—**AIN'T MISBEHAVIN'**: A delightful tribute, in revue form, to Fats Waller. We hear many of his songs, and many songs written by others which Waller recorded and helped to make famous. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Nightly, except Thursdays and Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **ANNIE**: An old-fashioned musical, based on the once popular comic strip "Little Orphan Annie." The agreeable book is by Thomas Meehan, and the so-so songs are by Charles Strouse and Martin Charnin. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS**: A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **A CHORUS LINE**: A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **DANCIN'**: Bob Fosse's act of homage to show dancing. The young and attractive cast sings and dances with irresistible exuberance and self-confidence. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **DEATHTRAP**: A witty and scary thriller by Ira Levin. With John Cullum, Marian Seldes, and William LeMassena. Directed by Robert Moore. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **THE ELEPHANT**

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MAN: This absorbing play by Bernard Pomerance is based on an actual episode. A freak too repulsive even for display at street fairs finds refuge in a London hospital in Whitechapel from 1886 until his death in 1890. Bruce Davison is the Elephant Man, Donal Donnelly is his attending surgeon, and Patricia Elliott is the actress Mrs. Kendal. Jack Hofsiss directed. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 8,240 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **GEMINI:** In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social but is actually sexual. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Feb. 20, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **GREASE:** A musical that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **I'M GETTING MY ACT TOGETHER AND TAKING IT ON THE ROAD:** A night-club singer with strong feminist views celebrates her thirty-ninth birthday by auditioning her new act for her dismayed manager. This somewhat disappointing musical by Nancy Ford (score) and Gretchen Cryer (book and lyrics) was directed by Word Baker. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **MUMMENSCHANZ:** A merry evening of pantomime with three masked players. The masks are ingenious and surprising, and so are the ideas of this nimble troupe. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 6:30.). . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **SWEENEY TODD:** Many remarkable songs, by Stephen Sondheim, and two remarkable performances, by Len Cariou and Angela Lansbury, are reasons enough to attend this grisly melodrama. Harold Prince directed, with a bucket of blood in each hand. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THEY'RE PLAYING OUR SONG:** Shiny and trim and empty, this musical by Neil Simon provides a few comic opportunities for Lucie Arnaz and Tony Roberts. The music is by Marvin Hamlisch, and the lyrics are by Carole Bayer Sager. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **VANITIES:** In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. (Chelsea Theatre Center, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL—A staged version of Disney's **SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS.** No Rockettes. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Wednesday, Feb. 20, at 2; Thursdays at 11 A.M.; Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 2 and 7:30; Sundays at 2 and 6:30; and Wednesday, Feb. 27, at 2 and 7:30. Closes Sunday, March 9.)

LES COLOMBAIONI—The first two of six performances by Carlo and Alberto Colombaioni, a clown duo. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Monday and Tuesday, Feb. 25-26, at 6.)

DANCE

MERCE CUNNINGHAM DANCE COMPANY—Wednesday evening, Feb. 20: "Torse I," "Roadrunners" (New York première), and "Exchange.". . . ¶ Thursday evening, Feb. 21: "Fractions," "Inlets," and "Roadrunners." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 22: "Torse II," "Exchange," and "Roadrunners.". . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Feb. 23: "Torse II," "Locale," and "Changing Steps et cetera.". . . ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 23: "Rune," "Inlets," and "Squaregame.". . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Feb. 24: "Fractions," "Tango," "Sounddance," and "Roadrunners.". . . ¶ On Sunday, Feb. 24, at 6, filmed versions of "Locale" and "Blue Studio," plus "Roamin' I," a documentary on the making of "Locale," will be shown. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Feb. 26: "Rune," "Duets" (première), and "Exchange." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Feb. 27: "Landrover," "Duets," and "Sounddance.". . . ¶ Thursday evening, Feb. 28: "Torse III," "Tango," "Locale," and "Squaregame.". . . ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 29: "Torse III," "Exchange," and "Roadrunners.". . . ¶ Saturday matinée, March 1: "Landrover," "Duets," and "Changing Steps et cetera.". . . ¶ Saturday evening, March 1: "Fractions," "Tango," "Duets," and "Squaregame." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2. Through Sunday, March 2.)

MATTEO ETHNOAMERICAN DANCE THEATRE—Final performances of the engagement. (Theatre of the Open Eye, 316 E. 88th St. Wednesday through Saturday, Feb. 20-23, at 8:30, and Sunday, Feb. 24, at 4:30. For information about tickets, call 631-9229.)

BAYANIHAN PHILIPPINE DANCE COMPANY—A troupe of forty dancers and musicians. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Thursday, Feb. 28, at 7:30; Friday and Saturday, Feb. 29-March 1, at 8; and Sunday, March 2, at 4.)

SOLOMONS COMPANY / DANCE—Gus Solomons, Jr., and his company in a full-length work, "NŌZ." (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929. Thursday, Feb. 28, and Saturday and Sunday, March 1-2, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The lineup: Blues guitarist and singer **SON SEALS** trades sets with Roomful of Blues, a quintet, on Wednesday, Feb. 20; Thursday through Sunday, Feb. 21-24, will belong to the comedy duo of **MONTEITH AND RAND**; and on Friday and Saturday, Feb. 29-March 1, the Aztec Two-Step, a folkie duo, will be present. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty; Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Dark wood panelling, driven conversationalists, and some very good jazz musicians, usually pianists and bassists. **JOANNE BRACKEEN** and **EDDIE GOMEZ** are here through Saturday, Feb. 23; and then, on Monday, Feb. 25, **JOHN BUNCH** and **GEORGE DUVIVIER** will take charge. Music from nine-thirty every night. Dining.

CACHAÇA, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—If you missed Carnaval in Rio, a visit to this urbane Brazilian club might make you feel better. Jazz sambas and internationally influential compositions by Jobim, Gilberto, Bonfa, Gil, and others are performed here every night but Monday by a trio. Live music from eleven; before and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and, best of all, recorded music from Carnaval. Dining and dancing.

CAFÉ PIERRE, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI,** a rhythmically inspired guitarist who plays fervent jazz disguised as hotel music, is assisted by pianist **TONY MONTE** and bassist **RON NASPO** Tuesdays through Saturdays, from eight-thirty to twelve-thirty. Dining and dancing.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—In the Café Carlyle, pianist **GEORGE SHEARING,** always a melodist and sometimes a breathy vocalist, too, is working with bassist **BRIAN TORFF** Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining. . . . ¶ The Bemelmans Bar is **BARBARA CARROLL** country nightly, except Sundays. Miss Carroll is at the piano, playing and occasionally singing, from nine-thirty to one.

CARNEGIE TAVERN, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—**ELLIS LARKINS,** the demure, elegant pianist who over the years has accompanied Joe Williams, Helen Humes, Ella Fitzgerald, Sylvia Syms, and many other singers, is the star here. Larkins plays solo piano nightly, except Sundays, from eight until midnight. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—A lot of people think of this club as the Bowery Institute of Rock and Roll. The bands: The Hooks, A.K.A., and Meat Wednesday, Feb. 20; Active Ingredients, Formula, and Gramaphone Thursday, Feb. 21; Bloodless Pharaohs and Craig Beuan & the Tourists Friday, Feb. 22; Quincy Saturday, Feb. 23. Mondays are generally showcase nights. Shows nightly from nine-thirty.

CITY LIMITS, Seventh Ave. S., at 10th St. (243-2242)—A country-and-Western club for city-and-Eastern patrons. The chicken-fried steaks are authentic: they're made with buttermilk batter and covered with white sauce. Exuberant country bands mosey in nightly at about ten. Dining and dancing.

THE CONSERVATORY, in the Mayflower Hotel, Central Park W. at 61st St. (581-0896)—**RONNY WHYTE** sings obscure songs and well-known songs by prominent composers of show music and non-rock-and-roll popular music. He accompanies himself on piano, and **JACK SIX** accompanies him on bass. They're here Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty.

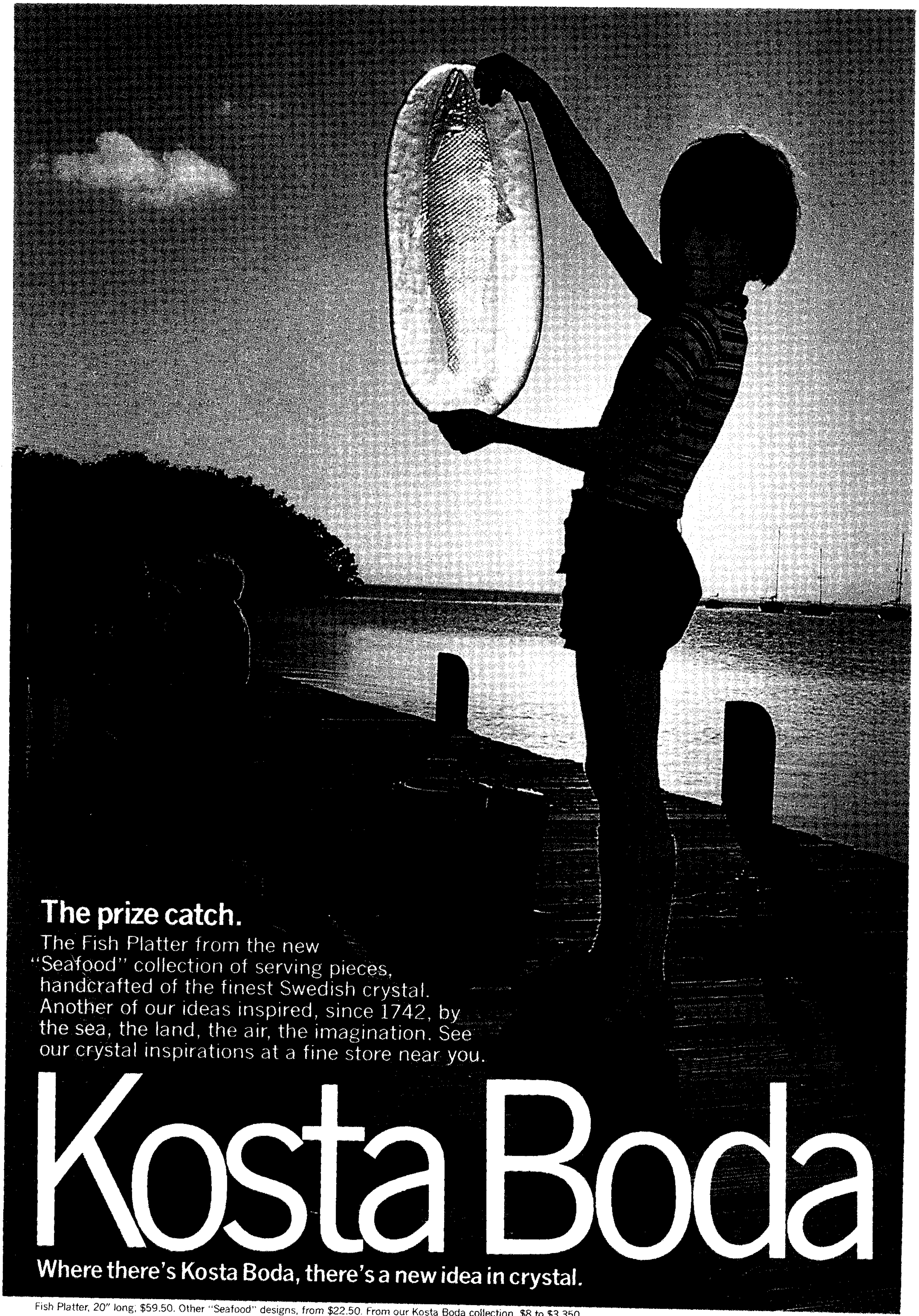
COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**ALBERTA HUNTER,** the famous octogenarian blues singer and composer, performs with her pianist, Gerald Cook, and bassist, Aaron Bell. Tuesdays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-fifteen. Dining.

CRAWDADDY, Vanderbilt Ave. at 45th St. (687-1860)—**MAJOR HOLLEY,** the humming bassist, works with pianist **DILL JONES** and saxophonist **HAROLD ASHBY** through Friday, Feb. 22. On Monday, Feb. 25, trumpeter **RED RODNEY** will bring in a quartet. Music during dinner—from six to eleven—Mondays through Fridays. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The house sextet performs from nine-thirty nightly, except Sundays. On Sunday, Feb. 24, tenor saxophonist **SCOTT HAMILTON'S** quintet, which will feature another tenor player, **HAROLD ASHBY,** will work from nine-fifteen. Dining.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Parquet floors, mirrored-and-brown-velvet walls, and first-rate jazz. **JOE PASS** is the current prize catch on this bandstand, and he plays solo guitar Tuesdays through Saturdays for his devoted audiences, which consist of guitar-player listeners and the non-playing laity as well. Both kinds of his admirers tend to respond to Pass's performances with lots of stunned smiling and head-shaking. The first set begins at nine-thirty. Dining.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Guitarist **JOE PUMA** and bassist **FRANK LUTHER** work with pianist **HOD O'BRIEN** on standards and O'Brien compositions, and they



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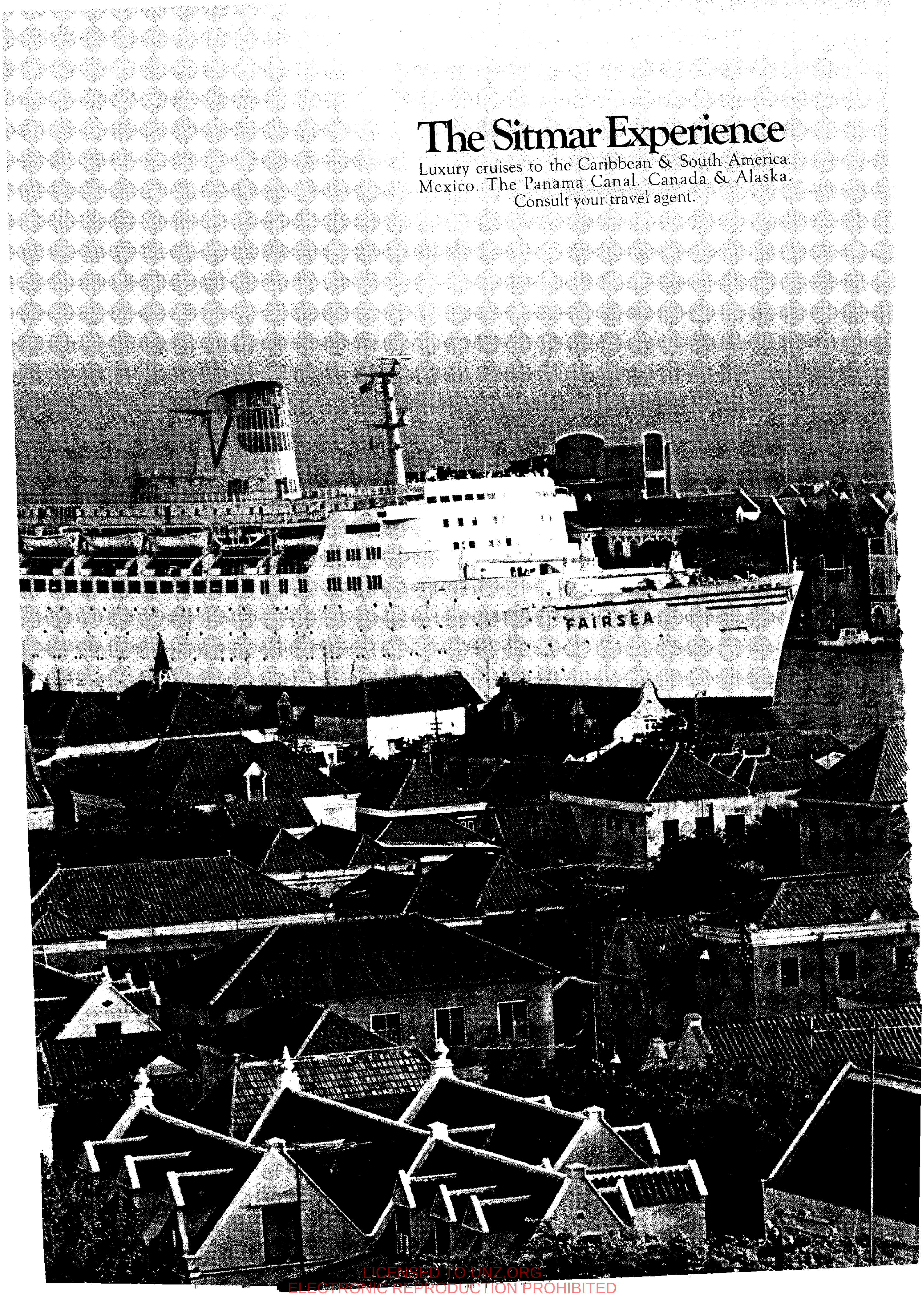

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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also support conscientious vocal work by Alicia Sherman. They are all present Wednesdays through Saturdays from ten, and from nine on Sundays. On Sundays, from five to nine, stride pianist and singer **BROOKS KERR** is present. Mondays from ten belong to guitarist **JIMMY RANEY** and pianist **DON FRIEDMAN**, and Tuesdays to a trio led by guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE.** Nightly, except Sundays, Loumell Morgan and Morris Edwards hold sessions from seven to ten.

HANRATTY'S, 1754 Second Ave. at 91st St. (289-3200)—There are, perhaps, eight hundred changing neighborhoods in the Naked City. This bar is in one of them (one that is changing for the better). **DAVE MC KENNA,** a fine pianist who doesn't play New York that often, can be found playing in the dining room from ten to two Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dining.

HORS D'OEUVRERIE, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—Unobstructed (weather permitting) views of the Manhattan-Brooklyn bridges, the Staten Island ferry circuit, and the Rockaways. Inside, **MARTY NAPOLEON** and his trio play *haut-étage* jazz for listening and dancing from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. Judd Woldin, a pianist and composer, alternates with them after nine-thirty.

HURRAH, 36 W. 62nd St. (541-4909)—Probably the most comfortable place to hear—and dance to—late-breaking developments in rock and roll. Resident D.J.s select—with the loving care of curators arranging an exhibit—and play rock records from nine to eleven-thirty and between sets. The bands: DNA and Method Actors Wednesday, Feb. 20; Polyrock and Ad Hok Rock Thursday, Feb. 21; Dance and Individuals Friday, Feb. 22; Tinapeel and New Math Saturday, Feb. 23; Jah Malla with Max Romeo and Ut Tuesday, Feb. 26. Live music from eleven-thirtyish. Closed Sunday and Monday, Feb. 24-25.

JAZZMANIA SOCIETY, 14 E. 23rd St., on the fourth floor. (477-3077)—Carpeting, pillow furniture, fireplaces, and couches—all the comforts of the Home Section—*and* live jazz. Bassist **ART DAVIS** and drummer **ED BLACKWELL** are part of a quartet that will perform Friday and Saturday, Feb. 22-23; on Friday and Saturday, Feb. 29-March 1, Alive!, a Berkeley-based quintet, will be here. On Sunday, Feb. 24, from eight to midnight, the **DAVE MATTHEWS** big band will be taking charge. Music from nine-thirty Fridays and Saturdays; from eight on Wednesdays and Thursdays.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—**ROY ELDRIDGE** is buoyed by five resident Dixieland journeymen Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Mondays, **MAX KAMINSKY** leads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs yet another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

KNICKERBOCKER SALOON, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A lively corner restaurant with a worthy roster of jazz musicians: pianist **FRED HERSCH** and bassist **CECIL MC BEE** through Saturday, Feb. 23; Tuesday through Saturday, Feb. 26-March 1, pianist **DON FRIEDMAN** and bassist **GEORGE MRAZ.** Music Tuesdays through Saturdays from ten.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Some of the patrons here are expatriates from the Lone Star State itself. Others just like Lone Star beer or the solid lineup of rock, blues, and country music. Part of the especially admirable current schedule: singer and pianist **MOSE ALLISON** Wednesday, Feb. 20; veteran folkie **ERIC ANDERSEN** Thursday, Feb. 21; the Healy Treece Band, a Grateful Dead-offshoot quartet, Sunday, Feb. 24; **SAM & DAVE,** the soul singers whose two big recycled hits from the sixties, "Hold On, I'm Coming" and "Soul Man," revitalized four careers (Sam Moore's, Dave Prater's, John Belushi's, and Dan Akroyd's), Monday, Feb. 25; and Chicago-blues powerhouse **JAMES COTTON** and his band Tuesday and Wednesday, Feb. 26-27. Music from nine-fifteen to three, on Sundays from eight-thirty to two. Dining.

MARTY'S, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—A room in a sprawling restaurant complex that celebrates things—especially jazzy pop music—as they used to be. **DOLLY DAWN** is singing here through Saturday, Feb. 23; on Monday, Feb. 25, singer June Valli will claim the stage. Shows at nine and eleven Mondays through Thursdays, at ten and midnight on Fridays, and at eleven and twelve-thirty on Saturdays. Dining.

MAX'S KANSAS CITY, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—Rock and roll from the extremist fringe, the mainstream, and the past. (See also CBGB and Hurrah, above.) The lineup: Wednesday, Feb. 20, Minx, Bongos, and 4-Skins; Thursday, Feb. 21, Oleg, Joe Bidewell Group, and Octaroons; Friday, Feb. 22, Mad and Top Cats; Saturday, Feb. 23, Senders and Voo Doo Shoes; Sunday, Feb. 24, Power Tools, Jiinx, and Innocents; Monday, Feb. 25, Spines 82, Elliot Schneider & the Pitts, and Cartoons; and Tuesday, Feb. 26, Sells, Green Scene, and Coachmen. Shows usually begin long after ten-thirty.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Singer **CAROL SLOANE** and pianist **JIMMY ROWLES** have joined forces to pay tribute to composer Frank Loesser. They're here Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen to one. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, a traditional New Orleans-style septet plays, and Woody Allen comes and goes. Dining. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A well-attended, well-run upper West Side night club that brings in jazz, rhythm-and-blues, and funk bands. Music from ten to two. Dining.

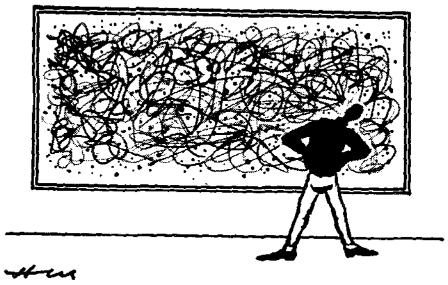
ONE FIFTH AVENUE, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (260-3434)—Pianist **AL HAIG** works with a bassist Tuesdays through Thursdays and Saturdays and Sundays from nine-fifteen until two. On Mondays and Fridays, the Downtown Blues Blowers, a traditional sextet that features drummer **FREDDIE MOORE,** takes over. Dining.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Part of Bleecker Street may have been renovated, but the brick walls here still look the same. On Friday and Saturday, Feb. 22-23, Catskill guitarists **PAT ALGER** and **ARTIE TRAUM** will perform opposite **JOHN HERALD** and his folk-rock band; Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 27-28, will belong to English keyboardist Brian Auger; and on Friday, Feb. 29, the Healy Treece Band will move in. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight.

PEACOCK ALLEY, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, possesses a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his time is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—An Art Deco playroom on the sixty-fifth floor. The **BOBBY ROSENGARDEN** orchestra will wind up its visit on Sunday, Feb. 24; and on Tuesday, Feb. 26, Bob January will come in with his band, along with vocalist **BARBARA LEA.** Music Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

RENO SWEENEY, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—**MAXENE ANDREWS** sings here at nine-thirty through Thursday, Feb. 21; singer Ronee Blakley will be here at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Friday through Wednesday, Feb. 22-27; and on Thursday, Feb. 28, Barbara Cook will return to sing from the white tiled stage at eight-thirty and eleven. Dining.



ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—Songs from "Brigadoon," "Porgy and Bess," "One Touch of Venus," and other musicals produced by Cheryl Crawford are being performed by **PATRICE MUNSEL,** Steve Elmore, and Ira Hawkins in the King Cole Room Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven. Dining.

SEVENTH AVENUE SOUTH, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—An acoustically bright upstairs jazz room. The current schedule includes saxophonist Pete Yellin's quintet on Wednesday, Feb. 20; and R. & B. drummer **BERNARD (PRETTY) PURDIE** and Friends Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 21-23. Music from ten to two nightly. Dining. Closed Mondays.

SHERATON CENTRE, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000)—A room named the French Quarter, off the hotel lobby, presents **URBIE GREEN** playing trombone and leading a quartet. Music from nine nightly, except Sundays.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—This knotty-pine night club keeps bringing in very fine, sturdy jazz bands. Drummer **BEAVER HARRIS** is in charge of his quintet—pianist **DON PULLEN,** saxophonists **KEN MC INTYRE** and **RICKY FORD,** and bassist **CAMERON BROWN**—through Saturday, Feb. 23; Sunday and Monday, Feb. 24-25, pianist **CURTIS CLARK** will lead a quartet; and Tuesday through Saturday, Feb. 26-March 1, flugelhorn expert **ART FARMER** will be working with his quartet. Shows from about ten. Dining.

TIN PALACE, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-9115)—A relaxed room that attracts both musicians and listeners. Saxophonist **C-SHARPE** heads up a quintet that features trumpeter **LONNIE HILLYER** and pianist **WALTER DAVIS, JR.,** through Thursday, Feb. 21. Music every night after ten. Dining.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—In Chicago, the blues district has traditionally been the South Side; in New York, the blues district is Gramercy Park. The blues musician of stature this week—on Friday and Saturday, Feb. 22-23—is **JIMMY ROGERS,** Muddy Waters' guitarist from the late forties through the middle fifties and a fine singer of his own and classic Chicago-blues songs. The day before Mr. Rogers' visit, Thursday, Feb. 21, **DEFUNKT,** a new-wave R. & B. band made up of singer and trombonist **JOE BOWIE** and some flashy jazz-player friends, will be onstage. Shows at ten and midnight, usually. Dining and dancing.

TRAX, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—Rock and roll on the upper West Side. The schedule: Wednesday, Feb. 20, Monte Farber In Transition and Jimmy Frank & Trouble; Thursday, Feb. 21, Kasim Sultan; Friday, Feb. 22, Movers and Brenda & the Realtones; and Saturday, Feb. 23, Chubby Checker. Music after eleven, usually. Closed Sundays.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—The least pretentious and most prestigious jazz club in town. Pianist **ROLAND HANNA,** flutist and saxophonist **FRANK WESS,** and their current colleagues make up the **NEW YORK JAZZ QUARTET,** and they'll be here through Sunday, Feb. 24; on Tuesday, Feb. 26, **BIG NICK NICHOLAS,** a tenor saxophonist who, until last fall, hadn't been heard from much since the forties, when he played with Earl Hines and Mr. Gillespie, will descend the stairs with pianist **JOHN HICKS,** bassist **WALTER BOOKER,** and drummer **JIMMY COBB.** Drummer **MEL LEWIS'S** big band defines Monday here. Music from ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—On the western edge of Chelsea and the northern edge of the slaughterhouse district, this little soul-food restaurant lures in loyal patrons and jazz pianists. Harris Simon is the Thursday-through-Sunday player, and Esther Blue is here Monday through Wednesday. Music begins at eight.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A loose and informal place for appreciative students—and non-students—who come to hear aging swing musicians who can still swing. Tenor saxophonist George Kelly's group is here through Saturday, Feb. 23; on Monday, Feb. 25, Jazz à Cordes, a hot-jazz quintet, will perform; Monday through Friday, Feb. 25-29, pianist Joe Albany will lead a quartet; and on Saturday, March 1, the **COUNTSMEN,** the Basie-alumni quintet, will re-

THE SHAKESPEARE PLAYS SEASON TWO ON PBS TV

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Twelfth Night—February 27

This happy comedy of fun and foolishness, of mistaken identity and thwarted pomposity stars Felicity Kendal as the shipwrecked Viola and Alec McCowen as the quintessential killjoy, Malvolio.

Richard II—March 19

This encore performance leads off the season's history cycle and resounds with some of Shakespeare's noblest speeches. Starring Derek Jacobi as Richard and John Gielgud as John of Gaunt.

Henry IV, Part One—March 26

A tale of rebellious nobles and comic tavern roistering, this play introduces Shakespeare's most loveable scoundrel, Sir John Falstaff, played by Anthony Quayle. Also starring: Jon Finch and Tim Pigott-Smith.

Henry IV, Part Two—April 9

Civil war continues. And King Henry and Falstaff display the darker sides of their characters. Again Anthony Quayle as Falstaff and Jon Finch in the title role—with David Gwillim as the fun-loving prince, transformed at the end into the perfect renaissance king.

Henry V—April 23

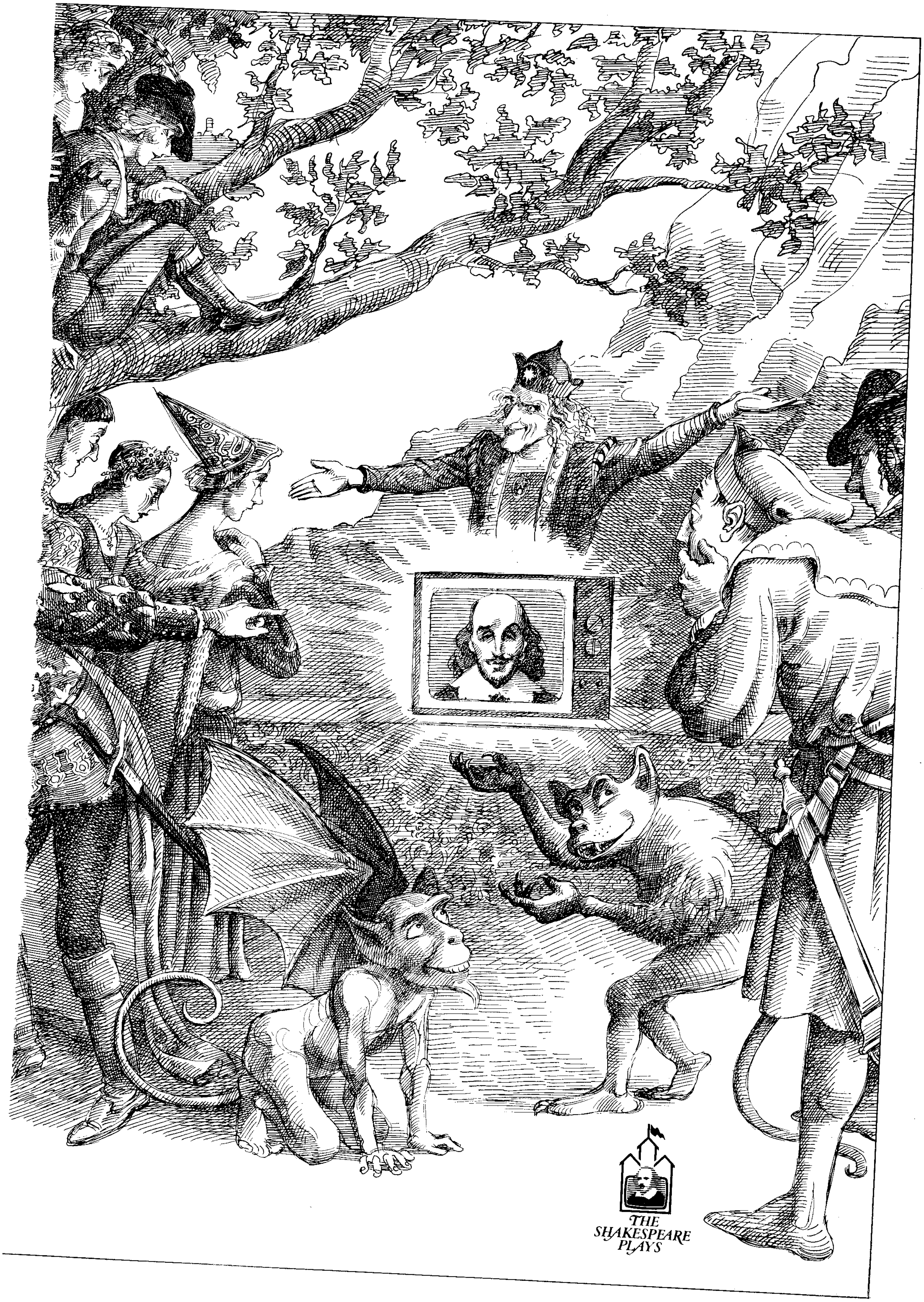
Shakespeare's image of the ideal ruler, Henry V—again portrayed by David Gwillim—wins the battle of Agincourt and the hand of the fair Katherine, princess of France.

The Tempest—May 7

Magic, machinations and forgiveness characterize this, the most delightful of Shakespeare's plays. Michael Hordern plays Prospero, the magician/ruler. His daughter Miranda is played by Pippa Guard.

"The Shakespeare Plays" is a co-production of BBC/Time-Life Television.
Save these pages for a handy reference guide.

Check your local listing for time and PBS Channel.



THE
SHAKESPEARE
PLAYS

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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turn to these easygoing quarters. Music from about nine.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Angela Bofill—Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Wednesday, Feb. 20, at 8.

Sha Na Na—With Jay Black & the Americans. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday, Feb. 22, at 8.)

Alhaji Bai Konte and Dembo Konte—Alternative Center for International Arts, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. 966-4444. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 22-23, at 8.

Anthony Davis Sextet and **Billy Bang/Butch Morris Quintet**—Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 22-23, at 10:30.

Ronnie Laws—With Twennynine and Lenny White. (Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Saturday, Feb. 23, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.)

Ralph Stanley and the Clinch Mountain Boys—With Bill Keith. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Saturday, Feb. 23, at 8.)

Pink Floyd—In performances of "The Wall." (Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L. I. Sunday through Thursday, Feb. 24-28, at 8. For the record only; no seats are left.)

Gary Numan—Palladium. Sunday, Feb. 24, at 8.

Jazz Bands Are Back—The second in a series of four concerts, this one by the Glenn Miller Orchestra. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Thursday, Feb. 28, at 8.)

Harold Danko & The Geltman Band—Jazz Gallery, 55 W. 19th St. Friday, Feb. 29, at 8. For tickets, call 924-5026.

Millie Jackson—Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center. Friday, Feb. 29, at 8 and 11:30.

CBA Ensemble—Slide Hampton conducting, with James Moody. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 921-9442. Friday, Feb. 29, at 8.)

Zola—In a gospel, jazz, and blues program, with Russell Procope. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 865-2557. Friday, Feb. 29, at 8 and 11.)

The Jam, Setting Sons, and **Tour 1980**—With the Speedies. (Palladium, Friday, Feb. 29, at 8.)

The Spinners—Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, Feb. 29, at 9.

UFO—With Blackfoot and Off Broadway. (Palladium. Saturday, March 1, at 8.)

Harvie Swartz Band—Jazz Gallery. Saturday, March 1, at 8.

Los Payas—Alternative Center for International Arts. Saturday, March 1, at 8.

Jazz Forum—Jazz in a third-floor loft. Wednesday, Feb. 20: Orpheus quintet. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Feb. 22-23: Barry Harris, Walter Booker, and Jimmy Cobb. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 27: Mac Golehon quartet. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Feb. 29-March 1: Harold Vick, Al Dreares, Peck Morrison, and Stan Hope. (Jazz Forum, 50 Cooper Sq., at Astor Pl. 477-2655. The first set starts somewhere around nine.)

Soundscape—New music and jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Friday, Feb. 22: George Bishop. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 23: Joe McPhee. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 29: Commitment. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 1: Dennis Charles Duo. (Soundscape, 500 W. 52nd St. 581-7032. Evenings at 8:30.)

Squat Theatre—Friday, Feb. 22, at 11 and 1: Lounge Lizards. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 23, at 11 and 1: DNA. (Squat Theatre, 256 W. 23rd St. 691-1238.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Milton Avery (1893-1965)—Paintings of the thirties. One small oil shows Mark Rothko holding a child on his lap. Through Thursday, Feb. 28. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Walter Darby Bannard / Auguste Rodin (1840-1917)—Color-field paintings. Through March 6. / Several casts made during the artist's lifetime are included in a show of twenty-two sculptures. Through Saturday, March 1. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

François and Bernard Baschet—Stainless-steel sculptures that look like exotic flowers and ferns and give off musical sounds when they are jostled. Through March 8. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

Kenneth Callahan—Paintings by a well-known West Coast artist whose abstract works suggest endless serpentine columns of figures. Through Saturday, March 1. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

C. K. Chatterton (1880-1973)—Paintings and drawings that have much in common with Hopper, who was this artist's schoolmate in Henri's art classes as well as his lifelong friend. Many of the scenes are of Maine. Through Saturday, March 1. (ACA, 21 E. 67th St.)

Douglas Davis—Two works: a silent movie—its subject is art—in which the artist and two others perform; and a videotape installation, with sound. Through March 15. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St. Open Mondays.)

Frank Faulkner—Richly encrusted pattern paintings in which large over-all geometric designs are worked out in tiny medallions of acrylics. Through Saturday, March 1. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St.)

Ellsworth Kelly / Richard Serra—Two sculptural works—a nine-and-a-half-foot Corten steel wall piece, shaped like an airfoil and weighing six hundred and fifty pounds, and a drastically flattened arch of heavy-gauge aluminum, also mounted on the wall. / A black square, nine and a half feet by eleven, painted with an oil stick on linen and hung at an angle on a white wall. Through March 15. (Blum-Helman, 13 E. 75th St.)

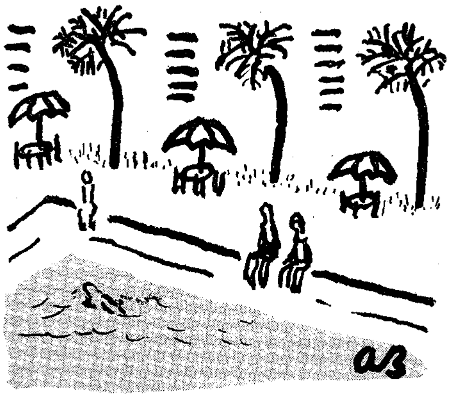
Robert Kipniss / Louis Lozowick (1892-1973)—Drawings and oil paintings in which lofty trees and rural buildings are silhouetted against a pale sky, almost in chiaroscuro. Through March 8. / Precisionist paintings, drawings, and lithographs. Through March 15. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 70th St.)

Kenneth Noland / Diane Keaton—Handmade rag-paper works. / Photographs of hotel lobbies and rooms. Through March 8. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St.)

Enzo Plazzotta—Classical bronze nudes, many life-size; there are also numerous ballet dancers and several sculptures of mares, foals, and a bull. Through March 7. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Miriam Schapiro—Two shows of works by a creator of patterned fabric collages: on shaped canvases, several built around Valentine hearts, at Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (through Thursday, Feb. 28), and on paper at Gladstone, 38 E. 57th St. (through Saturday, March 1).

Charles Seplowin—Wall sculptures, most of them evoking winged flight, made of molded sheet steel or aluminum, with a couple of molded poplar-veneer pieces, and one of cast



bronze. Through March 21. (Weiner, 21 E
73rd St.)

Laura Shechter—Realist still-lifes and interi
ors in oil, watercolor, and pencil. Throug
March 7. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79t
St.)

Kimber Smith—Recent abstract paintings done i
bright colors sketchily applied to canva
Through March 6. (Elkon, 1063 Madiso
Ave., at 80th St.)

Edvins Strautmanis / William Umbreit—Abstra
paintings. / Carved-wood sculptures. Throug
Friday, Feb. 29. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St.)

Joan Thorne—Large abstract oil paintings cor
sisting mainly of ribbons of thick, raw colo
Through March 5. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Paul Vázquez—Large abstract paintings, some
them combining oils and acrylics. Throu
Saturday, March 1. (Findlay, 984 Madis
Ave., at 77th St.)

Group Shows—At **DAVIS & LONG**, 746 Madis
Ave., at 65th St.: Nineteenth- and twentie
century paintings and drawings by America
including landscapes in oil by John Twac
man and Theodore Robinson, and a Dem
watercolor. Through Saturday, March 1.
FOURCADE, 36 E. 75th St.: A large new Lic
enstein, in which he pays his special kind
homage to German Expressionism, and
turbing comic works by H. C. Westerman
newcomer to the gallery, are included in
show of small-scale works by gallery me
bers, among them Willem de Kooning, Lou
Bourgeois, and Joan Mitchell. Through Sat
day, Feb. 23. . . . **LUBIN HOUSE**, 11 E. 61st S
Paintings (by Jane Freilicher, Alfred Les
Fairfield Porter, Larry Rivers, among othe
from the personal collection of Tibor de Na
whose gallery is marking its thirtieth an
versary. Through March 21. (Open Monda
closed Saturdays.) . . . **SABARSKY**, 987 Madi
Ave., at 77th St.: German Expressio
paintings by Beckmann, Kirchner, Schie
Nolde, and Kokoschka. Through March
(Opens at noon.) . . . **SAIDENBERG**, 1018 Madi
Ave., at 79th St.: Oils and works on pa
by Picasso, Matisse, Léger, Klee, Braque, a
others. Through March 29. (Opens at 1
Saturdays.) . . . **WEINTRAUB**, 992 Madison Av
at 77th St.: Sculptures and paintings by H
per, Calder, Marini, and others. Through F
day, Feb. 29.

Sculpture—Two white marble bust-length f
ures, attributed to "the immediate circle
Michelangelo," which were part of a gro
called "The Three Fates." (Paul Rosenbe
20 E. 79th St. Open Mondays; closed Sat
days.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Larry Abramson—Yellow squares shown i
variety of settings—as flags, under a t
canopy, on rectangles of plywood—in a nic
arranged exhibit of this young Israeli arti
work. Through Saturday, March 1. (Urdar
29 W. 57th St.)

Michael Ansell / Jim Youngerman—Drawings
sunbathers, roller-skaters, loafers—all of th
seen from above. / Figure drawings, comb
ing colored ink and pencil, in which louver
windows are a repeated element. Throu
March 15. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

Hannelore Baron—Strange little Klee-like fi
ures, printed by a primitive monotype proce
and assembled as collages, together with scra
of fabrics and the like, on paper. Throu
Saturday, March 1. (Markel, 50 W. 57th St

Raffael Benazzi—Large abstract sculptu
carved out of solid blocks of black waln
white ash, or red oak; first one-man show
New York. Through Wednesday, Feb. 2
(Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Stanley Boxer—Drawings of nudes, dated 197
Through Saturday, March 1. (Dorsky, 7
Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Byron Browne (1907-61)—Paintings done in t
early fifties which were among the ear
manifestations of Abstract Expressionis
Through Saturday, March 1. (Washburn,
E. 57th St.)

Rosemarie Castoro / Sherron Francis—Abstra
representations, about knee-high, of op
cloaks. (They're made of the rolled steel us
in stovepipes, coated with acrylic pain
Through Thursday, Feb. 28. / New abstr
paintings. Through March 6. (De Nagy,
W. 57th St.)

Marvin Cherney (1925-67)—Portraits, mos

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Starts Thursday, Feb. 21. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

Emlen Etting—Book illustrations and other drawings. Through Saturday, March 1. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Rafael Ferrer—Fantasy sculptures, paintings, drawings, and constructions, including a gaudily decorated tent (visitors are invited inside), all exhibited in a carnival-sideshow atmosphere. Through Saturday, March 1. (Hamilton, 20 W. 57th St.)

Edward C. Flood—Wall sculptures made of brightly painted wood, Masonite, and cheesecloth, some of which look like abstractions of brontosaurus heads. Through Saturday, March 1. (Pam Adler, 50 W. 57th St.)

Bilgé Friedlaender—Minimalist drawings. Through March 8. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

Eileen Gray (1879-1976)—Two woven rugs, and collage studies for them, in a show that is running concurrently with her exhibit at the Museum of Modern Art. Through March 8. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

Caroline Greenwald—Airy abstract paper works involving strands of raw silk, flax, fluffy paper pulp, wool, and hair. Through Saturday, March 1. (Getler-Pall, 50 W. 57th St.)

Suzanne Harris (1940-79)—Geometric sculptures: plate-glass triangles jutting out of the wall, and metal castings of freestanding attenuated pyramids. Through Saturday, March 1. (Stefanotti, 30 W. 57th St.)

Joseph Konzal—Small-scale, blocky abstract sculptures done in polished steel, wood, or bronze. Through March 8. (Zarre, 41 E. 57th St.)

Margo Margolis—Large oil paintings, each with a solid-color panel in the middle and panels in disparate abstract styles on either side. Through Saturday, Feb. 23. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

Nicholas Marsicano—Paintings and drawings of nudes. Through Saturday, March 1. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

Richard Merkin—Recent pastels. Through March 7. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Piet Mondrian (1872-1944)—Paintings and drawings, early and late. Starts Thursday, Feb. 21. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Isamu Noguchi—Two exhibitions of sculptures that coincide with the artist's current show at the Whitney Museum of American Art. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Through March 12. . . . ¶ Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Through March 15.)

Henry Pearson—This survey of the artist's works, from his earliest domino-like abstractions to his latest delicate watercolors exploring mythological themes, shows that a black rectangle has always had a prominent part in his compositions. Through Saturday, March 1. (Pearl, 29 W. 57th St.)

Daniel Quintero—Realistic paintings and drawings by a Spanish artist, mostly of people but also of tangled roots, and one of a bristly-looking stuffed dog. Through Saturday, Feb. 23. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Richard Stankiewicz—Large freestanding steel sculptures, some of them employing the junkyard findings usually associated with his early work and some of them welded together from new metal. Through Saturday, March 1. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Théo Stavropoulos—Paintings in muted colors, and expertly rendered charcoal drawings. Through Thursday, Feb. 28. (Alonzo, 30 W. 57th St.)

Pat Steir—Another in this artist's series of paintings commenting on art history. This time the subject is the fifties, and the works consist of colorful frames painted on the canvas with nothing in them but a scrawly line or a squiggle. Through March 12. (Droll-Kolbert, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Paul Thek—Twenty-five small oils, ornately framed and lighted. Through March 15. (Iolas, 52 E. 57th St.)

Jonathan Thomas—Masonite panels painted white and incised with sparse geometric figures that cut through to the underlying brown. Collage panels in pale colors are also sometimes introduced. Through Saturday, Feb. 23. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Neil Welliver—Seventy small oil landscapes—studies for the enormous wall-size paintings that this artist customarily shows. A couple of portrait heads are also included. Through Wednesday, Feb. 27. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

Robert Zakanitch / Barbara Zucker—Huge pattern paintings in which white trellises are overrun with showy flowers that spring from the artist's imagination rather than from Burpee. / Tall, pleated sculptures, freestanding, made of sheet steel or other sheet metals, treated with colorful finishes. Through Wednesday, Feb. 27. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **GALERIE ST. ETIENNE**, 24 W. 57th St.: Drawings and other works, chiefly by Klimt, Schiele, Kollwitz, and Kubin. Through Friday, Feb. 29. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays.). . . **JACOBSON**, 24 W. 57th St.: A show of eight relatively unfamiliar British artists, including Michael Heindorff, Margaret Walker, and William Tillyer. Through Saturday, March 1. . . . **ALEX ROSENBERG**, 20 W. 57th St.: An exhibit entitled "Visual Diaries;" the diary-keepers are ten artists, among them Joe Brainard, Colette, Ilse Getz, and Stephanie Brody Lederman. Through Saturday, Feb. 23. . . . **TOUCHSTONE**, 29 W. 57th St.: Photographic collages, drawings incorporating photographs, and paintings of photographs by seventeen artists, among them Tom Chimes, Christo, Eve Sonneman, and Michelle Stuart. Through Thursday, Feb. 28.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Frances Barth—Abstract geometric paintings in mixed mediums on canvas and on plywood. Through Saturday, March 1. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

Siri Berg—Circle paintings from the seventies. Through March 8. (Ward-Nasse, 178 Prince St. Open Sundays.)

Chris Burden—New works, chief among them "The Big Wheel," a six-thousand-pound spinning flywheel; the flywheel spins even faster when, at two-hour intervals, an accelerating motorcycle wheel is pushed against it. Through March 15. (Feldman, in a downtown location at 351 West Broadway. Opens at 11:30.)

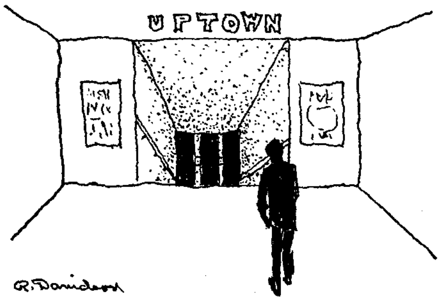
Daria Dorosh—Abstract paintings and drawings. Through March 8. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St.)

Charles Gaines—A two-gallery show of a documentary work in which the falling of leaves from a California tree is recorded in a series of photographs taken at regular intervals, and in a series of charts in which every leaf is numbered and represented on a graph. Through Saturday, Feb. 23. (Weber, on the fourth floor, and Castelli, on the second, at 420 West Broadway.)

Yannis Gaitis—Tiers of painted-wood cut-out life-size cartoon figures. They represent the artist's commentary on uniformity and mass living. Through Sunday, Feb. 24. (Jack, 138 Prince St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.)

Michael Goldberg—Bold abstract paintings in which raw pigments and bronze powder are mixed in clear alkyd and applied in broad vertical stripes to canvas. Through Saturday, Feb. 23. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Gloria Greenberg—Works on the wall (including photographs and drawings) and on the floor, all inspired by Mayan art forms. Through Saturday, Feb. 23. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)



Judith Neaman / P. Wilson—The story of Creation illustrated in seven abstract drawings with collage elements, plus scrolls and other works. / Row on row of diagonal strokes on paper done in almost every conceivable medium, including radiator paint. Through Thursday, Feb. 28. (Neill, 136 Greene St.)

Reeva Potoff—A cardboard-and-tissue-paper installation, fifty feet wide and twelve feet high, that re-creates, in an impressionistic way, a waterfall in an area of Maine called Grindstone Neck. Through Saturday, March 1. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

Gerhard Richter / Horst Schuler—A sampling of the works of this artist, well known in Germany, whose style changes frequently, ranging from abstract to copies of photographs. Included is a sculptural piece consisting of four large windows, thirteen feet tall, pivoted in a steel frame. Through Saturday, March 1. / Large silk panels designed for the gallery's windows and colored with oil washes. Through Thursday, Feb. 28. (Sperone Westwater Fischer, 142 Greene St.)

Stephanie Rose—Abstract oils. Through Saturday, Feb. 23. (Cuningham, 94 Prince St Opens at 2 on Saturdays.)

Nancy Rubins / Stanislav Kolibal—One huge cement wall, fifteen feet high and twenty-four feet long, in which the artist has embedded electrical appliances of every kind—hair dryers, typewriters, radios, toasters, coffee makers, record-players, irons, fans. Six days went into building it. / Constructivist constructions by a Czech artist. Through Saturday, Feb. 23. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

Salvatore Scarpitta—Sculptural works made of wood and canvas, mostly, that bear a family resemblance to airplane wings, plus smaller wooden pieces wrapped tightly in canvas. Through Saturday, Feb. 23. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Arlene Slavin—Herons silhouetted against painted rice-paper folding screens. Through March 6. (Milliken, 98 Prince St.)

Gary Stephan—Three new abstract paintings based on the torso. Through March 6. (Boone, 420 West Broadway.)

Group Shows—At **THE DRAWING CENTER**, 137 Greene St.: Works by a dozen emerging artists selected over the past year through the Center's screening process. Included are contemporary scenes done in colored chalk on large black-paper backgrounds by Philip Rand Smith; romantic episodes in charcoal-and-ink drawings by Wonsook Kim; and illustrated architectural "in" jokes, by Michael Mostoller, one of which shows King Kong deserting his Empire State perch for Philip Johnson's A.T. & T. building. Through March 29. (Open Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 8.). . . **LANDMARK**, 469 Broome St.: "Luminosity in Paint," works by six artists, including Wolf Kahn and Jon Schueler. Also, in another room, drawings by Tom Boutis. Through March 6. (Opens at 11:30.). . . **PINDAR**, 127 Greene St.: A show by seven member artists includes a painting of a jumble of vividly colored legs and thighs by Nancy Ketchman; ceramic columns with peepholes, through which one sees female heads, by Phyllis Baker Hammond; and a tall wall piece of paper and Lucite involving African motifs by Eve Licea. Through Sunday, Feb. 24. (Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Michael Donohue—Abstract collages made from the artist's paintings. Through Saturday, Feb. 23. (Pellicone, 47 Bond St., one block north of Bleecker St., between Broadway and the Bowery. Opens at noon.)

Ree Morton (1936-77)—A retrospective of her paintings, drawings, and constructions from the seventies. Through April 17. (The New Museum, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St. Opens weekdays at noon; open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Lee Friedlander—Black-and-white photographs of trees—Japanese flowering trees prominent among them. Through March 8. (Freidus, 158 Lafayette St., near Grand St.)

Jan Groover—Large color photographs—ab-

POLICE
POLICE

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It's been chosen from a large line-up of cars to be a new member of the squadron.

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Maybe it's because it offers a brilliant combination of acceleration and handling. The Rabbit jumps from 0 to 50 mph in 8.3 exhilarating seconds. Meanwhile the rack-and-pinion steering helps it handle some of the quickest turns on the trail.

And besides performance, there are lots of other things that make the Rabbit an easy overall choice. Take passenger space, for instance. The Rabbit has plenty of it. With enough legroom and headroom to fit four police officers – with their caps on.

In addition, it's so ruggedly constructed it has been compared to a Mosler safe. Which means it can take just about all the stopping, going, banging, slamming and bumping that the police can give it.

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Now, you're probably wondering which part of North Carolina the Rabbit is hiding in – well, we promised not to tell.

But if your foot ever gets heavy around here, you'll find out quicker than you can say Volkswagen.

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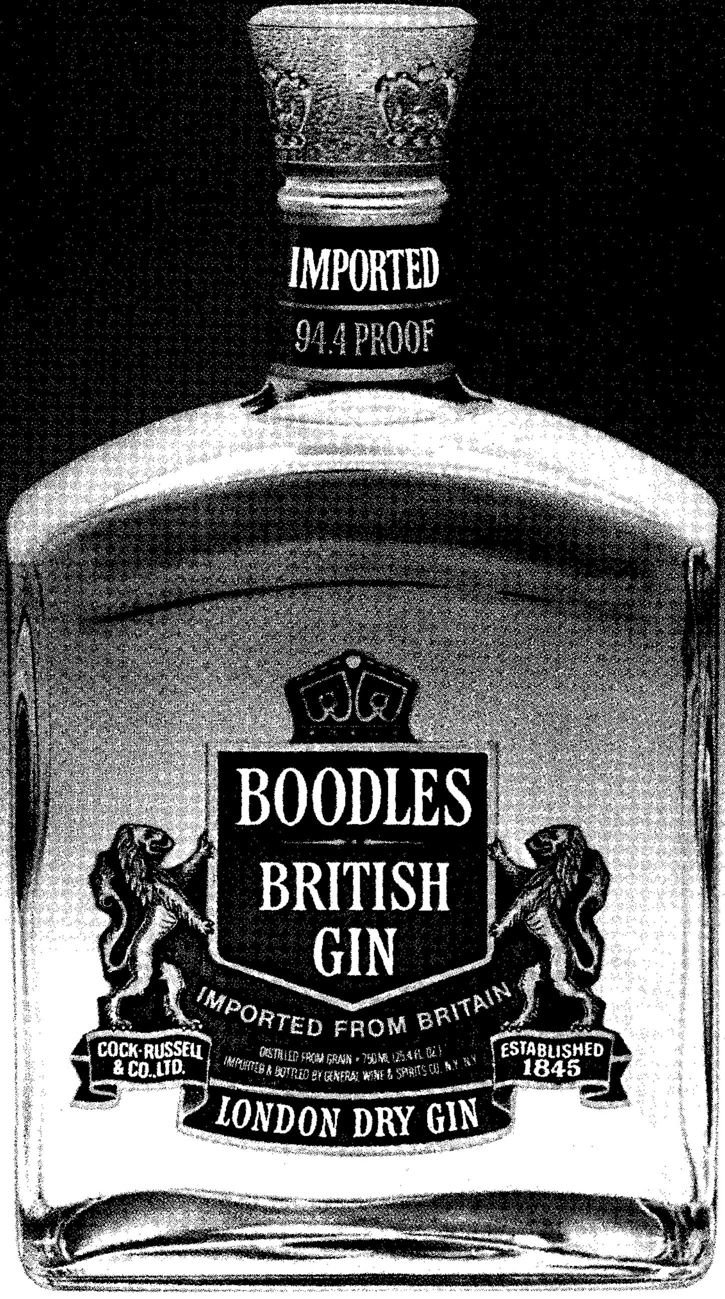
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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stractions of kitchen utensils and vegetables. Through Saturday, Feb. 23. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Jill Krementz—Sixty black-and-white photographs of writers: Anaïs Nin, Kurt Vonnegut, Norman Mailer, Truman Capote. Through March 15. (Central Falls, 478 West Broadway. Opens at 12:30.)

Ruth Mayerson-Gilbert / Amy Stromsten—Photographs of butcher shops. / Flash pictures taken at night. Through March 15. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Olivia Parker—Black-and-white and color still-life photographs. Through March 13. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Doug Prince / Abraham Menashe—Surreal silver prints, along with Plexiglas boxes containing similar works. / Photographs of the handicapped. Through Saturday, March 1. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Tuesdays.)

Arthur Rothstein—A retrospective of the photojournalist's works. Through March 8. (Rizzoli, 712 Fifth Ave., at 56th St. Open Mondays.)

Morgan Sanders—Color photographs of trucks parked on New York City streets, detailing fenders, doors, headlights, and windshield wipers. Through March 18. (Camera Club, 37 E. 60th St. Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 6.)

Burk Uzzle—Photographs of Cambodian refugees. Through March 30. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Open Sundays.)

Weegee (1899-1968)—Sixty photographs dated from the late thirties to the early sixties, including politicians, movie stars, Bowery bums, children, and lovers at Coney Island. Through Saturday, March 1. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St.)

Royal Photographic Society of Great Britain—A show of a hundred prints, dated 1839 to 1919, including works by Francis Frith, P. H. Emerson, Julia Margaret Cameron, Roger Fenton, and others. Through March 30. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Open Sundays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"The Horses of San Marco," an exhibition in which one of the bronze horses from the façade of the Basilica di San Marco presides over more than a hundred representations of horses—in paintings, sculptures, drawings, and photographs. Queen Elizabeth II has lent five drawings by da Vinci. Through June 1. . . . ¶ A show of seventy-nine drawings by Barnett Newman which span his career. Through April 13. . . . ¶ An exhibit of twenty African sculptures from Katanga; three of the works are by the Buli Master. . . . ¶ "Fashions of the Hapsburg Era" is the Costume Institute's exhibit of uniforms, costumes, livery, saddlery, and related art objects and paintings dating from the seventeenth century through the First World War. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—More than thirty pieces of furniture, including folding screens, designed by Eileen Gray (1879-1976), who for many years had a gallery and shop in Paris. Through April 1. A complementary show is at the Rosa Esman Gallery, 29 W. 57th St. . . . ¶ A show of prints from the sixties and seventies by more than a hundred and seventy-five artists, including Robert Indiana, Picasso, Robert Ryman, Richard Estes, Les Levine, and Jennifer Bartlett. Through April 1. . . . ¶ A show of eighty-five drawings and five paintings by Jackson Pollock, pointing up the similarities in the techniques he used in them. Through March 16. . . . ¶ A show of recent acquisitions includes four paintings by Picabia being exhibited for the first time in sixty years and works by, among others, Matta, O'Keeffe, and Balthus. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A show of abstract paintings, sculptures, and photographs by contemporary British artists relatively unknown in this country. . . . ¶ An Ad Reinhardt show that consists of thirty-four of the red and blue and black geometric abstractions he worked on from 1950 onward. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.) Both shows through March 9.

Whitney Museum of American Art, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Isamu Noguchi: six theatre sets (two of them for Martha Graham and one for the New York City Ballet), seven sculptures that span a twenty-five-year period, and seventeen environmental projects. Through April 6. Complementary shows are at the André Emmerich Gallery, 41 E. 57th St., and at the Pace Gallery, 32 E. 57th St. . . . ¶ A retrospective of the abstract paintings and drawings of Myron Stout. Through April 6. . . . ¶ Fifteen paintings by Maurice Prendergast. Through March 2. . . . ¶ A show of seventy-one paintings and drawings by the Precisionist Preston Dickinson. Through Sunday, Feb. 24. . . . ¶ A retrospective of the works of Jan Matulka. Through Sunday, Feb. 24. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Downtown Museum, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—"Painting in Relief," a show of works by Ron Gorchov, Donald Judd, Nancy Arlen, and others. Through March 5. (Open Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

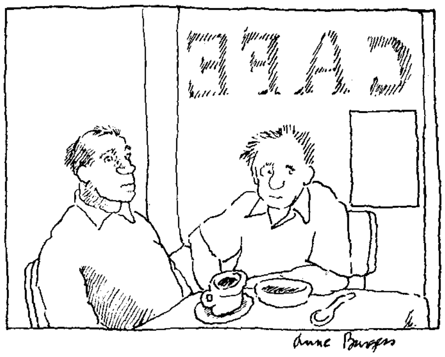
Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Approximately a hundred prints by the Optical artist Richard Anuszkiewicz. Through March 9. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—An exhibit of Colombian gold and pottery dating from about 100 B.C. to the fourteenth century. Through March 18. (Note: Mondays through Fridays, this exhibit opens at 11:45. Otherwise, the museum is open Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday and Friday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 10 to 5.)

American Craft Museum, 44 W. 53rd St.—An exhibit of more than two hundred craft objects by young metalsmiths from around the country. The show was chosen by three jurors, whose own work is also on view. Through March 16. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—A survey of Chinese costumes from the Ch'ing Dynasty (1644 to 1911), on loan from the Royal Ontario Museum. Central to the exhibit is a selection of silk, embroidered dragon coats, designed to be worn only in the palace. Also, portraits of courtiers wearing the garments. Through March 16. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A show about the design problems presented by ocean liners—from their boiler rooms to their ballrooms. The exhibit has eleven scale models of actual ships, cutaway drawings, furniture, table settings, photographs, and so forth. Through April 6. . . . ¶ In a show of nearly three hundred individual ceramic tiles there is one from thirteenth-century Persia and another (a Moravian one) from twentieth-century Doylestown, Pennsylvania. Through March 30. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)



Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—An exhibit of about half of the Punchinello drawings by Domenico Tiepolo, who began his career as an assistant to his famous father. Through March 30. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A selection of paintings (by Rembrandt, Holbein, van Dyck, and others), drawings, porcelain, textiles, furniture, and other items from the Dutch Royal Collections. The greater part of the works, which date from the sixteenth century to the twentieth, belonged to William III and Mary. Through March 16. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—A show of fifty American weathervanes, one of which is a hammered-copper Indian archer designed by Shem Drowne in 1716. Through Sunday, Feb. 24. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30, and Thursday evenings until 8.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A show of Audubon's original watercolors, which were engraved as "The Birds of America." Also, memorabilia pertaining to Audubon, his family, and his work. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, videotapes, dance, and so on.)

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—An exhibition by David Moore of photographs and artifacts documenting an uninhabited island off the coast of southern Ireland, through Saturday, Feb. 23; handmade miniature books by sixteen artists, through March 8.

The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. 925-3615. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.—Charles Moulton (dance), Thursday through Sunday, Feb. 21-24, at 8:30; Warren Burt (recorded music with videotapes), Tuesday and Wednesday, Feb. 26-27, at 8:30; Gamelan Son of Lion (music), Friday and Saturday, Feb. 29-March 1, at 8:30; three audiotape installations by Vito Acconci, through March 15.

Project Studios One, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City. 784-2084. Exhibition hours: Thursdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.—An exhibition of paintings, sculptures, and other works by a number of artists, including Jim Goss, Brenda Miller, and Bill Taggart. Bill Lundberg has films. Through April 6.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 879-5512; for Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719; and for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, Feb. 20, at 8: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Bruna Baglioni, Isola Jones, Jean Kraft, Juan Lloveras, and Cornell MacNeil; and "Pagliacci," with Catherine Malfitano, Carlo Bergonzi, Cornell MacNeil, Allan Monk, and James Atherton. Richard Woitach conducting both. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 21, at 7:15: "Don Carlo," with Renata Scotto, Tatiana Troyanos, Vasile Moldoveanu, Sherrill Milnes, Paul Plishka, and Jerome Hines; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 22, at 8: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Katia Ricciarelli, Judith Blegen, Patricia Payne, Luciano Pavarotti, and Leo Nucci; Giuseppe Patanè. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 23, at 2: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Bruna Baglioni, Isola Jones, Jean Kraft, Juan Lloveras, and

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Cornell MacNeil; and "Pagliacci," with Catherine Malfitano, Carlo Bergonzi, Cornell MacNeil, Allan Monk, and James Atherton. Richard Woitach conducting both. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 23, at 8: "Wozzeck" (in English), with Anja Silja, José van Dam, Richard Cassilly, Ragnar Ulfung, and Dieter Weller; James Levine. . . . ¶ Monday, Feb. 25, at 8: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Katia Ricciarelli, Roberta Peters, Patricia Payne, Luciano Pavarotti, and Leo Nucci; Giuseppe Patanè. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 26, at 7:15: "Don Carlo," with Renata Scotto, Tatiana Troyanos, Vasile Moldoveanu, Sherrill Milnes, Jerome Hines, and Ferruccio Furlanetto; James Levine. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 27, at 8: "Wozzeck" (in English), with Anja Silja, José van Dam, Richard Cassilly, Ragnar Ulfung, and Dieter Weller; James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 28, at 8: "Don Pasquale," with Ileana Cotrubas, Domenico Trimarchi, David Rendall, Richard Stilwell, and Nico Castel; Nicola Rescigno. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 29, at 7:15: "Don Carlo," with Renata Scotto, Tatiana Troyanos, Giuseppe Giacomini, Sherrill Milnes, Jerome Hines, and Ferruccio Furlanetto; James Levine. . . . Saturday, March 1, at 2: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Katia Ricciarelli, Roberta Peters, Patricia Payne, Luciano Pavarotti, and Leo Nucci; Giuseppe Patanè. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 1, at 8: "Wozzeck" (in English), with Anja Silja, José van Dam, Richard Cassilly, Ragnar Ulfung, and Dieter Weller; James Levine.

NEW YORK CITY OPERA—Opening performances of the season, which will continue through Sunday, April 27—Thursday evening, Feb. 21: "Count Ory" (in English), with Gianna Rolandi, Faith Esham, Rockwell Blake, David Holloway, and Samuel Ramey; conducted by Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 22: "La Traviata," with Diana Soviero, Rico Serbo, and Brent Ellis; Andrew Meltzer. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Feb. 23: "Die Fledermaus" (in English), with Maralin Niska, Inga Nielsen, Charles Roe, Gerald Grahame, Dominic Cossa, Richard McKee, David Rae Smith, Jack Harrold, and dancer Cynthia Gregory; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 23: "Count Ory" (in English), with Gianna Rolandi, Faith Esham, Rockwell Blake, David Holloway, and Samuel Ramey; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Feb. 24: "La Traviata," with Diana Soviero, Rico Serbo, and Brent Ellis; Andrew Meltzer. . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Feb. 24: "Die Fledermaus" (in English), with Maralin Niska, Inga Nielsen, Charles Roe, Gerald Grahame, Dominic Cossa, Richard McKee, David Rae Smith, Jack Harrold, and dancer Cynthia Gregory; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Feb. 26: "Count Ory" (in English), with Elizabeth Hynes, Eunice Hill, William McDonald, Thomas Jamerson, and Ralph Bassett; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Feb. 27: "La Traviata," with Diana Soviero, Rico Serbo, and Brent Ellis; Andrew Meltzer. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Feb. 28: "Die Fledermaus" (in English), with Maralin Niska, Inga Nielsen, Charles Roe, Gerald Grahame, Dominic Cossa, Richard McKee, David Rae Smith, Jack Harrold, and dancer Cynthia Gregory; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 29: "Madame Butterfly," with Marilyn Zschau, Kathleen Hegierski, Enrico Di Giuseppe, and Dominic Cossa; John Crosby. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, March 1: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English), with Heather Thomson, Gwenlynn Little, Susanne Marsee, Robert Hale, Charles Long, and Richard McKee; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, March 1: "Die Fledermaus" (in English), with Maralin Niska, Inga Nielsen, Charles Roe, Gerald Grahame, Dominic Cossa, Richard McKee, David Rae Smith, Jack Harrold, and dancer Cynthia Gregory; Imre Pallo. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 877-4727. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1.)

"MADAME BUTTERFLY"—The Eastern Opera Theatre's production of Puccini's opera, in English. Conducted by Anthony Morss and staged by Nicholas Muni. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Saturday, Feb. 23, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 24, at 2:30. For information about tickets, call 472-2168.)

JOHN BROWNLEE OPERA THEATRE—Prokofieff's "Betrothal in a Monastery," in an English translation by Jean Karsavina, conducted by Bruce Ferden and staged by Lou Galterio. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Thursday, Feb. 28, and Saturday, March 1, at 8, and Sunday, March 2, at 2:30. For information about tickets, call 749-2802, Ext. 503.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Avery Fisher Hall—Neeme Jarvi conducting an all-Sibelius program on Thursday, Feb. 21, at 8; Friday, Feb. 22, at 2; and Tuesday, Feb. 26, at 8 (all with Sidney Harth, violin). . . . ¶ Walter Weller conducting a varied program on Thursday, Feb. 28, at 8; Friday, Feb. 29, at 2; Saturday, March 1, at 8; and Tuesday, March 4, at 7:30 (all with Maria Ewing, mezzo-soprano).

ZURICH CHAMBER ORCHESTRA—Edmond de Stoutz conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Feb. 21, at 8.)

LOS ANGELES CHAMBER ORCHESTRA—Gerard Schwarz conducting. KAUFMANN CONCERT HALL, 92nd St. Y: Saturday, Feb. 23, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 24, at 2: A program that includes the New York première of William Conti's "Kinesis," with Paul Badura-Skoda, piano. . . . CARNEGIE HALL: Wednesday, Feb. 27, at 8: A varied program, with Bella Davidovich, piano.

BROOKLYN PHILHARMONIA—Lukas Foss conducting—Thursday, Feb. 21, at 8: The third in a "Meet the Moderns" series of four concerts, this one a program of American music, 1940-60, with Beverly Morgan, mezzo-soprano; Stephen Kates, cello; and Jazzmobile. Composer William Schuman will be present and participate in a forum with Mr. Foss at the end of the evening. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Feb. 29-March 1, at 8, and Sunday, March 2, at 3: A Vivaldi-Stravinsky program, with Paula Robison, flute, and Scott Nickrenz, viola. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

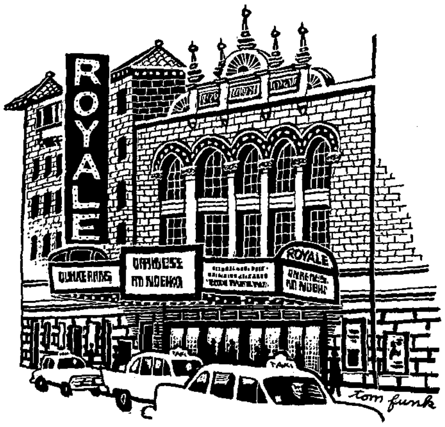
COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY ORCHESTRA—Dale Monson conducting, with Brooks Tillotson, horn, and Catherine Okaya, violin. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Friday, Feb. 22, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

MUSICA AETERNA ORCHESTRA—Frederic Waldman conducting. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, Feb. 23, at 8, with Hamao Fujiwara, violin. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 1, at 8, with Kun Woo Paik, piano. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

BRANDENBURG ENSEMBLE—Alexander Schneider conducting his chamber orchestra and acting as violin soloist, with Lydia Artymiw, Stephanie Brown, and Cecile Licad, all piano, and Sharon Isbin, guitar. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Feb. 24, at 3.)

CLARION CONCERTS—Newell Jenkins conducting a Vivaldi-Mozart-Brunetti program, with Gerald Tarack, violin, and Henry Schuman, oboe. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 27, at 8.)

ORPHEUS CHAMBER ORCHESTRA—Twenty-five wind and string players who perform without a conductor. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, Feb. 28, at 8.)



MANNES ORCHESTRA—Vladimir Kin conducting. (High School of Art and Design, Second Ave. at 57th St. Thursday, Feb. 28, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

CHORAL TRIBUTE TO HUGH ROSS—A program of choral works that range from Handel to Britten, performed by the Schola Cantorum of New York, the New York Choral Society, the Canterbury Choral Society, the Choral Society of the Hamptons, and other groups. Organists Richard Westenburg and Alec Wyton, and a chamber orchestra will provide the accompaniment. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Saturday, Feb. 23, at 4. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

AUGUSTANA CHOIR—Donald Morrison directing. (Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, Feb. 27, at 8.)

NEW YORK CHORAL SOCIETY—Robert DeCormier directing a performance of Beethoven's "Missa Solemnis," with Beverley Rinaldi, soprano; Hilda Harris, mezzo-soprano; Gene Tucker, tenor; Benjamin Matthews, bass; and a symphony orchestra. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Feb. 29, at 8.)

CANBY SINGERS—Edward Tatnall Canby directing a program of a-cappella music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, March 1, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

DANIEL BARENBOIM—Piano, in an all-Liszt program. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, Feb. 20, at 8.)

RITA BOUBOULIDI—The third in a series of seven concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle of piano sonatas. (Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, Feb. 20, at 8.)

BORODIN TRIO—A Tchaikovsky-Beethoven-Shostakovich program. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 20, at 8.)

ARS MUSICA—The second in a series of three programs of baroque music played on original instruments. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Thursday, Feb. 21, at 8.)

WAVERLY CONSORT—A program of medieval and Renaissance music of Spain, with Julianne Baird, soprano; Kimball Wheeler, mezzo-soprano; Allan Fast, countertenor; Patrick Romano, tenor; and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Feb. 21, and Saturday, Feb. 23, at 8.)

ANDRES SEGOVIA—Classical guitarist. (Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, Feb. 22, at 8.)

GROUP FOR CONTEMPORARY MUSIC—A program of music by English composers Harrison Birtwistle, Roberto Gerhard, Bernard Rands, and Michael Tippett, performed by Robert Miller, piano; Jeanne Ingraham, violin; Harvey Sollberger and Charles Wuorinen, conductors; and others. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, Feb. 22, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

MANHATTAN TRIO—With Erick Friedman, violin. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave. at 122nd St. Friday, Feb. 22, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

LIEDERKREIS—A chamber music ensemble, with Susan Larson, soprano; D'Anna Fortunato, mezzo-soprano; Ray DeVoll, tenor; James Maddalena, baritone; and Craig Smith and André-Michel Schub, piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 22-23, at 8:30, and Sunday, Feb. 24, at 2.)

PAULA ROBISON—Flute, in the last in a series of joint recitals, this one with the American String Quartet. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Feb. 23, at 3.)

VYTAUTAS SMETONA—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Feb. 23, at 5:30.)

RADU LUPU—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Feb. 23, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

MICHAEL MAY—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Feb. 23, at 8:30.)

MUSIC FOR A WHILE—The first in a series of three concerts of early music, this one devoted to Italian music from the Middle Ages and the Renaissance. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 865-2557. Saturday, Feb. 23, at 8.)

GARY STEIGERWALT—Piano, in an all-Chopin program. (St. Malachy's Church, 239 W. 49th St. Sunday, Feb. 24, at 3. For information about tickets, call 489-1943, Wednesday through Friday, 9 to 5.)

For the Love of Music—The third in a series of four programs of chamber music, this one a Francoeur-Debussy-Brahms program, performed by Frederick Zlotkin, cello; Pamela Mia Paul, piano; Renée Siebert, flute; Emily Mitchell, harp; Robert Vernon, viola; and Richard Sortomme, violin. (Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, Feb. 24, at 3.)

Music Before 1800—David Hart, flute; Wendy Gillespie, viola da gamba; and Edgar Rebich, harpsichord. (Corpus Christi Church, 529 W. 121st St. Sunday, Feb. 24, at 3. Admission by contribution.)

Half Haydn—The third in a series of four concerts, this one with Laurien Laufman, cello; Marya Martin, flute; Sylvia Kahan, piano; William Henry, violin; and Maureen Gallagher, viola. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Sunday, Feb. 24, at 4. For information about tickets, call 757-8344.)

Israel Piano Trio—A Copland-Brahms-Schubert program. (Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, Feb. 24, at 7.)

Peter Serkin—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Sunday, Feb. 24, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

James Jeter—Bassoon, with assisting artists. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Feb. 24, at 8:30.)

Tokyo String Quartet—Three programs of chamber music, each with a guest pianist. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Feb. 25, with Philippe Entremont; Thursday, Feb. 28, with Richard Goode; and Sunday, March 2, with Misha Dichter. All concerts at 8.)

St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble—Eight members of the Ensemble, under the name Guido's Other Hand, performing a program of sixteenth- and seventeenth-century English music. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Feb. 25, at 8.)

Seth Kimmelman—Piano. (College Parlour, Barnard Hall, Broadway at 117th St. Tuesday, Feb. 26, at 5:30. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

Aldo Ciccolini—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 26, at 8.)

Zehava Gal—Mezzo-soprano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Tuesday, Feb. 26, at 8.)

Regina Mushabac—Cello. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 26, at 8.)

Apple Hill Chamber Players—A mostly Dvořák program. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 26, at 8.)

American String Quartet—Chamber music. (Mannes College of Music, 157 E. 74th St. Tuesday, Feb. 26, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Luciano Pavarotti—Tenor, in a benefit recital. (Whitman Hall, Brooklyn College. 859-1180. Wednesday, Feb. 27, at 8.)

Sharon Robinson—Cello. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, Feb. 27, at 8.)

Concord String Quartet—The second in a series of six concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Feb. 28, at 8.)

Janet Marlow—Classical guitarist. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Feb. 29, at 8.)

Ivan Moravec—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, Feb. 29, at 8.)

Joseph Kalichstein—Piano, in an all-Brahms program. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, March 1, at 8.)

Valeria Vilker-Kuchment—Violin. (Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, March 1, at 8.)

Charles Treger and André Watts—Violin and piano. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, March 1, at 8.)

Melos Quartet—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, March 1, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

MISCELLANY

Tribute to Teresa Sterne—Among the participants: Jan DeGaetani, Paul Jacobs, Gilbert Kalish, William Bolcom and Joan Morris, and members of Pomerium Musices. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 865-2557. Wednesday, Feb. 20, at 8.)

"A Black Heritage Concert"—A program of songs and arias by black composers presented by the Opera Ebony, with the Opera Ebony Orchestra conducted by James Frazier. (Martin Luther King School Auditorium, Amsterdam Ave. at 65th St. Saturday, Feb. 23, at 8. For information about tickets, call 877-2110.)

Benefit Concert—Merrill Ashley, Placido Domingo, Natalia Makarova, Peter Martins, Luciano Pavarotti, Leontyne Price, Isaac Stern, and others. The beneficiary is WNET–Channel Thirteen. (Metropolitan Opera House. Sunday, Feb. 24, at 7. For tickets, call 800 358-9150.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Knicks vs. Cleveland, Saturday, Feb. 23, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. San Antonio, Thursday, Feb. 28, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Nets, Saturday, March 1, at 8:05. . . . **RUTGERS UNIVERSITY ATHLETIC CENTER:** Nets vs. San Antonio, Sunday, Feb. 24, at 1. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Golden State, Wednesday, Feb. 27, at 8:05. (Piscataway, N.J. For information about tickets, call 201 463-8770.)

Hockey—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN** (all games at 7:35): Rangers vs. Edmonton Oilers, Wednesday, Feb. 20. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Islanders, Sunday, Feb. 24. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Los Angeles Kings, Wednesday, Feb. 27. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM:** Islanders vs. Minnesota North Stars, Thursday, Feb. 21, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Detroit Red Wings, Saturday, March 1, at 2:05. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 516 794-9100.)

Olympic Winter Games—At Lake Placid: Through Sunday, Feb. 24.

Racing—At **AQUEDUCT:** Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 12:30, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, May 19. The Grey Lag Handicap, Saturday, Feb. 23. . . . **BOWIE,** Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Friday, March 14. The Barbara Fritchie Handicap, Saturday, Feb. 23, and the Bowie, Saturday, March 1.

Track—National A.A.U. Indoor Championships. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Feb. 29, at 7.)

Trotting—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY,** Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Thursday, May 22. . . . **MEADOWLANDS RACETRACK:** Weeknights at 8; through Wednesday, Aug. 6.

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 755-4100.)

Poetry and Prose Readings—Ann Beattie reading from her own short story collection, "Secrets and Surprises." (Donnell's Nathan Straus Young Adult Library, 20 W. 53rd St. Monday, Feb. 25, at 5:30. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Joyce Carol Oates and Edmund Keeley reading from their own novels. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, Feb. 25, at 8.) . . . ¶ Stanley Kunitz reading from his own poetry. (City University Graduate Center Auditorium, 33 W. 42nd St. Thursday, Feb. 28, at 7. No tickets necessary.)

National Antiques Show—The annual affair, at which three hundred dealers are showing American, Oriental, and European wares from the sixteenth century to the twentieth. (Madison Square Garden Exposition Rotunda. Seventh Ave. at 32nd St. Wednesday through Saturday, Feb. 20-23, from 1 to 10, and Sunday, Feb. 24, from 1 to 7.)

Cat Show—Empire Cat Club. (New York City Passenger Ship Terminal, Twelfth Ave. at 49th St. Saturday, Feb. 23, from 10 to 7, and Sunday, Feb. 24, from 10 to 6.)

Flower Show—The Spring Flower Show in the Conservatory of the New York Botanical Garden, Bronx Park. Daily, except Mondays, 10 to 4.

Auctions—At **SOTHEBY PARKE BERNET,** 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Mondays, 10 to 4; Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Saturday, Feb. 23, at 2: French and other Continental furniture and decorations. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 27, at 10:15 and 2: Contemporary paintings, drawings, prints, and sculptures by such artists as Calder, Pollock, and Motherwell. Exhibition starts Friday, Feb. 22. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 28, at 10:15 and 2: Chinese jades and other works of art. Exhibition starts Saturday, Feb. 23. . . . **CHRISTIE'S,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Friday, Feb 22, at 10: English and Continental silver and *objets de vertu*.

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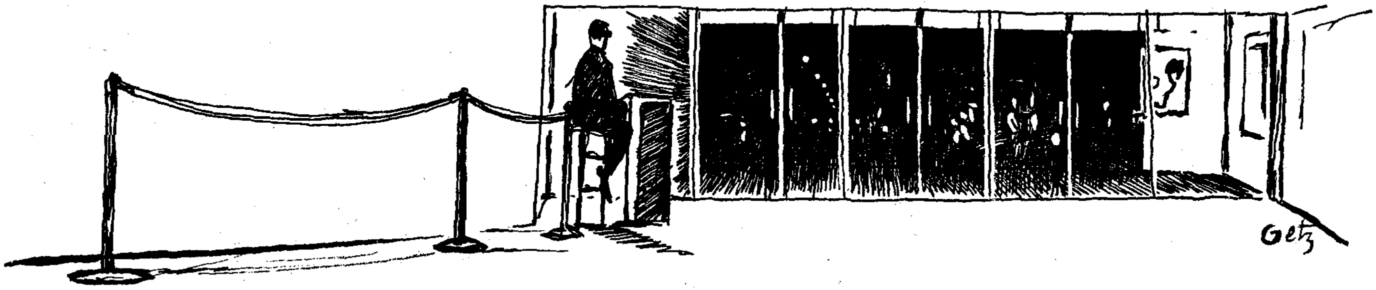
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	1

ALL FILMS PLAYING AT EAST SIDE AND WEST SIDE NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN A SECTION STARTING ON PAGE 22. FILMS PLAYING IN THE TIMES SQUARE AREA AND AT REVIVAL HOUSES ARE SO DESCRIBED ONLY IF A DAGGER ACCOMPANIES THE THEATRE LISTING.

EAST SIDE

LITTLE THEATRE, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Feb. 24: "The Middleman."
Feb. 25: Theatre closed.
From Feb. 26: "In the Family."

PERFORMING GARAGE, 33 Wooster St. (966-3651; Wednesdays at 8 and 10, Thursdays and Fridays at 10, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2, 4, and 10.)
"One and One."

ART, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
"The Rose."

ST. MARKS CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Feb. 21: "10" and "Goldengirl."
Feb. 22-28: "Fatso" and another feature, to be announced.
From Feb. 29: To be announced.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Breaking Away."

BAY CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"The Last Married Couple in America."

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Just Tell Me What You Want."

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"American Gigolo."

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Feb. 28: "Jaws 2."
From Feb. 29: "Foxes."

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Through Feb. 21: "Fatso."
Feb. 22-28 (tentative): "The Human Factor."
From Feb. 29: "Best Boy."

PENTHOUSE EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Caligula."

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
Through Feb. 21: "The Human Factor."
From Feb. 22: "Blood Feud."

MANHATTAN 1, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
"Cruising."

MANHATTAN 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
"Cruising."

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Wise Blood."

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Being There."

D. W. GRIFFITH, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Norma Rae."

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
Through Feb. 28: "My Brilliant Career."
From Feb. 29: "Simon."

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-0774)
"Just Tell Me What You Want."

GEMINI 1, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"The Last Married Couple in America."

GEMINI 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
Through Feb. 21: "The Black Stallion."
From Feb. 22: "The Immortal Bachelor."

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"All That Jazz."

LOEWS NEW YORK 1, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
"The Electric Horseman."

LOEWS NEW YORK 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
"Chapter Two."

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"La Cage aux Folles."

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Kramer vs. Kramer."

72ND STREET EAST, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through Feb. 28: "10."
From Feb. 29: To be announced.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (288-3180)
"The Silent Partner."

U. A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Jaws 2."

LOEWS ORPHEUM 1, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Through Feb. 28: "American Gigolo."
From Feb. 29: "The Fog."

LOEWS ORPHEUM 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Hero at Large."

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Feb. 28: "Apocalypse Now."
From Feb. 29: "Foxes."

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 28: "Prize Fighter." From Feb. 29: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 28: "The Last Married Couple in America." From Feb. 29: "Force of One."

WEST SIDE

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Chapter Two."

GREENWICH PLAYHOUSE 1, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Feb. 21: "Fatso."
From Feb. 22 (tentative): "Robert et Robert."

GREENWICH PLAYHOUSE 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"All That Jazz."

QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "The Electric Horseman."
Theatre 2: "The Europeans."
Theatre 3: Through Feb. 21: "Stay As You Are." From Feb. 22: To be announced.
Theatre 4: "Jaws 2."

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"The Black Stallion."

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Saturn 3."

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"The Rose."

57TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"A Simple Story."

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"To Forget Venice."

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Coup de Tête."

CINEMA 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"All That Jazz."

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Star Trek–The Motion Picture."

CINEMA STUDIO 1, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"The Marriage of Maria Braun."

CINEMA STUDIO 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Angi Vera."

EMBASSY 72ND ST., B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
"Breaking Away."

LOEWS 83RD QUAD, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Chapter Two."
Theatre 2: "The Electric Horseman."
Theatre 3: "Fatso."
Theatre 4: "All That Jazz."

NEW YORKER 1, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Through Feb. 21: "Take the Money and Run," "Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex," "Sleeper," "Love and Death," "The Front," "Interiors," "Annie Hall," "Bananas," and "Play It Again Sam."
From Feb. 22: A program of Charlie Chaplin films, titles to be announced.

NEW YORKER 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
"The Rose."

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Feb. 21: "Starting Over" and "Pretty Baby."
Feb. 22-28: "The Electric Horseman" and "California Suite."
From Feb. 29: To be announced.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
"Just Tell Me What You Want." (†)

EMBASSY 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"The Black Hole."

EMBASSY, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "All That Jazz." (†)
Theatre 3: "Apocalypse Now." (†)
Theatre 4: "Chapter Two." (†)

FORUM, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"The Rose." (†)

LOEWS ASTOR PLAZA, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Hero at Large." (†)

LOEWS STATE 1, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Through Feb. 28: "American Gigolo." (†)
From Feb. 29: "The Fog." (†)

LOEWS STATE 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5070)
"Kramer vs. Kramer." (†)

NATIONAL, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
"Cruising." (†)

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Through Feb. 21: "The Last Married Couple in America." (†)
From Feb. 22: "God Send."

R.K.O. CINERAMA 1, B'way at 47th. (975-8366)
Through Feb. 28: "Prize Fighter."
From Feb. 29: "Foxes." (†)

R.K.O. CINERAMA 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Through Feb. 28: "Jaws 2." (†)
From Feb. 29: "Force of One."

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (354-5636)
"The Electric Horseman." (†)

REVIVAL HOUSES

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Feb. 20: "Exorcist II: The Heretic" (1977), directed by John Boorman, with Linda Blair, Richard Burton, Louise Fletcher, and Max von Sydow; and "The Medusa Touch" (1978), directed by Jack Gold, with Richard Burton, Lino Ventura, Lee Remick, and Michael Hordern.
Feb. 21: "La Chienne" (1931), in French, directed by Jean Renoir, with Michel Simon, Janie Marèze, and Georges Flamant; and "L'Atalante" (1934), in French, directed by Jean Vigo, with Michel Simon, Jean Dasté, and Dita Parlo.
Feb. 22: "Ecstatic Stigmatic" (1979), directed by Gordon Stevenson; and "Mondo Trasho" (1970), directed by John Waters.
Feb. 23: "Auntie Mame" (1958), directed by Morton da Costa, with Rosalind Russell, Forrest Tucker, and Coral Browne.
Feb. 24: "The Taming of the Shrew" (1967), directed by Franco Zeffirelli, with Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton; "As You Like It" (†); and "Journeys from Berlin/1971" (1980), directed by Yvonne Rainier.
Feb. 25: "Little Big Man" (†); and "They

Died with Their Boots On" (1942), directed by Raoul Walsh, with Errol Flynn, Olivia de Havilland, Sydney Greenstreet, and Arthur Kennedy.

Feb. 26: "Yojimbo" (†); and "Floating Weeds" (1959), in Japanese, directed by Yasujiro Ozu.

Feb. 27: "Shock Corridor" (1963), directed by Samuel Fuller, with Constance Towers, Peter Breck, and James Best; and "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari." (†)

Feb. 28: "The Crowd" (1928), a silent film, directed by King Vidor, with Eleanor Boardman and James Murray; and "The Marrying Kind." (†)

Feb. 29: "Gulliver's Travels" (1939), an animated film by Max and Dave Fleischer; and a program of old-time coming attractions.

March 1: "Far from the Madding Crowd" (1967), directed by John Schlesinger, with Julie Christie, Terence Stamp, Peter Finch, and Alan Bates.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)

Feb. 20: "El" (1952; "This Strange Passion"), in Spanish, directed by Luis Buñuel, with Arturo de Cordova and Delia Garcés; and "Daughter of Deceit" (1951), in Spanish, directed by Luis Buñuel in Mexico.

Feb. 21: "The Last Woman" (1976), in French, directed by Marco Ferreri, with Gérard Depardieu and Ornella Muti; and "The Wedding March" (1967), in Italian, directed by Marco Ferreri, with Ugo Tognazzi.

Feb. 22: "The Last Wave" (1978), directed by Peter Weir, with Richard Chamberlain, Gulpilil, Nandjiwarra Amagula, and Olivia Hamnett; and "Walkabout" (1971), directed by Nicolas Roeg.

Feb. 23: "Sunday Bloody Sunday" (1971), directed by John Schlesinger, with Glenda Jackson, Peter Finch, and Murray Head; and "Midnight Cowboy" (1969), directed by John Schlesinger, with Dustin Hoffman and Jon Voight.

Feb. 24: "Children of Paradise" (1945), in French, directed by Marcel Carné, with Jean-Louis Barrault, Arletty, Pierre Brasseur, Pierre Renoir, and Maria Casarès.

Feb. 25: "Niagara" (†) and "Last Embrace." (†)

Feb. 26: "The Big Sleep" (1946), directed by Howard Hawks, with Lauren Bacall, Humphrey Bogart, and Martha Vickers; and "Today We Live." (†)

Feb. 27: "Strongman Ferdinand" (†); and "Yesterday Girl" (1967), in German, directed by Alexander Kluge.

Feb. 28: "Moulin Rouge" (1953), directed by John Huston, with José Ferrer, Colette Marchand, and Zsa Zsa Gabor; and "Lust for Life." (†)

Feb. 29: "The Last Detail" (1974), directed by Hal Ashby, with Jack Nicholson, Otis Young, and Randy Quaid; and "Drive, He Said" (1971), directed by Jack Nicholson, with William Tepper and Karen Black.

March 1: "Mahler" (1976), directed by Ken Russell, with Robert Powell; and "The Music Lovers" (1971), directed by Ken Russell, with Richard Chamberlain and Glenda Jackson.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through Feb. 21: "Last Tango in Paris" (1972), in French and English, directed by Bernardo Bertolucci, with Marlon Brando and Maria Schneider.

Feb. 22-23: "The Boys in the Band" (1970), directed by William Friedkin, with Frederick Combs; and "Something for Everyone" (1970), directed by Harold Prince, with Angela Lansbury and Michael York.

Feb. 24-25: "Henry V" (1944), directed by, and with, Laurence Olivier.

Feb. 26: "Hamlet" (1948), directed by Laurence Olivier, with Olivier, Jean Simmons, Basil Sydney, Eileen Herlie, and Stanley Holloway.

Feb. 27-28: "Putney Swope" (1969) and "Chafed Elbows" (1967), both films directed by Robert Downey.

Feb. 29-March 1: "Rebel Without a Cause" (1955), directed by Nicholas Ray, with James Dean, Natalie Wood, Sal Mineo, and Dennis Hopper; and "East of Eden" (1955), directed by Elia Kazan, with James Dean and Julie Harris.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)

"Apocalypse Now." (†)

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Through Feb. 23: "Top Hat" (1935), directed by Mark Sandrich, with Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire; and "Born to Dance" (1936), directed by Roy Del Ruth, with Eleanor Powell, James Stewart, and Buddy Ebsen.

Feb. 24-25: "The Royal Ballet" (†); and "Stars of the Russian Ballet" (1954), in Russian, with Galina Ulanova and Maya Plisetskaya.

Feb. 26-27: "The Dolly Sisters" (1945), directed by Irving Cummings, with Betty Grable, John Payne, and June Haver; and "Down Argentine Way" (1940), directed by Irving Cummings, with Betty Grable, Don Ameche, Carmen Miranda, and Charlotte Greenwood.

Feb. 28-March 1: "42nd Street" (1933), directed by Lloyd Bacon, with Bebe Daniels, Ruby Keeler, Dick Powell, and Warner Baxter; and "Gold Diggers of 1933" (1933), directed by Mervyn LeRoy, with Ruby Keeler, Ginger Rogers, Dick Powell, and Joan Blondell.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Feb. 20: "A Girl in Every Port" (1928) a silent film, directed by Howard Hawks, with Victor McLaglen, Robert Armstrong, and Louise Brooks; and "The Love Goddesses" (1965), a documentary of some sixty years of movie heroines.

Feb. 21: "To Be or Not to Be" (1942), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Carole Lombard, Jack Benny, Robert Stack, and Felix Bressart; and "Monsieur Verdoux" (1947), directed by Charlie Chaplin, with Chaplin and Martha Raye.

Feb. 22-23: "The Lady Vanishes" (1938), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, Michael Redgrave, Paul Lukas, and Cecil Parker; and "Rebecca" (1940), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Joan Fontaine, Laurence Olivier, Judith Anderson, George Sanders, and Florence Bates.

Feb. 24: "Jules and Jim" (1962), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Jeanne Moreau, Oskar Werner, and Henri Serre; and "The 400 Blows" (1959), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Jean-Pierre Léaud.

Feb. 25: "One Sings, the Other Doesn't" (†); and "Diary of a Mad Housewife" (1970), directed by Frank Perry, with Richard Benjamin, Frank Langella, and Carrie Snodgress.

Feb. 26: A program of film outtakes, interviews with performers, screen tests, and other formerly unseen footage.

Feb. 27: "Robin and Marian" (†); and "Cyrano de Bergerac" (1950), directed by Michael Gordon, with José Ferrer, Mala Powers, William Prince, and Morris Carnovsky.

Feb. 28: "Cluny Brown" (†); and "That Lady in Ermine" (1948), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Betty Grable and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

Feb. 29-March 1: "Lord of the Flies" (1963), directed by Peter Brook; and "If . . ." (1969), directed by Lindsay Anderson, with Malcolm McDowell.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Feb. 20: "Dangerous Paradise" (1930), directed by William Wellman, with Nancy Carroll, Richard Arlen, and Warner Oland; and "Broken Lullaby" (1932; "The Man I Killed"), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Lionel Barrymore, Phillips Holmes, and Nancy Carroll.

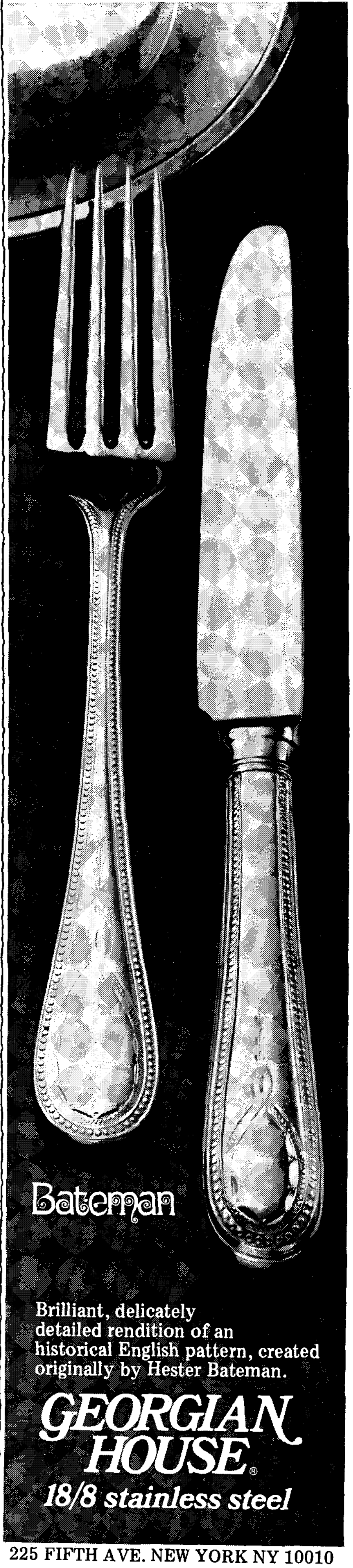
Feb. 21: "The Bride Wore Black" (1968), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Jeanne Moreau; and "The Wild Child" (1970), in French, directed by, and with, François Truffaut.

Feb. 22-23: "Casablanca" (1942), directed by Michael Curtiz, with Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains; and "The Maltese Falcon" (1941), directed by John Huston, with Mary Astor, Humphrey Bogart, Sydney Greenstreet, Elisha Cook, Jr., and Peter Lorre.

Feb. 24: "Duel in the Sun" (†) and "Ruby Gentry." (†)

Feb. 25: "Murder, He Says" (1945), directed by George Marshall, with Fred MacMurray, Helen Walker, and Marjorie Main; and "The Gracie Allen Murder Case" (1939), directed by Alfred E. Green, with Gracie Allen, Warren William, and Donald MacBride.

Feb. 26: "Night Nurse" (†); and "The Pur-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"chase Price" (1932), directed by William Wellman, with Barbara Stanwyck, George Brent, and Lyle Talbot.

Feb. 27: "Lady on a Train" (†) and "It Started with Eve." (†)

Feb. 28: "M" (1932), in German, directed by Fritz Lang, with Peter Lorre; and "Nosferatu" (1922), a German silent film, directed by F. W. Murnau, with Max Schreck.

Feb. 29-March 1: "Nothing Sacred" (†) and "My Man Godfrey." (†)

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Feb. 21 at 2:30: "La Gueule Ouverte" (1975), in French, directed by Maurice Pialat; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Feb. 21 at 6: "Félicité" (1979), in French, directed by Christine Pascal (who will be present); English subtitles. . . . ¶ Feb. 21 at 8:30: "Mes Petites Amoureuses" (1979), in French, directed by Jean Eustache; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Feb. 22 at 2:30: "Félicité.". . . ¶ Feb. 22 at 6; "Haxan: Witchcraft Through the Ages" (1922), a Swedish silent film, directed by Benjamin Christensen; Swedish intertitles. . . . ¶ Feb. 23 at noon: "Western Union" (1941), directed by Fritz Lang, with Robert Young, Randolph Scott, and Dean Jagger. . . . ¶ Feb. 23 at 2:30: "Paco l'Infaillible" (1979), in French, directed by Didier Haudepin (who will be present); English subtitles. . . . ¶ Feb. 23 at 5: "Passe Ton Bac d'Abord" (1979), in French, directed by Maurice Pialat; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Feb. 24 at noon: "Western Union.". . . ¶ Feb. 24 at 2:30: "Bastien, Bastienne" (1979), in French, directed by Michel Andrieu; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Feb. 24 at 5: "Boudu Saved from Drowning" (1932), in French, directed by Jean Renoir, with Michel Simon; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Feb. 25 at noon: "Eye of the Storm" (1971), directed by William Peters; "Last Stand Farmer" (1975), directed by Richard Brick; and "The Hole" (1962), directed by John and Faith Hubley. . . . ¶ Feb. 25 at 2:30: "Le Soleil en Face" (1979), in French, directed by Pierre Kast; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Feb. 25 at 6: "Paco l'Infaillible.". . . ¶ Feb. 26 at noon: "Eye of the Storm," "Last Stand Farmer," and "The Hole.". . . ¶ Feb. 26 at 2:30: "Boudu Saved from Drowning.". . . ¶ Feb. 26 at 6: "What Can I Tell You?" (1979), directed by Victress Hitchcock. . . . ¶ Feb. 28 at 2:30: "Nothing Sacred" (1937), directed by William Wellman, with Carole Lombard and Fredric March. . . . ¶ Feb. 28 at 6: "A Star Is Born" (1937), directed by William Wellman, with Janet Gaynor, Fredric March, and Adolphe Menjou. . . . ¶ Feb. 28 at 8:30: "Rebecca" (1940), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Joan Fontaine, Laurence Olivier, and Judith Anderson. . . . ¶ Feb. 29 at 2:30: "Spoilers of the West" (1927), a silent film, directed by W. S. Van Dyke, with Tim McCoy. . . . ¶ Feb. 29 at 6: An illustrated lecture on the making of "Gone with the Wind.". . . ¶ March 1 at noon: To be announced. . . . ¶ March 1 at 2:30: To be announced. . . . ¶ March 1 at 5: To be announced. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through Feb. 24: Two films by Bruce Baillie—"Quick Billie" (1971), showings at noon and 3, and "Roslyn Romance" (1977), showings at 2 and 5. . . . ¶ Starting Feb. 26: Five videotapes by Nam June Paik—"Global Groove" (1973) and "A Tribute to John Cage" (1973), showings at noon and 4, and "Suite 212" (1976), "Guadalcanal Requiem" (1977), and "Merce and Marcel" (1977), *showings at 2 and at 6 on Tuesday evening.* Call desk (288-9601) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

Film Forum, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—"Simone de Beauvoir" (1978), in French, directed by Josée Dayan and Malka Ribowska; English subtitles. Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:45.

Our Hitler: A Film from Germany—Hans-Jürgen Syberberg's seven-hour, four-part film. (Beacon Theatre, B'way at 74th St. Feb. 23-24 at 2:30. There will be a ninety-minute dinner break at 6:15. For information about tickets, call 874-1718.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

All That Jazz—Almost nothing has been left out of this headlong, overblown musical about a great, worn-out, self-destructive, lovable-genius choreographer-director (Roy Scheider) who has a backstage rendezvous with Death (Jessica Lange, wearing white veils and an enigmatic smile). The story is supposedly based on the true life and hard times of Bob Fosse, who is the director and co-author of the picture, and, of course, its choreographer. This is high-cholesterol hokum—enjoyable but probably not good for you. With Cliff Gorman, Ann Reinking, Leland Palmer, Ben Vereen, and a lot of lively dancers. (Reviewed in our issue of 1/7/80.) (Beekman, Greenwich Playhouse 2, Cinema 3, Loews 83rd Quad, and Embassy.)

American Gigolo—Richard Gere as a suave, beautifully dressed, and deeply uninteresting male prostitute, who earns a nice dollar, plus perks (he drives a black Mercedes convertible and buys his fancy vines at Juschi's boutique, in Beverly Hills), from his ability to bring sexual pleasure to some rich, spoiled older women who frequent the Polo Lounge, Perino's, and the pools and patios of Malibu, Bel Air, and Palm Springs. Writer-director Paul Schrader probably had something serious in mind here, but he seems to lose interest in his glum hero along the way, while encouraging his audiences to become tourists of these expensive places and people, and the story trails off into vacuity and violence. With Lauren Hutton, Nina Van Pallandt, Hector Elizondo, and K. Callan. (2/4/80) (34th St. East. . . . ¶ Loews Orpheum 1, and Loews State 1; through Feb. 28.)

Angi Vera—Pál Gábor directed this modest, wintry, dark-hued account of the political indoctrination and accompanying dehumanization of a young nurse (Veronika Papp) in the early days of the Communist regime in Hungary. In a year of enormous movies, this is a quiet, unmistakable work of art. With Tamás Dunai and Erzsi Pásztor. In Hungarian. (1/14/80) (Cinema Studio 2.)

Annie Hall (1977)—Woody Allen's film is very funny, very close to his own bone. The hero, called Alvy Singer and played by Mr. Allen, is a skinny redhead whose anxieties are not small ones. His beguiling girl is played by Diane Keaton. (New Yorker 1; Feb. 20.)

Apocalypse Now—The beautiful, classical structure—a journey upriver through a place of evil—comes from Joseph Conrad's "Heart of Darkness," but the tone comes from reporter Michael Herr's "Dispatches." The characters, like the people in Herr's reporting, are living through Vietnam as pulp adventure fantasy, as movie, as stoned humor. Captain Willard (Martin Sheen) travels upriver to Cambodia, on a mission to kill the "unsound" Green Beret Colonel Kurtz (Marlon Brando); the movie progresses from deadly efficiency controlled by a bizarre Air Cavalry officer named Kilgore (Robert Duvall) to chaos controlled by no one. For two hours, this is an inspired reimagining of Conrad, but it collapses in a final attempt to show the unshowable—not just evil but Evil. With Frederic Forrest, Albert Hall, Sam Bottoms, Larry Fishburne, and Dennis Hopper. Directed by Francis Coppola; narration written by Michael Herr. (9/3/79) (Embassy, and 8th St. Playhouse. . . . ¶ 86th St. East; through Feb. 28.)

As You Like It (1936)—Shakespeare cleaned up and made rather too respectably lighthearted. Still, this British production is by no means contemptible; it's enjoyable even in its disappointing moments. As Rosalind, Elisabeth Bergner, a great theatrical technician who specialized in heartbreaking gamine charm, can't resist being more adorably mischievous than is necessary, and she's handicapped by her age (she was close to forty) and by her German accent, which dims the sparkle of some of her lines. One doesn't think of her as Fraülein Rosalind—one just doesn't make contact with her Rosalind. The young Laurence Olivier is triumphantly angelic as that amorous, brooding goof Orlando; there's a real interpretation at work here—his reactions make one grin. With Henry Ainley, Richard Ainley, Sophie Stewart, Mackenzie Ward, Leon Quartermaine, Felix Aylmer, Aubrey Mather, John Laurie, and Peter Bull. Directed by Bergner's husband, Paul Czinner, who—as in his movie versions of operas—never really seems to get the hang of the medium. Adapted by J. M. Barrie and Robert Cullen. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 24.)

Bananas (1971)—Woody Allen directed, wrote (with Mickey Rose), and stars in this agreeable mess, which is slightly about revolution in a banana republic. The first half is often very, very funny. (New Yorker 1; Feb. 21.)

Being There—Outstanding performances by Peter Sellers (as a moronic, TV-addicted gardener who accidentally rises to high places because of the inattention and wishful inanity of the people around him), Melvyn Douglas (as a lonely, sentimental, death-haunted multimillionaire), and Shirley MacLaine (as the old man's wife) are the best things in this adaptation of Jerzy Kosinski's brusquely satiric novel, which has gained depth and character because of Hal Ashby's thoughtful direction. The picture is often funny, but Mr. Kosinski's heartless joke runs thin over the course of two hours, leaving one emotionally flattened in the end. (1/7/80) (Coronet.)

Best Boy—A documentary about a fifty-two-year-old mentally retarded man. Directed by Ira Wohl. (Sutton; starting Feb. 29.)

The Black Stallion—A slow, dark, mystical film, starring a boy, a horse, and Mickey Rooney. Loosely based on a work by Walter Farley, it will probably disappoint children who have read the book. (11/5/79) (Guild. . . . ¶ Gemini 2; through Feb. 21.)

Blood Feud—With Giancarlo Giannini, Sophia Loren, and Marcello Mastroianni; directed by Lina Wertmüller. In Italian. (Plaza; starting Feb. 22.)

Breaking Away—A cheerful comedy about four high-school graduates (Dennis Christopher, Dennis Quaid, Daniel Stern, and Jackie Earle Haley) who don't know what to do next. Paul Dooley and Barbara Barrie play a set of parents with confused notions about progress. Directed by Peter Yates, with affection for the middle class, the landscapes of Indiana, and bicycle racing. (8/6/79) (Gramercy, and Embassy 72nd St.)

The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari (1919)—The audience, confined in the madman's universe, sees what the madman sees: distorted perspectives, eerie painted lights and shadows, an angular, warped world of fears and menace. The sets are used expressionistically to convey the madman's thoughts, to intensify the characters' emotions, and to emphasize the meanings of the action. This film is so entrenched in the "masterpiece" classification that a few cautionary remarks should be added, lest your initial reaction be disappointment: you may be delighted that the flats express something, because most of the actors don't; you may find that the décor, which is highly experimental in terms of space and distance but is derivative from the stage use of expressionism, is a monotonous zigzag (too many hooks and no fish). "Caligari," the most nearly complete essay in the décor of delirium, is one of the most famous films of all time, and it was considered a radical advance in film technique, yet it is rarely imitated—and you'll know why. Werner Krauss is the nightmare image of a psychoanalyst—the hypnotist Caligari—with, in his cabinet, the somnambulist Cesare, played by the extraordinary young Conrad Veidt. The cast also includes Lil Dagover, and Friedrich Feher as the student-inmate. Produced by Erich Pommer; directed by Robert Wiene. The scenario, by Carl Mayer and Hans Janowitz, was originally intended as an attack on irrational authority, but the meanings got turned around; the art direction is the work of three painters—Hermann Warm, Walter Reimann, and Walter Röhrig. The Nazis labelled the film "degenerate art." Eisenstein, who, in his own way, agreed, called it "this barbaric carnival of the destruction of the healthy human infancy of our art." (A 1962 American film used the same title but has no other connection with the original.) (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 27.)

La Cage aux Folles—A brilliant comedy about a pair of aging homosexuals, one of whom has

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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had a son; the son is eager to marry, his fiancée is extremely conventional, and her family wishes to make the acquaintance of his family. Trouble in paradise, here known as Saint-Tropez. Edouard Molinaro directed. In French. (5/28/79) (68th St. Playhouse.)

California Suite—Neil Simon's four battling-couples playlets set in the Beverly Hills Hotel have been intercut, and the director, Herbert Ross, has bleached the space around the pairs of combatants to get rid of it as tastefully as possible. This look of sunstruck swank is appropriate to the mawkish, bittersweet Wasp playlets (Jane Fonda and Alan Alda, Maggie Smith and Michael Caine) in which gallant people use bitchy wisecracks to conceal their breaking hearts. The third playlet (low-comedy Jewish, with Walter Matthau as a husband caught with a hooker by his wife, Elaine May) is directed apathetically, and the fourth (slapstick black, with Richard Pryor and Bill Cosby as vacationing doctors from Chicago) is a disaster, and not only because it has no comic rhythm. When the black doctors stumble around a flooded hotel room, crash into each other, and step on broken glass, and Cosby bites Pryor's nose, the sequences have horrifying racist overtones. (Inadvertently, the movie seems to be saying that while these black men may be educated, they're still savages.) The audience doesn't get restless, because the pairs of actors keep whacking each other with insults; at the end, there's always the loneliness, the fear, and the reconciliation. Simon and Ross turn vaudeville into mush. (1/8/79) (Olympia; Feb. 22-28.)

Caligula—With Malcolm McDowell. (Penthouse East.)

Chapter Two—Familiar backdrops—Central Park, the Carnegie Recital Hall, the Public Library, and so on—fail to convince us that we are in New York instead of in the theatre, which is where this Neil Simon comedy-drama, about a widowed novelist (James Caan, badly miscast) who undertakes a too-sudden second marriage to a spunky, large-eyed actress (Marsha Mason), ran in its original form. The formal structure of the tale and the alternating brittle jokes and moody musings about the vagaries of marital happiness make for a much less rewarding entertainment than Mr. Simon's "The Goodbye Girl," which was a movie all the way. With Valerie Harper and Joe Bologna. (12/24/79) (Loews New York 2, Waverly, Loews 83rd Quad, and Embassy.)

Cluny Brown (1946)—Ernst Lubitsch directed this charming light satire on English social conventions, with Jennifer Jones in a rare comic performance that's a delight, and with Charles Boyer as a debonair scrounger. The cast includes Richard Haydn, and Una O'Connor as his mother. From a novel by Margery Sharp. (Thalia; Feb. 28.)

Coup de Tête—A broad, unsatisfying satire about an unjustly jailed misfit who is suddenly catapulted to fame and respectability by his overnight success as a soccer star in a provincial French town. The film suffers from jarring uncertainties of tone and from our own home-bred familiarity with the banalities and foolishness of contemporary sports madness. With Patrick Dewaere. In French. (1/28/80) (Paris.)

Cruising—Al Pacino as an undercover cop in search of a psychopathic killer who preys on patrons of the heavy-leather homosexual bars of the West Village. Director William Friedkin's night views of the meat rack, where figures dressed like Richard Lindner's monster males loom and hover, are repellent but powerful, but the picture's persistent confusions of theme and plot encourage our ignorance and our prurient fear of these matters. Mr. Friedkin's careless, trashy moral appears to be that homosexuality is catching and inescapably violent, which is a shocking message even for a thriller that is meant only to shock and to sell. With Paul Sorvino, Richard Cox, Don Scardino, and Karen Allen. (2/18/80) (Manhattan 1, Manhattan 2, and National.)

Duel in the Sun (1947)—Hilariously florid, sometimes called "Lust in the Dust." This Wagnerian Western features Gregory Peck and Jennifer Jones as lovers so passionate they kill each other. She's Pearl Chavez, a half-breed wench, and so, by Hollywood convention, uncontrollably sexy, and Peck actually manages to bestir himself enough to play a hunk of egotistic hot stuff—maybe the name Lewt McCanles got to him, or maybe the producer, David O. Selznick, used electric prods. Peck clanks his spurs and leers, while Jones tosses her hair and heaves her chest; when they kiss, lightning blazes. Set in Texas, it's a lavish, sensual spectacle, so heightened it becomes a cartoon of passion; the director, King Vidor, gives much of it a galloping bravura excitement, and the hokum is irresistibly entertaining. With Walter Huston, having a roaring good time as a hellfire preacher; Butterfly McQueen, going even further with the character she created in "Gone with the Wind;" and Joseph Cotten, Charles Bickford, Lillian Gish, Herbert Marshall, Lionel Barrymore, Harry Carey, Sidney Blackmer, Joan Tetzel, Otto Kruger, Tilly Losch, and other well-known performers. The cinematographers include Lee Garnes and Hal Rosson; Dimitri Tiomkin perpetrated the score. The movie was "suggested" by the Niven Busch novel, and Selznick himself takes the screenplay credit. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 24.)

The Electric Horseman—Robert Redford as a contemporary retired five-time All-Round World Champion cowboy out to save a famous race horse from the same heartless conglomerate that is exploiting him, and Jane Fonda as a city-slicker TV reporter out to get the story of his doomed venture. Boy and girl (and horse) fall in love out under the big Utah sky, just as we knew they would, but it's all so cheerfully mindless that it's hard not to be entertained as we watch the big stars and eat up the malarkey. With Valerie Perrine, Willie Nelson, and John Saxon. (12/31/79) (Loews New York 1, Quad Cinema, Loews 83rd Quad, and Victoria. . . . ¶ Olympia; Feb. 22-28.)

The Europeans—A collaboration between director James Ivory and writer Ruth Prawer Jhabvala on a version of the Henry James novel, with Lee Remick and Lisa Eichhorn. Mrs. Jhabvala's script is adroit, New England in the autumn is a riot of Crayola, and both Remick and Eichhorn acquit themselves admirably, but the direction's a bit logy, and some of the performances are amazingly weak. (10/15/79) (Quad Cinema.)

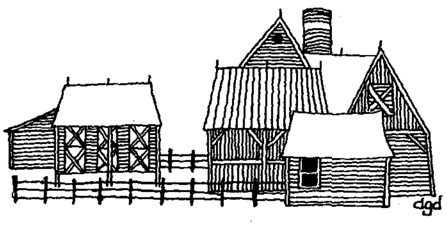
Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex (1972)—Woody Allen, who has the anesthetized face of a Jewish Buster Keaton combined with a sensible woman shopper's, wrote and directed this intermittently inspired take-off on Dr. David Reuben's waggish best-seller. (New Yorker 1; Feb. 20.)

Fatso—Is there something funny about the sight of three compulsive eaters wrecking a kitchen in an orgy of gluttony? Is there pathos in a fat man who devours forty dollars' worth of take-out Chinese food in a parked car? Possibly, but not as presented in this queasy comedy, which is far more self-indulgent than its weepy victim-hero, Dominick DeNapoli (Dom DeLuise). Many closeups of food. With Anne Bancroft, who cooked up the whole thing in this, her first effort as a writer and director. (Loews 83rd Quad. . . . ¶ Sutton, and Greenwich Playhouse 1; through Feb. 21. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; Feb. 22-28.)

The Fog—With Adrienne Barbeau, Jamie Lee Curtis, John Houseman, and Janet Leigh; directed by John Carpenter. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Loews Orpheum 1, and Loew's State 1; starting Feb. 29.)

Foxes—With Jodie Foster, Scott Baio, Sally Kellerman, and Randy Quaid; directed by Adrian Lyne. (Eastside Cinema, 86th St. East, and R.K.O. Cinerama 1; starting Feb. 29.)

The Front (1976)—The writer, Walter Bernstein, had a nifty comedy idea—to make a movie about the blacklisting in the entertainment industry during the McCarthy era, centering on a political innocent who fronts for blacklisted writers—but he didn't develop its comic potential. Woody Allen gives the film its only spark. He plays Howie, a restaurant cashier and small-time bookie who becomes a front: the funniest, most original scenes show the stirrings of literary vanity within this non-writer. Most of the film, though, is set up like a wartime anti-Nazi melodrama; it's the good guys versus the bad guys, and Howie becomes the Everyman who has to learn to choose sides. The pacing of the director, Martin Ritt, is off, the sequences don't flow, and the film seems sterile, unpopulated, and flat. (New Yorker 1; Feb. 20-21.)



Goldengirl—With James Coburn, Leslie Caron, Robert Culp, Harry Guardino, Curt Jurgens, John Newcombe, and Susan Anton; directed by Joseph Sargent. (St. Marks Cinema; through Feb. 21.)

Hero at Large—A Twinky-sweet comedy about a struggling actor (John Ritter) who, as a public-relations stunt, is hired to play "Captain Avenger," a Superman-like hero, and is surprised when the public begins to believe his act. The movie, which bears resemblance to an expiring TV sit-com, may be trying to say something about contemporary folkways and politics, but it doesn't. With Anne Archer, Bert Convy, and Kevin McCarthy. (Loews Orpheum 2, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

The Human Factor—Tom Stoppard wrote the screenplay for this adaptation of the 1978 Graham Greene novel about a worn-out minor functionary (and double agent) in British intelligence who loses his country and his small family to no purpose. The picture's disappointing second half and ultimate failure are attributable to the direction of Otto Preminger, whose literal style ignores the darker inflections of the book and thus transforms it into a humdrum spy story. A distinguished cast—including Richard Attenborough (in a telling, quiet performance as an unacute, friendless security officer), Robert Morley, Derek Jacobi, Ann Todd, and Nicol Williamson (as the stricken hero, Maurice Castle, who winds up in Moscow as a waste product of his desultory, convictionless trade)—holds our attention and hopes, but all its efforts are unavailing against Mr. Preminger's insistent verisimilitude. (2/11/80) (Plaza; through Feb. 21. . . . ¶ Sutton; Feb. 22-28, tentative.)

The Immortal Bachelor—With Giancarlo Giannini, Monica Vitti, Vittorio Gassman, and Claudia Cardinale; directed by Marcello Fondato. In Italian. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Gemini 2; starting Feb. 22.)

Interiors (1978)—A giant stride made by Woody Allen, who here wrote and directed a magnificent study of a family in the midst of change. Nearly all the members of the family are afflicted by the pressures of a society that puts a premium on "self-expression." With performances by Geraldine Page, E. G. Marshall, Maureen Stapleton, Diane Keaton, and Mary Beth Hurt. (8/7/78) (New Yorker 1; Feb. 20.)

In the Family (1971)—A Brazilian film, directed by Paulo Porto. In Portuguese. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; starting Feb. 26.)

It Started with Eve (1941)—Deanna Durbin as a waif who gets involved with the family of a saintly old millionaire (Charles Laughton), who plays Cupid and schemes to have his grandson marry her. And you need the stomach of a saint to sit through it. Joe Pasternak produced, Henry Koster directed, and Norman Krasna was one of the writers. (Durbin does only some incidental singing.) (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 27.)

Jaws 2 (1978)—The plastic old thing snaps again. With Roy Scheider, Lorraine Gary, and Murray Hamilton; directed by Jeannot Szwarc. (6/26/78) (U. A. East, and Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Eastside Cinema, and R.K.O. Cinerama 2; through Feb. 28.)

Just Tell Me What You Want—Alan King, the television and night-club comedian, comes up with a considerable performance as the shouting, self-pitying Max Herschel, a millionaire conglomerate wheeler-dealer who compulsively bullies, seduces, or swindles everyone in his life, but the movie, which was directed by Sidney Lumet, is so ugly and cold-blooded that it defeats its own cynical intentions. Ali MacGraw is Max's shrill victimized longtime mistress, who gets even by beating him up in Bergdorf Goodman; the inevitable reunion of the lovers is like sharks mating. With Myrna Loy, Keenan Wynn, Tony Roberts,

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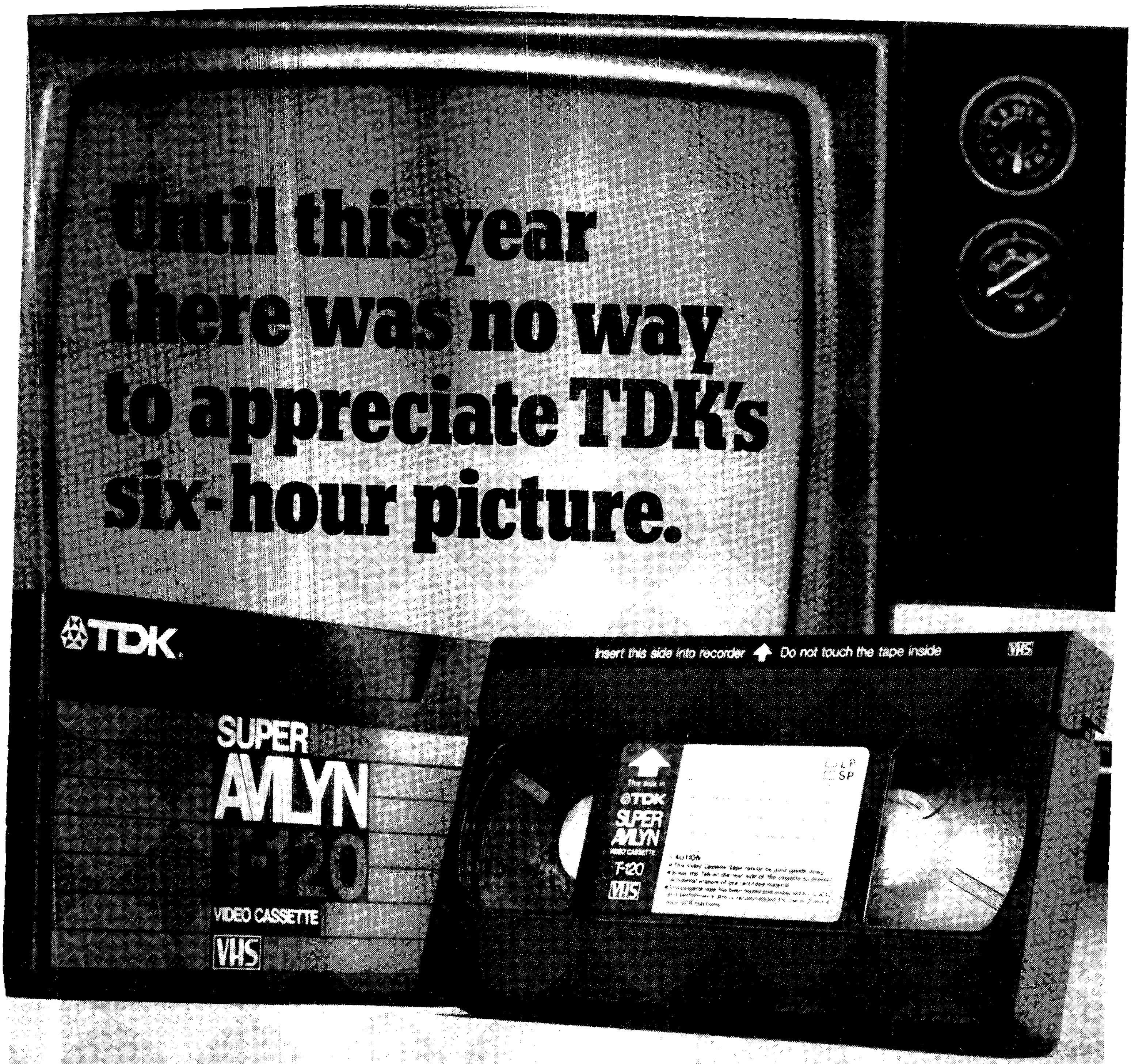

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Peter Weller, and Dina Merrill. (2/11/80) (Murray Hill, Cinema II, and Criterion.)

Kramer vs. Kramer—An emotional, limited, and painfully focussed drama, written and directed by Robert Benton. It centers on a divorce and a child-custody court case and has four remarkable extended performances—by Dustin Hoffman and Meryl Streep, as the unhappy couple; by Justin Henry, as their six-year-old son, who is suddenly left in his father's care as the picture begins; and by Jane Alexander, as a sad, helpful neighbor—but the highest praise must go to Mr. Benton, whose intelligence and restraint have turned this modest material into an almost perfect miniature. (12/24/79) (Loews Tower East, and Loews State 2.)

Lady on a Train (1945)—Ugh. A murder mystery that starts from a Leslie Charteris story but never gets anyplace you'd want to go to. Made in the period when the former child star Deanna Durbin was turning into a fairly substantial young matron, the film casts her as a girl who witnesses a murder from a train that is nearing Grand Central and who becomes involved with the friends and relatives of the victim, as well as with a mystery-story writer. (Has that gimmick ever worked?) The film betrays an obvious uncertainty about how the public wants to see its Deanna. One minute she is just a little girl in pigtails lost in a great big raincoat, and the next minute she is a many-curved siren crooning "Give Me a Little Kiss, Will You, Huh?" in a strange, guttural manner evidently intended to indicate that passion has got a stranglehold on her. In addition, the cameraman photographed her from so many angles that at any particular moment it's hard to determine whether she is lying down or standing up. Charles David directed; with Ralph Bellamy, Edward Everett Horton, George Coulouris, Dan Duryea, and Patricia Morison. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 27.)

Last Embrace—A wholly preposterous thriller, directed by Jonathan Demme and well acted by Roy Scheider and Janet Margolin. It is like a bucket of cold water thrown in your face again and again; oddly enough, this comes to seem enjoyable. (5/28/79) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 25.)

The Last Married Couple in America—A depressed, haggard comedy about infidelity among the Jacuzzi set in lower California. Everyone talks fast and plays around, and the adulterers are rewarded with guilt, impotence, and venereal disease. With Natalie Wood, George Segal (mugging like Lionel Barrymore on speed), Valerie Harper, and Richard Benjamin. (Bay Cinema, and Gemini 1. . . . ¶ Rivoli; through Feb. 21. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 86th St.; through Feb. 28.)

Little Big Man (1970)—The exhilarating Thomas Berger novel, brought to the screen by Arthur Penn. A hip epic, with an amiable first hour. Then the massacres and messages take over. With Dustin Hoffman as the only white survivor of Custer's Last Stand. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 25.)

Love and Death (1975)—Woody Allen's imperially funny picture is set in the land of "War and Peace" and "Crime and Punishment." Mr. Allen, who both wrote and directed this beautiful picture (photographed by Ghislain Cloquet), plays a nineteenth-century aristocrat of radical leanings. The love of his life is his remote cousin, Sonja (Diane Keaton), who shares his habit of falling into talk of the epistemological when what they would both rather fall into is bed. (New Yorker 1; Feb. 21.)

Lust for Life (1956)—Unlike the usual Hollywood lives of artists, this biographical movie about Vincent van Gogh (Kirk Douglas) and his loneliness and his frustrated attempt at friendship with Gauguin (Anthony Quinn) is thoughtful, ambitious in a dedicated way, and remarkably free of howlers. Perhaps just because it is so concerned with fidelity to the facts, it's less exciting than one might hope; something seems to be missing (a unifying dramatic idea, perhaps), but it's far from a disgrace, and the performers are never an embarrassment. The cast includes James Donald as Theo, Pamela Brown, Henry Daniell, Lionel Jeffries, Jill Bennett, Everett Sloane, Niall MacGinnis, Isobel Elsom, Laurence Naismith, Madge Kennedy, and Noel Purcell. A team of art directors worked out locations (in France and Holland) and interiors that relate to the paintings, many of which are shown. Vincente Minnelli directed for M-G-M, in CinemaScope and color; John Houseman produced; Norman Corwin adapted Irving Stone's best-selling biography; Freddy Young and Russell Harlan were the cinematographers; Miklos Rozsa did the music. Quinn took the Academy Award for Best Supporting Actor. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 28.)

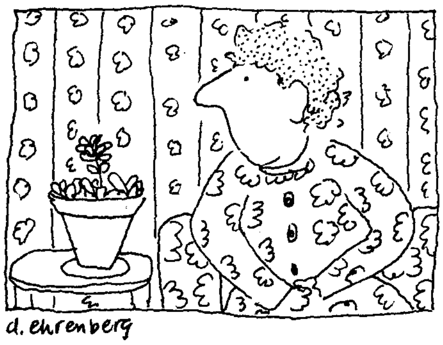
The Marriage of Maria Braun—Directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder. A personification, in a woman (Hanna Schygulla) who has been married for a day and thereafter does whatever is required to survive, of Germany in the last days of the war and throughout the economic miracle. It has its arbitrary sequences and longueurs, but there is also some good work, particularly in the persons of minor characters. In German. (10/29/79) (Cinema Studio 1.)

The Marrying Kind (1952)—In the early fifties, Hollywood wasn't making very many movies about the troubled lives of average couples, and so some people took this uneven, serious sit-com, directed by George Cukor from a script by Ruth Gordon and Garson Kanin, to be highly commendable. As the couple whose marriage is breaking up, Judy Holliday (of the friendly brass lungs) and Aldo Ray (with his lightweight cracked-gravel croak) have a surprising salt-and-pepper rapport. But there's nothing to this movie except the expertly contrived misunderstandings of simple "little people." It's warm; at times it's likable. But does anybody believe a minute of it? With Madge Kennedy as a judge, and Peggy Cass and Phyllis Povah. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 28.)

The Middleman (1976)—Directed by Satyajit Ray. In Bengali. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; through Feb. 24.)

My Brilliant Career—This strong, consistently rewarding Australian film about the coming of age of a spirited, overintelligent young woman living on a New South Wales cattle station at the turn of the century looks and feels and moves along like a first-class old-fashioned novel, which isn't surprising, since it closely follows an autobiographical tale by a celebrated down-under bluestocking named Miles Franklin. The heroine, Sybylla Melvyn (beautifully played by the resourceful and striking Judy Davis), experiences sudden and riveting changes of social and romantic fortune, but the slower, more affecting story is about her coming to terms with her own inexorable inner seriousness. The movie is sustained by a great number of splendidly drawn and well-acted secondary characters, and by the restraint of its director, Gillian Armstrong, who never permits this small, piercing story to appear more impassioned or contemporary than one wants it to be. With Sam Neill, Pat Kennedy, Peter Whitford, Wendy Hughes, and Aileen Brittain. (2/4/80) (Cinema I; through Feb. 28.)

My Man Godfrey (1936)—In this entertaining (and hugely successful) screwball comedy about the Depression, Carole Lombard is a rich, gorgeous nit who goes to the city dump to find a "forgotten man." The man she finds—a suave, bitter victim of the economic collapse—is played by William Powell. When she tells him she needs to take him back to her party in order to win a scavenger hunt, he asks what that is and, sighing, she says, "A scavenger hunt is just like a treasure hunt, except in a treasure hunt you find something you want, and in a scavenger hunt you find things you don't want, and the one who wins gets a prize, only there really isn't any prize, it's just the honor of winning, because all the money goes to charity, if there's any money left over, but then there never is." There is a delirious, breathless plaintiveness in Lombard at a moment like this—recognition dawning in her. The movie starts out with a promising satiric idea and winds up in box-office romance, but it's likable and well paced even at its silliest. Lombard shrieks happily, and Powell modulates impeccably. With Mischa Auer, doing a simian imitation to amuse his patron, Alice Brady. Also with Franklin Pangborn, Grady Sutton, Jean Dixon, Gail Patrick, Alan Mowbray, Eugene Pallette, and, in a bit part, Jane Wyman. Directed by Gregory La Cava, from a screenplay by Eric Hatch and Morrie Ryskind. Like several of the Astaire-Rogers musicals, this film has a sleek and silvery Art Deco look; the black-and-white cinematography is by Ted Tetzlaff. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 29-March 1.)



Niagara (1953)—This isn't a good movie, but it's fascinatingly tawdry and nasty—the only movie that explored the mean, unsavory potential of Marilyn Monroe's cuddly, infantile perversity. There's no affection for her here. This picture was made just before she won Hollywood over with "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," and the amoral, destructive tramp—carnal as hell—she plays here must represent Hollywood's lowest estimate of her. Monroe's wet-lipped lasciviousness is enough to keep the first half of this murder melodrama going, but by the second half there's nothing but plot twists, centering on Niagara Falls. Joseph Cotten plays the husband whom she plans to kill; Richard Allan is her lover. With Jean Peters and Denis O'Dea. The script is by Charles Brackett, Walter Reisch, and Richard Breen; Henry Hathaway directed. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 25.)

Night Nurse (1931)—There's a memorable moment in this hardboiled early talkie melodrama when a drunken rich woman has passed out on the floor of her home, and Barbara Stanwyck, the nurse who is tending the woman's sick children, stands over her and says disgustedly, "You mother!" William Wellman directed this picture in his fast, unvarnished style; it has a grungy likability. Clark Gable is the sexy villain, a thieving gigolo-chauffeur in a black uniform; his speciality is socking women; Stanwyck gets it right on the jaw. But Wellman knew how to use Stanwyck for her unsentimental strength, and she does some no-nonsense slugging that startled audiences at the time—and helped make her a public favorite. With Joan Blondell, Ben Lyon, Charles Winninger, Ralf Harolde, Edward Nugent, and Marcia Mae Jones. From a novel by Dora Macy; adapted by Oliver H. P. Garrett, with additional dialogue by Charles Kenyon. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 26.)

Norma Rae—Directed by Martin Ritt, written by Irving Ravetch and Harriet Frank, Jr. (Mrs. Ravetch). A first-rate, rather dated—say, the thirties—film about the efforts of a spunky young woman in the South to unionize the textile industry. The factory noise in the film is nearly intolerable. Sally Field, as the heroine, gives a terrific performance. (3/19/79) (D. W. Griffith.)

Nothing Sacred (1937)—What are generally sentimentalized as "the little people" are the satiric targets of this famous thirties comedy. According to Ben Hecht, who wrote the script, they are boobs and lascivious slobs. They drip crocodile tears over a girl they think is dying of radium poisoning, and enjoy every minute of it. The audience may begin to wonder what makes the reporter hero, Fredric March, and the girl, Carole Lombard—who was by that time "the screwball girl" and the "Duse of daffy comedy"—any better than anyone else. The answer can only be that they, like the author, hate phoniness. William Wellman's direction is more sluggishly paced than usual, but the film has many classic sequences: March's leg being bitten by a small boy; Lombard passing out while showgirls impersonating the heroines of history parade in her honor; and a great slugging match between March and Lombard. With Walter Connolly as the dyspeptic big-city editor, Charles Winninger as the alcoholic small-town doctor, Slapsie Maxie Rosenbloom, in his acting début, and Frank Fay. (The film spawned a Broadway musical

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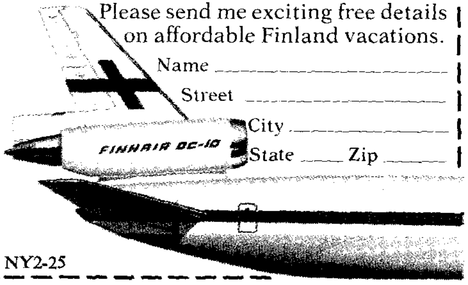

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"Hazel Flagg," as well as a movie with Jerry Lewis in the Lombard role.) (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 29-March 1.)

One and One (1977)—With Ingrid Thulin and Erland Josephson; directed by Josephson, Thulin, and Sven Nykvist. In Swedish. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Performing Garage.)

One Sings, the Other Doesn't (1977)—Agnès Varda brings a Disney touch to this account of the evolution of modern women's consciousness between 1962 and 1976. It's a cheery, educational feminism-can-be-fun movie, centering on two young women's abortions, careers, babies. The sunshiny, mass-cult-hip simplicity of the feminist movement celebrated here is so laughable that you can't hate the picture. You just feel that some of your brain cells have been knocked out. In French. (11/14/77) (Thalia; Feb. 25.)

Play It Again, Sam (1972)—Woody Allen incarnating the spirit of Neurotic Love in a funny picture made from his own Broadway hit. He plays a Bogart nut, and most of the film is about hapless girl-chasing. Herbert Ross directs, in a style of suitably loose-limbed laconicism. (New Yorker 1; Feb. 20-21.)

Pretty Baby (1978)—Louis Malle's beautifully intelligent picture is set in a brothel in Storyville, New Orleans, in 1917. The notorious red-light district is about to be shut down. A jazz musician—based mainly on Jelly Roll Morton (Antonio Fargas)—is playing the piano. An exquisite little girl of twelve (Brooke Shields), first shown upstairs in the room where she was born to her prostitute mother (Susan Sarandon), has her virginity auctioned off to the rich clientele. The photographer-hero is based on the legendary E. J. Bellocq (Keith Carradine). Malle's cinematographer is the incomparable Sven Nykvist. (4/10/78) (Olympia; through Feb. 21.)

Robert et Robert—A self-defeating comedy directed by Claude Lelouch. It follows two Parisian misfits who meet as fellow-customers at a paltry matrimonial bureau. Jacques Villeret (as a fat, apologetic would-be policeman) and Charles Denner (as an anxiously fussy cabdriver) are funny and convincing as the *triste* pair, and there is further good work by Jean-Claude Brialy, who is the not-quite cynical Mlle. Lonelyhearts. But all is for naught, because M. Lelouch is more interested in pathos than in humor. In French. (12/10/79) (Greenwich Playhouse 1; starting Feb. 22, tentative.)

Robin and Marian (1976)—Sean Connery and Audrey Hepburn are wittily matched, and their dark-brown eyes are full of life, but the picture's revisionist approach to legends results in a series of trivializing attitudes and whimsical poses. As the Sheriff of Nottingham, Robert Shaw makes speeches about Robin Hood's death fixation, and Marian poisons herself and Robin because he's a fool who lives to fight. The line between tragic horror and joking make-believe has got smudged; the film is so sententious that it's difficult to gauge when to laugh and when to be appalled. Richard Lester directed, from James Goldman's script; with Nicol Williamson and Richard Harris. (Thalia; Feb. 27.)

The Rose—Loosely based on the life of Janis Joplin, the film nearly drowns out the considerable talents of its star, Bette Midler, in bad music, incessant crisis, and plain noise. (11/12/79) (Art, Festival, New Yorker 2, and Forum.)

The Royal Ballet (1960)—Indispensable record of Fonteyn in the pre-Nureyev years, performing two of what were then thought of as her last triumphs—"Firebird" and "Ondine." Both are shown complete, preceded by Act II of "Swan Lake," with Antoinette Sibley as a cygnet. (Regency; Feb. 24-25.)

Ruby Gentry (1952)—A feverishly—almost campily—operatic story of passion turning to fury. The setting is North Carolina. Blue-blooded Charlton Heston loves Ruby (Jennifer Jones), but she's a poor swamp girl, so he marries a woman from a proper background. Ruby lands the richest man in town, is widowed, and proceeds to avenge herself on everyone who has ever done her dirt. Heston is her prime target; he has been involved in a large-scale endeavor to reclaim marshland. She terminates the project with the order "Stop the pumps." That may sound like a put-on, but the movie doesn't mean to be funny. King Vidor directed, in the seething, extravagant style he employed in parts of "Duel in the Sun" and in such outré items as "Beyond the Forest" and "The Fountainhead." With Karl Malden, Josephine Hutchinson, and Tom Tully. Russell Harlan did the cinematography; Sylvia Richards wrote the screenplay, from a story by Arthur Fitz-Richard. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 24.)

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Saturn 3—With Farrah Fawcett, Kirk Douglas, and Harvey Keitel; directed by Stanley Donen. (Ziegfeld.)

The Silent Partner—With Susannah York, Christopher Plummer, and Elliott Gould; directed by Daryl Duke. (Trans-Lux 85th St.)

Simon—With Alan Arkin and Madeline Kahn, directed by Marshall Brickman. (Cinema I; starting Feb. 29.)

A Simple Story—A low-hued portrait of a divorced, intelligent, imperfectly happy thirty-nine-year-old French woman (Romy Schneider), who works as an industrial designer and has wonderful friends. Director Claude Sautet's brief, glancing scenes place us in the midst of the concerns and pauses of life and convey a vivid sense of the onrush of time. A movie for grownups. With Claude Brasseur, Bruno Cremer, and Arlette Bonnard. In French. (2/18/80) (57th St. Playhouse.)

Sleeper (1973)—A modern slapstick-comedy classic, directed by and starring Woody Allen. Set two hundred years in the future, it has a clean visual style and an elegant design. It's a very even work, with no thudding bad lines and no low stretches, but it doesn't have the loose, magic highs of some of his other films. You laugh all the way through and come out smiling and perfectly happy, but you're not driven crazy—not really turned on the way his earlier, messier movies can turn you on. With Diane Keaton. (New Yorker 1; Feb. 21.)

Starting Over—A study in casting against the grain. Directed by Alan Pakula, the movie stars Burt Reynolds, as a somewhat comic victim deserted by his wife; Candice Bergen, as the wife, who feels she must follow what she mistakenly believes to be her singing talent; and Jill Clayburgh, as the thirtyish nursery-school teacher with whom Reynolds moves in. The film patronizes Miss Clayburgh's waifish spinster, ignores Reynolds' lack of comic or sentimental gifts, and almost completely misuses the considerable talents of Miss Bergen—who nonetheless manages, in a scene or two, to be utterly moving and convincing. (11/26/79) (Olympia; through Feb. 21.)

Star Trek—The Motion Picture—The Starship Enterprise survives (but just barely) its risky voyage from TV series and cult object to movie spectacular, thanks in part to the older but still reassuring presence of Captain (now Admiral) Kirk, and of Spock, Bones McCoy, Sulu, and the rest of the crew, who are played by the original actors. This space epic is not close to the level of "2001" or "Star Wars," but it has an innocence and modesty that almost make up for its clichés. With William Shatner, Leonard Nimoy, Stephen Collins, and Persis Khambatta. Directed by Robert Wise. (12/17/79) (Paramount.)

Stay As You Are—A contemporary *avventura* about a middle-aged landscape architect (Marcello Mastroianni) caught up in an affair with a young student (Nastassia Kinski), who may or may not be his own daughter. The celebrated fifty-five-year-old Mastroianni face is almost as beautiful to contemplate here as the piazzas of Florence, but Mastroianni the actor is sadly wasted in this vapid romance. Directed by Alberto Lattuada. In Italian. (12/24/79) (Quad Cinema; through Feb. 21.)

SHOE REPAIR
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Strongman Ferdinand (1977)—Alexander Kluge, who made the light-winged "Yesterday Girl," here directed a film about the perils resulting from the sort of walled-up logic that could produce good Germans who went along with the Nazis. The hero is a security officer in a manufacturing plant. He is a fanatic and, like most fanatics, he goes too far, even to the point of taking up an assassin's gun. He aims to miss but doesn't; his rational explanation of his actions aims to hit home but doesn't. Kluge is a lawyer, and not for nothing; the film is brilliantly reasoned and rather sad about a man on the wrong track. In German. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 27.)

Take the Money and Run (1969)—Woody Allen as a sweetly incompetent gangster with gentle manners and an inability to write holdup notes that anyone can read. (New Yorker 1; Feb. 20-21.)

10—A bleak, unfunny comedy which rests on such gags as Dudley Moore's having his teeth drilled and being stung on the nose by a bee. (10/29/79) (St. Marks Cinema; through Feb. 21. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; through Feb. 28.)

Today We Live (1933)—William Faulkner wrote a story called "Turn About," which had to do with the First World War rivalry between the aviators and the men in the torpedo boats; it had no heroine. Adapted to the screen, it became a vehicle for Joan Crawford, and the subject became how she can be freed from her old love so that she can give herself (in marriage) to Gary Cooper. There are some (uninspired) flying scenes, and some tolerable sequences on the high seas; the personal relationships are heavy-handed and rather baffling—maybe because although Crawford is the star, she really doesn't seem to have a place in the picture. The director, Howard Hawks, must have been confused, too; he gets minimal results from the cast. Cooper and Roscoe Karns aren't bad, but Robert Young and Franchot Tone use most of their energy trying for a clipped British accent. Also with Louise Closser Hale. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 26.)

To Forget Venice—Bared breasts, purging floods of tears, a dead canary, a naked man in a bridal veil, a beautiful dying diva, a gaga maidservant, homosexual couples of both sexes, extended flashbacks depicting the joys and pains of childhood, extended simultaneous impressions of Visconti and Bergman, and too many helpings of zabaglione—such are the rewards of this overheated, pretentious Italian morality film, which omits nothing except any evidences of spontaneous gesture or human speech. The picture, which is by Franco Brusati, was named the Best Italian Film of 1979 in its native country, but, as Dante said, "*Figurati un po'!*" ("Go figure it!"). With Mariangela Melato, Erland Josephson, and Hella Petri. In Italian. (2/4/80) (Little Carnegie.)

Wise Blood—With Brad Dourif, Ned Beatty, Harry Dean Stanton, and Amy Wright; directed by John Huston. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Baronet.)

Yojimbo (1961)—Akira Kurosawa's boisterous, exuberant comedy-satire about violence, with Toshiro Mifune as an unemployed samurai, a sword for hire. When *our* Westerner came into town, although his own past was often shady, he would pick the right side—the farmers against the gamblers and the cattle thieves. This samurai walks into a town divided by two rival merchants quarrelling over a gambling concession, each supporting a gang of killers. He has his special skills and the remnants of a code of behavior, but to whom can he give his allegiance? He hires out to each and systematically eliminates both. We might expect violence carried to extremity to be sickening; Kurosawa, in a triumph of bravura technique, makes it explosively comic and exhilarating. There is so much displacement of the usual movie conventions that we don't have the time or inclination to ask why we are enjoying the action; we respond kinesthetically. One of the rare Japanese films that is both great and funny to American audiences. In Japanese. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 26.)

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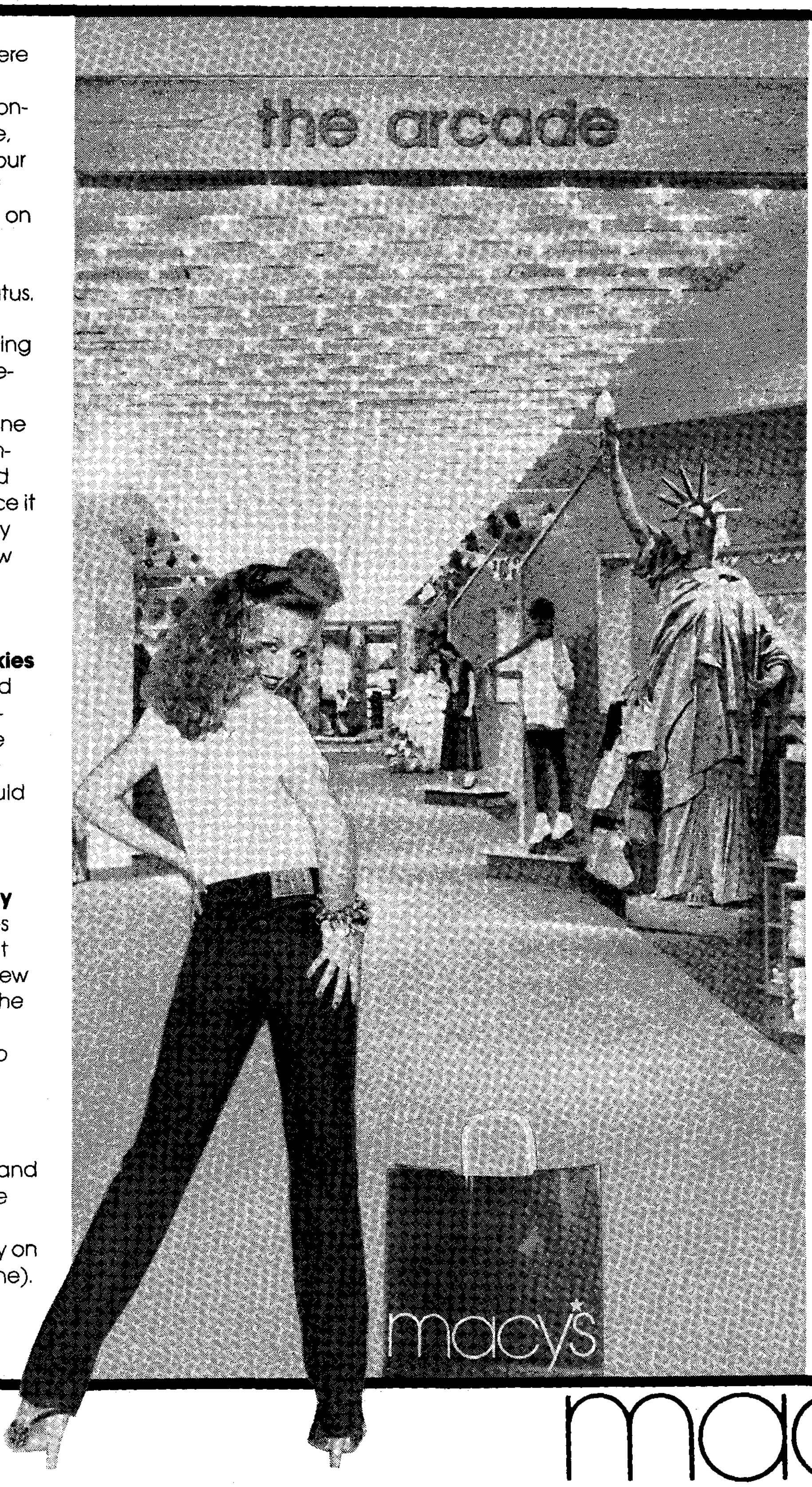

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THE NEW YORKER

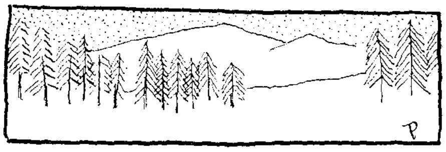
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

PRESIDENT CARTER's proposal to register women as well as men for the draft, being opposed alike by many feminists, who are against any draft, and by many supporters of the draft, who believe that wars should be fought by men, has clouded the policy that inspired the revival of registration in the first place. Intending to demonstrate the country's unity and resolve to the Soviet Union in response to its invasion of Afghanistan, the Administration has instead become embroiled in a murky altercation about the influence of women on men in trench warfare and about ratification of the Equal Rights Amendment, all of it superimposed on a renewed protest movement against any draft and a swelling debate, greatly amplified by an exceptionally crowded and busy Presidential campaign, about just what the potential draftees, whether men or women, might have to do under the Carter policy. In the spreading confusion, a sombre declaration of national purpose to the world has degenerated into a highly visible domestic quarrel, with every member of the family loudly putting in his or her word.

So far, the argument about women and the draft has centered on reasonable-sounding questions like whether or not women are physically strong enough for combat, but intense passions, undoubtedly fed by apprehensions of a more primeval sort, are churning just beneath the surface. War, of course, got its foothold in human affairs long before women launched their drive, now in full swing in most parts of the globe, for equality with men in the public realm. In the traditional order, as feminist thinkers have often pointed out, the assignment of men to the battlefield and that of women to the domestic household were closely related. The presence of a protected, even hidden, domestic sphere, presided over by women, in which new life was brought into the world and the community was sustained, was felt to give war an elemental justification. As the bearers of children, women were the symbols and substance of peace and life, and were to be spared the destruction and death of war—except in defeat. The exclusion of women from war held intact a part of life *for which* wars could be fought by men. In the logic of this scheme, just as the migration of women from home to office, if it were to be unaccompanied by any rush of men in the opposite direction, would leave the home deserted, and thus would undercut one of the original aims of work—namely, the support of life—so the dispatch of women to war would, in a manner of speaking, empty out the heart of the community and undercut any justification for fighting.

But even to describe these traditional arrangements for domesticity and war, whether one looks on them fondly or with anger, is to reveal that they have broken down irreparably across the board. The most thorough transformation has taken place in war itself. Insofar as any nation's military forces ever had the ability to protect its people, they have lost it now. The invasion of the civilian realm by modern war began with universal male conscription and the bombing of cities, and was brought to completion with the advent of nuclear weapons, which assail life at its genetic foundations. War has now penetrated to the core of the domestic sphere—its capacity for the renewal of life. Nuclear weapons have overmatched the procreativity of nature, and it is now they that, in an appropriation of life's characteristics, monstrously "proliferate," and bring forth one "generation" after another, as though death itself had gained the power to give birth and multiply. In the new military strategy, the role of the civilian population, including its heretofore undrafted female half, is to be held hostage by the rival nuclear power. Indeed, it is now an essential element of global stability that each superpower in effect bare the breast of its people to a nuclear attack or counterattack by its adversary; otherwise, deterrence, which depends on the vulnerability of each side to a reprisal by the other, would break down. Our nation, in a proper display of reverence for life, has exerted itself as one man to secure the release of some fifty hostages in Iran, but, in the same period, when nuclear war over Middle Eastern oil has been under discussion we have somehow managed to pass lightly over the fates of the tens of millions of hostages which are at stake in such a conflict. Once, military forces were deployed to protect the civilian population, but now the civilian population is deployed to protect the military forces. Across the oceans, two vast victim-armies face one another. No one was ever registered to serve in this force, but we have all been conscripted into it anyway. Women, who are certainly strong enough to push the button—should any of them aspire to that doubtful honor—just as they are weak enough to die in a holocaust, don't have to be sent to the front lines; they are already there.



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Revisited

WE don't like to start a new decade without catching up on the adventures of John Huston, the movie director and actor. We last wrote about him in 1972, when he was here from St. Clerans—his house in Galway, Ireland, where he was living at the time—for the opening of his twenty-ninth movie, "Fat City." Last week, he was here from a beach compound in Las Caletas, Mexico—where he is living now—in connection with the following activities: preparing for the opening of "Wise Blood," Movie No. 35; turning in to Knopf the final draft of the manuscript of his autobiographical "An Open Book;" meeting with representatives of the Film Society of Lincoln Center, who intend to have "A Tribute to John Huston" for their annual spring gala, on May 5th; and planning his next picture, "Escape to Victory," which he is scheduled to start filming in Hungary in a couple of months with Sylvester Stallone, Michael Caine, Max von Sydow, and Pelé, the one and only. Huston is now seventy-three—not that the number says much about *him*, we were delighted to see when we met him at the Pierre, where he was getting set to go out into the frosty night wearing a green-and-beige plaid Irish-wool cap, a white Irish-wool cardigan over a white turtleneck, tan cavalry twill trousers, and brown Maxwell of London moccasins. The cap covered about a sixth of his hair, which was long, white, and gray. His beard, incipiently Tolstoyan, matched. Everything else was the same as it had been for years: the deeply conspiratorial manner, conveying the dramatic impression that each thing he said was strictly confidential; the unique, melodic actor's voice to convey it all with; the loping walk and the enlistment of his entire body to punctuate and underline the talk; and the welling up of irrepressible laughter at what was being said, especially by him.

We followed Huston outside to a limousine, where he greeted the chauffeur with his conspiratorial grace and directed him to take us to 20 West Fifty-seventh Street. There, he told us, he was going to meet Stallone and Pelé for the first time.

"The picture takes place during the Second World War and has a soccer game in it between the Germans and the hungry, weakened *prisoners*," Huston said as the car made its way through heavy evening traffic. "And we've written in a part for Pelé. It will be the first time he's ever really *acted*, and I'm told he's looking forward to it!" He gave his laugh, took off his cap, and brushed the hair back from his forehead.

"How's life in Mexico?" we asked.

"Just wonderful—just what I want at the moment," Huston said. "I've built my own little two-room house, with a fireplace, and separate little houses for a cook, for my assistant, Gladys Hill, and for guests—all overlooking the Bahía de Banderas, Bay of Flags. It's a fifteen-mile drive, to get there, from Puerto Vallarta to Boca de Tomatlán, a tiny fishing village, where I take a boat with an outboard motor, and in thirty minutes I'm in Las Caletas. I grow my own beans, snow peas, tomatoes, lettuce, corn—everything—and we have our own *fruit* trees! Bananas, pineapples—everything. The swimming is just wonderful. And the *snorkeling*. And there's time to write and to read! Did you know that we *read* in Mexico?" Huston laughter again. "Of course, I don't get to stay there as much as I'd like. I came here from Atlanta, where I did one of the last shots for 'Phobia,' a Canadian-produced picture of mine, with Paul Michael Glaser, the Starsky of 'Starsky and Hutch.' I was in Toronto for three months with that one. Then Mexico for Christmas. Then to Los Angeles. *Then* to Atlanta. From here, I go back to Los Angeles. Back to Mexico for four weeks before starting the soccer picture in May. Freddie Fields, the producer of the picture, met me earlier today. We had to decide on some alternative locations, just in case the Russians make it impossible for us to work in Hungary." Huston put his cap back on. "We've got a perfect stadium for our soccer game. In Pécs, outside Budapest. It dates from 1940. Perfect. Well, here we are." He stuffed his cap in the pocket of the cardigan.

As Huston got out of the car, he was greeted by a sporty-looking, California-suntanned man wearing a green windbreaker.

"Herb Nanas, John," the man said as we all entered a loft building. "I'm Sly's manager. Sly is upstairs, shooting his picture—'Hawks.' Sly plays a decoy cop." Nanas spoke in a low voice, almost a whisper. "The picture is without a director," he said, with a weak smile. "The producer fired the director, so Sly is directing it himself until we get a new director."

"Well, now," Huston said. "Well, now."

"This way," Nanas said, ushering us into a small elevator. It let us out into a loft that was fixed up to look like a clothing designer's studio and had been taken over by cameras, lights, makeup tables, and about three dozen picture hands, including cameramen, grips, and still photographers. Stallone, who had a dark, short beard and was wearing a sports shirt and bluejeans, with a gun in a holster on one hip, stood near a makeup table looking rather glum.

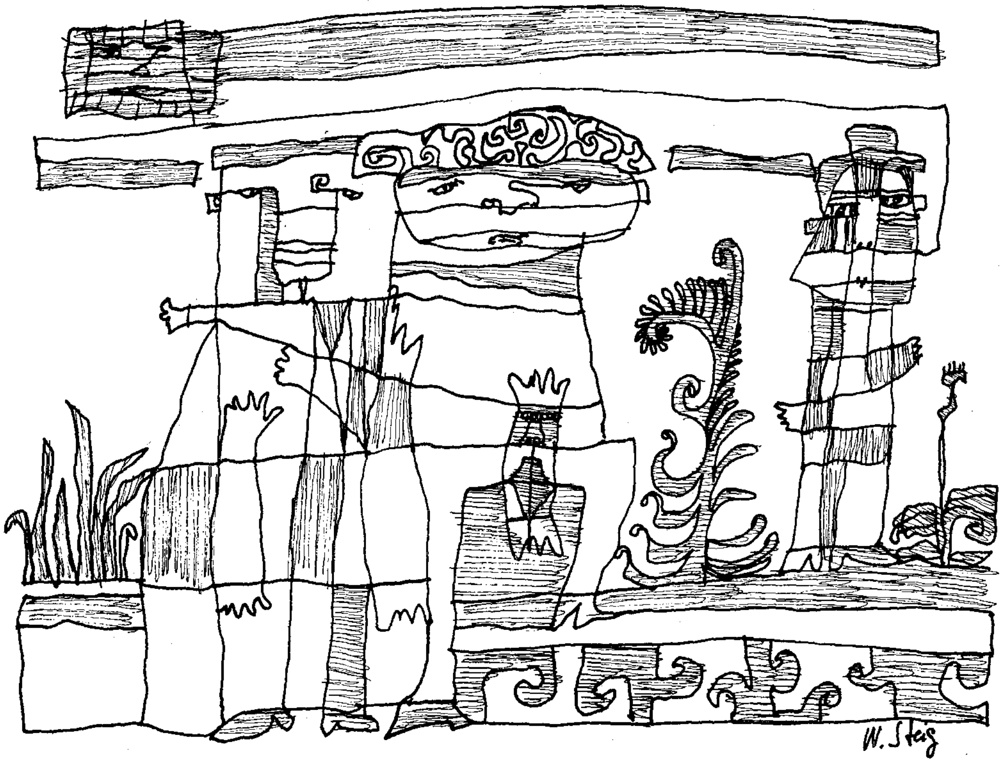
"Sly likes his beard," Nanas half-whispered to Huston. "He's depressed about losing it for your picture. John, you know Bob Willoughby," he added as one of the still photographers came over and shook hands with Huston.

"I saw you in Ireland," Willoughby said. "Seven years ago."

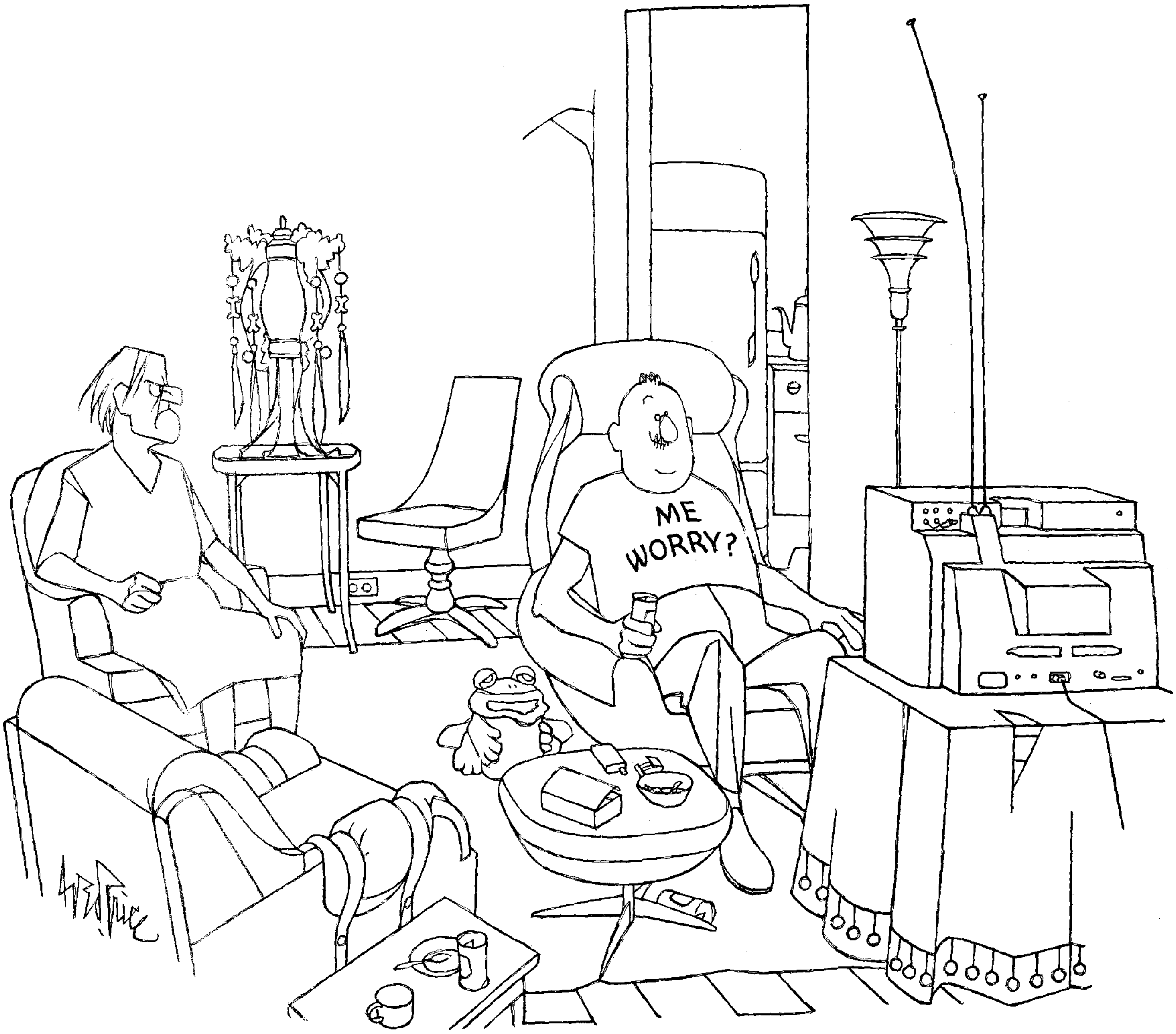
"Of course," Huston said dramatically. "How *are* you, Bob?"

"St. Clerans all gone?" Willoughby asked.

"Yes, it's all gone now, Bob," Huston said, leaning back, with a great smile, and getting ready to welcome Stallone, who was coming over.



Alien Culture



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“Sly!” Huston said, hugging Stallone.

“John!” Stallone said, hugging Huston.

“Sly admires him enormously,” Nanas said to us. “Sly is thrilled to be working with him.”

They were joined by Freddie Fields, a trim, dapper, impeccably arrayed, softly smiling man wearing black-rimmed glasses and carrying a black attaché case.

“Freddie!” Huston said.

“John! Sly!”

They huddled in a three-way hug.

“Fields is a prime example of your modern producer,” a grip behind us said. “He used to be a prime agent. He founded Creative Management Associates, which is now *International* Creative Management. Then he turned producer. The agents are becoming the big producers now.”

“I think it’s a fine script,” Stallone was saying to Huston.

“I think it’s a fine script,” Huston said, giving the line a much better reading.

“Here’s Pelé,” Fields said to the others. “He’s an enormously warm human being.”

Pelé, wearing a three-quarter-length coat of marmot fur, ambled over, holding out his hand.

“Pelé!”

“John! Sly! Freddie!”

A four-way hug.

“Erik!” somebody called out. “The soccer ball.”

A solemn-looking fourteen-year-old boy standing nearby threw in a soccer ball. The still photographers took pictures of the foursome with the ball.

“He”—Fields broke loose from the huddle to gesture toward Pelé—“is a big ‘Rocky’ fan. He’s a big ‘Asphalt Jungle’ fan.”

“You’ll have to teach me how to stretch my arm up,” Stallone said to Pelé, holding his right arm straight up over his head. “In ‘Rocky II,’ I tore my right pectoral muscle. They had to drill a hole in a bone and tie the muscle through it. One hundred and fifty-six stitches.”

“When Pelé heard the story of the picture, he loved it,” Fields said. “The only thing he wants is to make sure the soccer elements are accurate. We hope to get a top soccer coach to do the choreography—Bobby Robson, the manager of the Ipswich Town Football Club.”

“We have to find out what kind of pants they wore in 1940,” Stallone said.

“Short pants,” Pelé said.

“Short pants,” Huston said, giving it his own reading.

“Now they wear shorter short pants,” Pelé said.

“Have you seen the indoor version?” Stallone said.

“It’s a lot rougher,” Fields said.

“So fast,” Pelé said.

“I don’t get *basketball*,” Huston

said. "They're all six nine or six ten."

Everybody laughed.

"And the scores are always one thirteen or one seventeen," Huston said, leading the laughter.

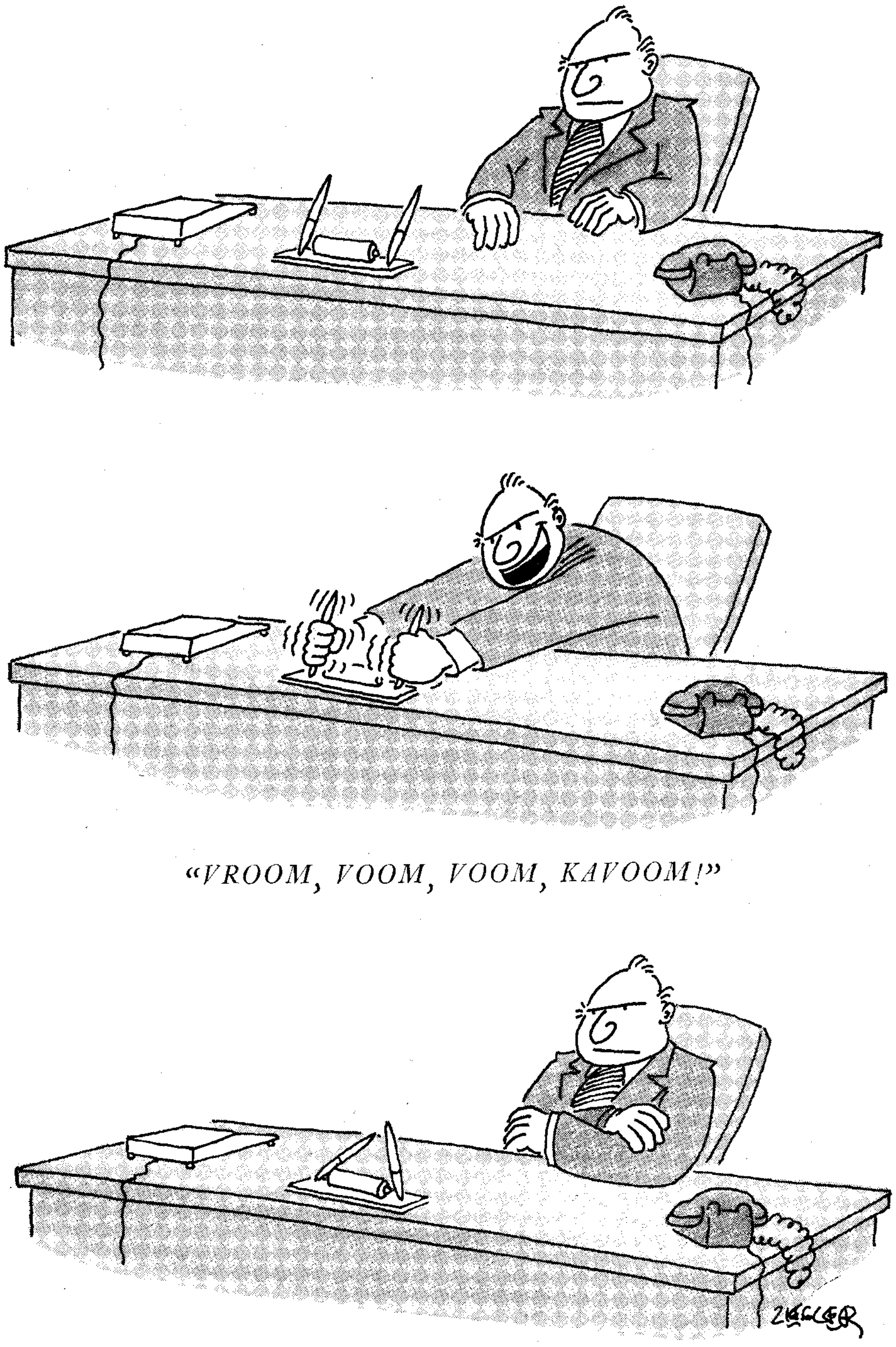
After a pause, Stallone said, "We've got a fine script. We're happy. We're alive."

"And making pictures," Huston said, with his laugh.

Money

ARTHUR J. RAND aspires to be the most altruistic fellow in town. O.K., sure, he wants to take care of himself along the way—Arthur Rand is still in his pre-retirement years and he has day-to-day expenses and he likes to live it up occasionally—but mainly he's doing this for other people. Arthur Rand comes right out and says that he's a people guy and a pro-America type of guy, who predicted correctly that silver was going to move and that colored gems were going to move. If you had been paying attention to what he says he was saying, and had invested your assets in silver and colored gems, which moved, instead of tying up everything in subway-token futures—in which case, face it, at thirteen per cent inflation you're no better off than a mattress stuffer—then maybe now you'd be about to move yourself to someplace like the west coast of Florida.

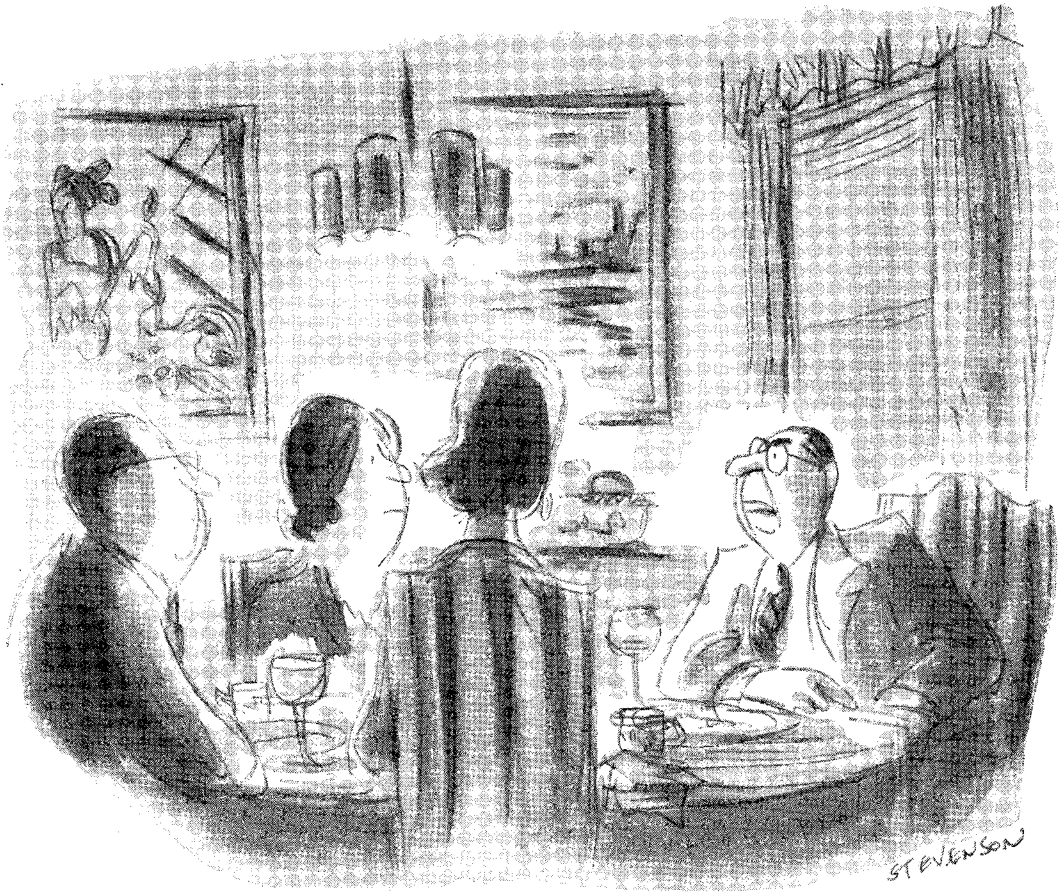
Being an altruist, Arthur Rand charged only five dollars admission to the second Money Show, which just completed a four-day run at the New York Coliseum. Five dollars seems like a bargain when you consider the killing you can make if you just latch on to the right financial expert. Arthur Rand offered this bargain because he felt sorry for the people who didn't make it to the first Money Show, back in the fall of 1978. Actually, he also felt a little sorry for himself. There was a newspaper strike at the time of the first Money Show, so not that many people heard about it. These days, most of Arthur Rand's assets are tied up in the whole Money Show concept. He promoted this exposition—one hundred and fifty exhibits, seventy "free seminars" (once you've paid your five bucks)—with his own money, nobody else's, because twice in the past Arthur Rand lent money to certain individuals and got burned; since then, he has learned his lesson. This time around, he had saturation news coverage on local television, plus radio ads, and although he predicted an attendance of fifty thousand and only twenty thousand came, that's all right, too, because it means that there are an extra thirty thousand people out there who still need Arthur Rand's help.



"VROOM, VOOM, VOOM, KAVOOM!"

The thing that you have to understand—and even if you don't have a firm grasp of this principle when you walk into the Money Show, you have certainly got the idea by the time you leave—is this: everything is worth something. We're not just talking about pork bellies, coffee, lumber, soybeans, gold, oil, diamonds, and A.T. & T. We're talking about Japanese Invasion Money banknotes from the Second World War, Bic Disposable Lighter vending machines, whole-wheat kernels in No. 10 galvanized cans and texturized vegetable protein and dehydrated cheddar cheese in No. 2½ galvanized cans, collectible plates with portraits of little Navajo children, the forty pounds of unsightly fat you shed before you set out on job interviews, your hair, and your teeth. Some people overlook items like the teeth, but Arthur Rand didn't. Instead, he brought in a dentist, Dr. Harry J. Chisling, to the Money Show to tell people to hold on to whatever is inside their mouths—the price is bound to go up.

Now, it has occurred to Arthur Rand that there exists a potential for dishonesty in every enterprise—commodities, tax shelters, stocks and bonds, franchising arrangements. But he's no fool and he does his best to keep shady elements out of the Money Show picture. Still, he reads the money magazines and he looks around at what's going on these days and he just *knows* that people have money stashed away out there, and it seems truly disgusting to him how *much* they have. Arthur Rand calls this sort of money, the sort that's hiding in corners, not actively looking for a decent home—Arthur Rand calls it "filthy." He would like to volunteer to steer the worst of the filth in the proper direction, to see that it somehow gets invested in productive enterprises. So, just as soon as he can pay some bills and tie up some loose ends and confirm his reservation for another four days at the Coliseum, he's going to do the only proper thing and start making plans for another Money Show.



"Well, that's what I think. And George F. Will happens to agree with me a hundred per cent!"

• •

Science Talent

"MY project was a math project on the partition function, which counts how many ways a number can be expressed as sums of other numbers, or summands. I formulated a law that governs the growth of the number of partitions of a number into restricted sets of summands—this can quickly grow to more than fifty-four digits—as the number grows, without bound," said Brian Greene, one of eleven New York City-area winners of the thirty-ninth annual Westinghouse Science Talent Search—the nation's largest high-school science-scholarship program—to the people assembled at a reception in the St. Regis Hotel honoring the winners, their parents, and their teachers. Besides being interested in math, Brian enjoys competing in wrestling and cross-country for Stuyvesant High School. Among his other hobbies are judo, pottery, and playing the guitar. Brian is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Alan Greene, of Manhattan.

"I worked with leeches to find out why red blood cells, which live for only four months in a human being, live for eighteen months in the gut of the leech, and I isolated a bacterium from the gut of the leech which eliminates hemolytic bacteria—bacteria that destroy red blood cells—before the hemolytic bacteria can do any damage to the cells, and I'd like to thank everybody from Benjamin Cardozo High!" said Naomi Taylor, another winner, to the cheers of the group from Cardozo. Naomi is the captain of her school math team; her favorite subjects are biology, calculus, and English; and she is on a Y.M.C.A. swim team. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Taylor, of Bayside.

"This is one of the nicest parts of my job. The press kit ought to tell you all you need to know," Roy L. Morrow, a press agent for Westinghouse, said to a reporter. Roy's offices are on Park Avenue, and his title is Manager, Media Relations, Westinghouse Electric Corporation. Roy is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Roy W. Morrow, of Pittsburgh.

The Westinghouse Science Talent Search was begun in 1942. An organization called Science Service selects the winners, and the Westinghouse Corporation provides an annual total of eighty-nine thousand five hundred dollars in prize money. The Westinghouse Corporation was founded in 1886 by George Westinghouse. A tireless inventor, George patented the railroad air brake and pioneered the development of the practical use of alternating current. He was one of the first employers to give workers a half day off on Saturdays. George was the son of Mr. and Mrs. George Westinghouse, Sr., of Central Bridge, New York.

In the past, several winners of the Westinghouse Science Talent Search have gone on to win Nobel Prizes. More famous than any of the Science Talent Search Nobelists was Albert Einstein, who won the Nobel Prize in Physics in 1921. Albert's theories of relativity, which provided a formula for the relationship between matter and energy, became the foundation of modern nuclear physics. In addition to science, Albert enjoyed philosophy and playing the violin. Albert was the son of Mr. and Mrs. Hermann Einstein, of Ulm, Germany.

The Nobel Prizes, first awarded in 1901, were established by Alfred Nobel to reward outstanding achievements in the sciences, literature, and peace. Keenly interested in explosives, Alfred made his fortune with the invention of dynamite. Alfred was the son of Mr. and Mrs. Immanuel Nobel, Jr., of Stockholm, Sweden.

THE DIET

ONE day, for no apparent reason, F. broke his diet. He had gone to lunch at a café with his supervisor, Schnabel, to discuss certain matters. Just what "matters," Schnabel was vague about. Schnabel had called F. the night before, suggesting that they should meet for lunch. "There are various questions," he told him over the phone. "Issues that require resolutions. . . . It can all wait, of course. Perhaps another time." But F. was seized with such a gnawing anxiety over the precise nature and tone of Schnabel's invitation that he insisted they meet immediately.

"Let's have lunch tonight," he said.

"It's nearly midnight," Schnabel told him.

"That's O.K.," F. said. "Of course, we'll have to break into the restaurant."

"Nonsense. It can wait," Schnabel snapped, and hung up.

F. was already breathing heavily. What have I done, he thought. I've made a fool of myself before Schnabel. By Monday it will be all over the firm. And it's the second time this month I've been made to appear ridiculous.

Three weeks earlier, F. had been discovered in the Xerox room behaving like a woodpecker. Invariably, someone at the office was ridiculing him behind his back. Sometimes, if he turned around rapidly, he would discover thirty or forty co-workers inches away from him with tongues outstretched. Going to work was a nightmare. For one thing, his desk was in the rear, away from the window, and whatever fresh air did reach the dark office was breathed by the other men before F. could inhale it. As he walked down the aisle each day, hostile faces peered at him from behind ledgers and appraised him critically. Once, Traub, a petty clerk, had nodded courteously, and when F. nodded back Traub fired an apple at him. Previously, Traub had obtained the promotion that was promised to F., and had been given a new chair for his desk. F.'s chair, by contrast, had been stolen many years ago, and because of endless bureaucracy he could never seem to requisition another. Since then he stood at his desk each day, hunched over as he typed, realizing the others were making jokes about him. When the incident occurred, F. had asked for a new chair.

"I'm sorry," Schnabel told him, "but you'll have to see the Minister for that."

"Yes, yes, certainly," F. agreed, but when it came time to see the Minister the appointment was postponed. "He can't see you today," an assistant said. "Certain vague notions have arisen and he is not seeing anyone." Weeks went by and F. repeatedly tried to see the Minister, to no avail.

"All I want is a chair," he told his father. "It's not so much that I mind stooping to work, but when I relax and put my feet up on the desk I fall over backward."

"Hogwash," his father said unsympathetically. "If they thought more of you, you'd be seated by now."

"You don't understand!" F. screamed. "I've tried to see the Minister, but he's always busy. And yet when I peep in his window I always see him rehearsing the Charleston."

"The Minister will never see you," his father said, pouring a sherry. "He has no time for weak failures. The truth is, I hear Richter has two chairs. One to sit on at work and one to stroke and hum to."

Richter! F. thought. That fatuous bore, who carried on an illicit love affair for years with the burgomaster's wife, until she found out! Richter had formerly worked at the bank, but certain shortages occurred. At first he had been accused of embezzling. Then it was learned he was eating the money. "It's roughage, isn't it?" he asked the police innocently. He was thrown out of the bank and came to work at F.'s firm, where it was believed that his fluent French made him the ideal man to handle the Parisian accounts. After five years, it became obvious that he couldn't speak a word of French but was merely mouthing nonsense syllables in a fake accent while pursing his lips. Although Richter was demoted, he managed to work his way back into the boss's favor. This time, he convinced his employer that the company could double its profits by merely unlocking the front door and allowing customers to come in.

"Quite a man, this Richter," F.'s father said. "That's why he will always get ahead in the business world, and you will always writhe in frustration like a nauseating, spindly-legged vermin, fit only to be squashed."

F. complimented his father for taking the long view, but later that evening he felt unaccountably depressed. He resolved to diet and make himself look more presentable. Not that he was fat, but subtle insinuations about town had led him to the inescapable notion that in certain circles he might be considered "unpromisingly portly." My father is right, F. thought. I am like some disgusting beetle. No wonder when I asked for a raise Schnabel sprayed me with Raid! I am a wretched, abysmal insect, fit for universal loathing. I deserve to be trampled to death, torn limb from limb by wild animals. I should live under the bed in the dust, or pluck my eyes out in abject shame. Definitely tomorrow I must begin my diet.

That night, F. was the dreamer of euphoric images. He saw himself thin and able to fit into smart new slacks—the kind that only men with certain reputations could get away with. He dreamed of himself playing tennis gracefully, and dancing with models at fashionable spots. The dream ended with F. strutting slowly across the floor of the Stock Exchange, naked, to the music of Bizet's "Toreador's Song," saying, "Not bad, eh?"

HE awoke the next morning in a state of bliss and proceeded to diet for several weeks, reducing his weight by sixteen pounds. Not only did he feel better but his luck seemed to change.

"The Minister will see you," he was told one day.

Ecstatic, F. was brought before the great man and appraised.

"I hear you're into protein," the Minister said.

"Lean meats and, of course, salad," F. responded. "That is to say, an occasional roll—but no butter and certainly no other starches."

"Impressive," the Minister said.

"Not only am I more attractive but I've greatly reduced the chance of heart attack or diabetes," F. said.

"I know all that," the Minister said impatiently.

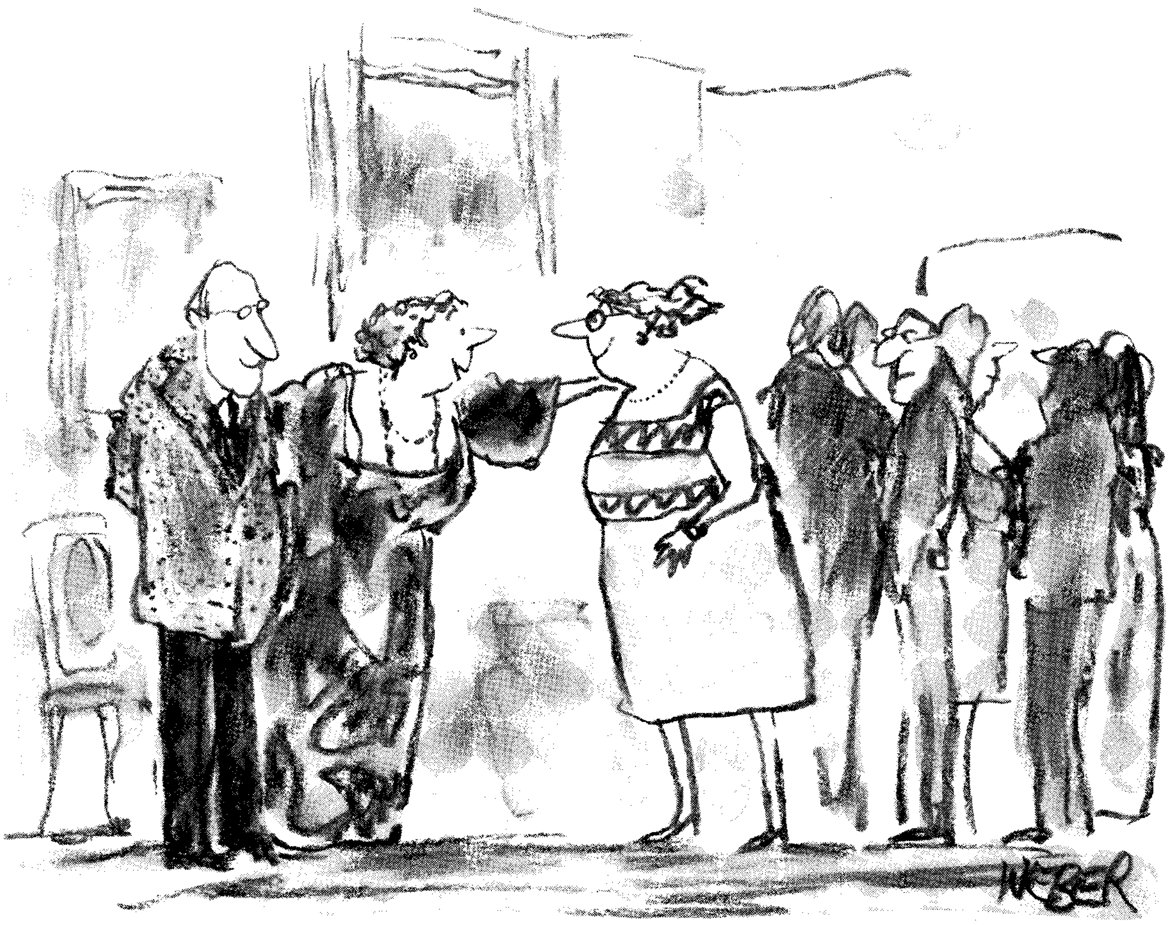
"Perhaps now I could get certain matters attended to," F. said. "That is, if I maintain my current trim weight."

"We'll see, we'll see," the Minister said. "And your coffee?" he continued suspiciously. "Do you take it with half-and-half?"

"Oh, no," F. told him. "Skim milk only. I assure you, sir, all my meals are now completely pleasureless experiences."

"Good, good. We'll talk again soon."

That night F. terminated his engagement to Frau Schneider. He wrote her a note explaining that with the sharp drop in his triglyceride level plans they had once made were now impossible. He begged her to understand and said that if his cholesterol count should ever go above one hundred and ninety he would call her.



"Dolly—Gregory Strong, author of 'A World History of Cats.' Need I say more?"

Then came the lunch with Schnabel—for F., a modest repast consisting of cottage cheese and a peach. When F. asked Schnabel why he had summoned him, the older man was evasive. "Merely to review various alternatives," he said.

"*Which* alternatives?" F. asked. There were no outstanding issues that he could think of, unless he was not remembering them.

"Oh, I don't know. Now it's all becoming hazy and I've quite forgotten the point of the lunch."

"Yes, but I feel you're hiding something," F. said.

"Nonsense. Have some dessert," Schnabel replied.

"No, thank you, Herr Schnabel. That is to say, I'm on a diet."

"How long has it been since you've experienced custard? Or an éclair?"

"Oh, several months," F. said.

"You don't miss them?" Schnabel asked.

"Why, yes. Naturally, I enjoy consummating a meal by ingesting a quantity of sweets. Still, the need for discipline . . . You understand."

"Really?" Schnabel asked, savoring his chocolate-covered pastry, so that F. could feel the man's enjoyment. "It's a pity you're so rigid. Life is short. Wouldn't you like to sample just a bite?" Schnabel was smiling wickedly. He proffered F. a morsel on his fork.

F. felt himself becoming dizzy. "Look here," he said, "I suppose I could always go back on my diet tomorrow."

"Of course, of course," Schnabel said. "That makes splendid sense."

Though F. could have resisted, he succumbed instead. "Waiter," he said, trembling, "an éclair for me, too."

"Good, good," Schnabel said. "That's it! Be one of the boys. Perhaps if you had been more pliable in the past, matters that should have been long resolved would now be finalized—if you know what I mean."

The waiter brought the éclair and placed it before F. F. thought he saw the man wink at Schnabel, but he couldn't be sure. He began eating the gooey dessert, thrilled by every luscious mouthful.

"Nice, isn't it?" Schnabel asked with a knowing smirk. "It's full of calories, of course."

"Yes," F. muttered, wild-eyed and shaking. "It will all go directly to my hips."

"Put it on in your hips, do you?" Schnabel asked.

F. was breathing hard. Suddenly remorse flooded every channel of his body. God in Heaven, what have I done! he thought. I've broken the diet! I've consumed a pastry, knowing full well the implications! Tomorrow I will have to let out my suits!

"Is something wrong, sir?" the waiter asked, smiling along with Schnabel.

"Yes, what is it?" Schnabel asked. "You look as if you've just committed a crime."

"Please, I can't discuss it now! I must have air! Can you get this check, and I'll get the next one."

"Certainly," Schnabel said. "I'll meet you back at the office. I hear the Minister wants to see you about certain charges."

"What? What charges?" F. asked.

"Oh, I don't know exactly. There've been some rumors. Nothing definite. A few questions the authorities need answered. It can wait, of course, if you're still hungry, Tubby."

F. bolted from the table and ran through the streets to his home. He threw himself on the floor before his father and wept. "Father, I have broken my diet!" he cried. "In a moment of weakness, I ordered dessert. Please forgive me! Mercy, I beg of you!"

His father listened calmly and said, "I condemn you to death."

"I knew you'd understand," F. said, and with that the two men embraced and reaffirmed their determination to spend more of their free time working with others.

—Woody Allen

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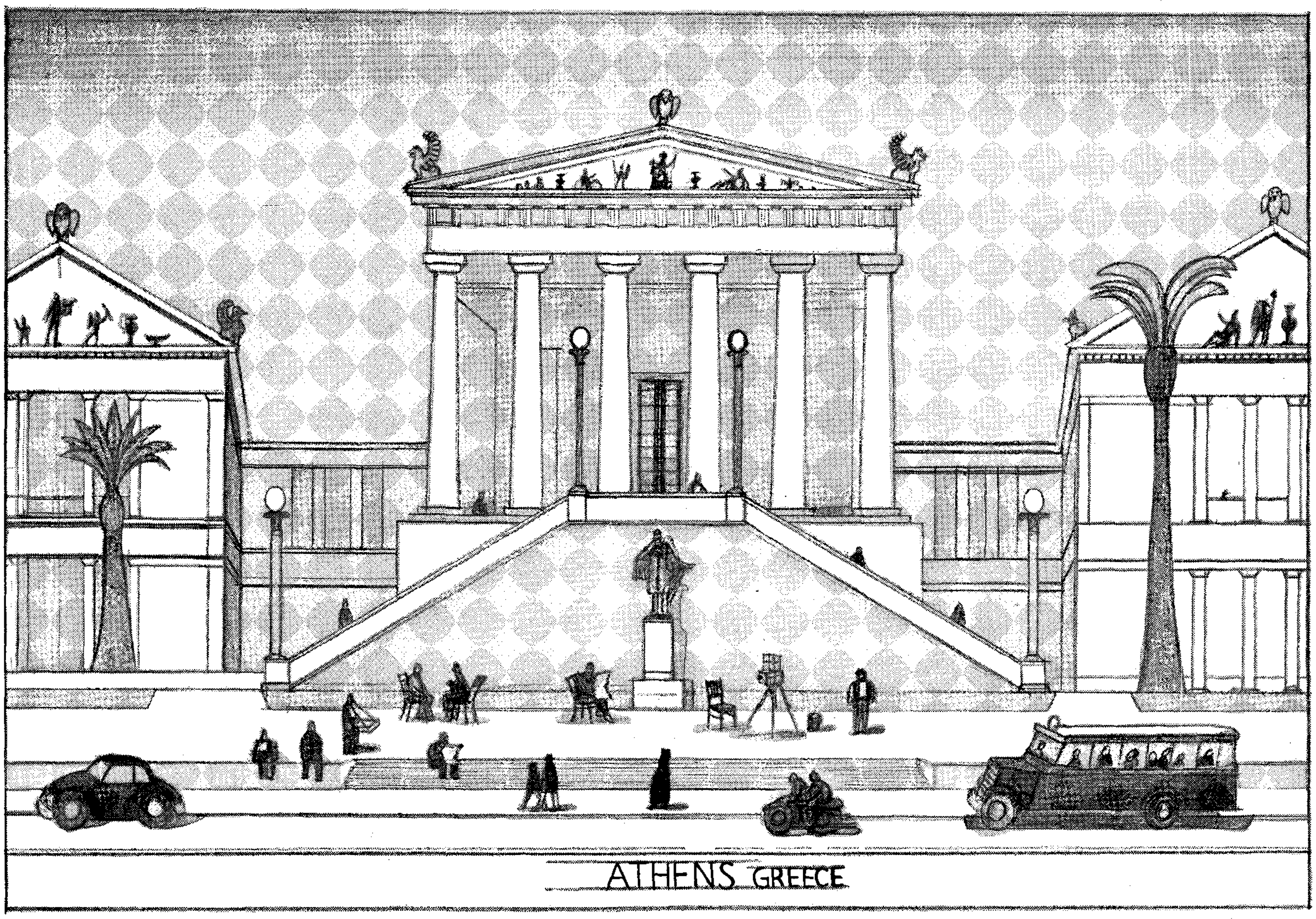
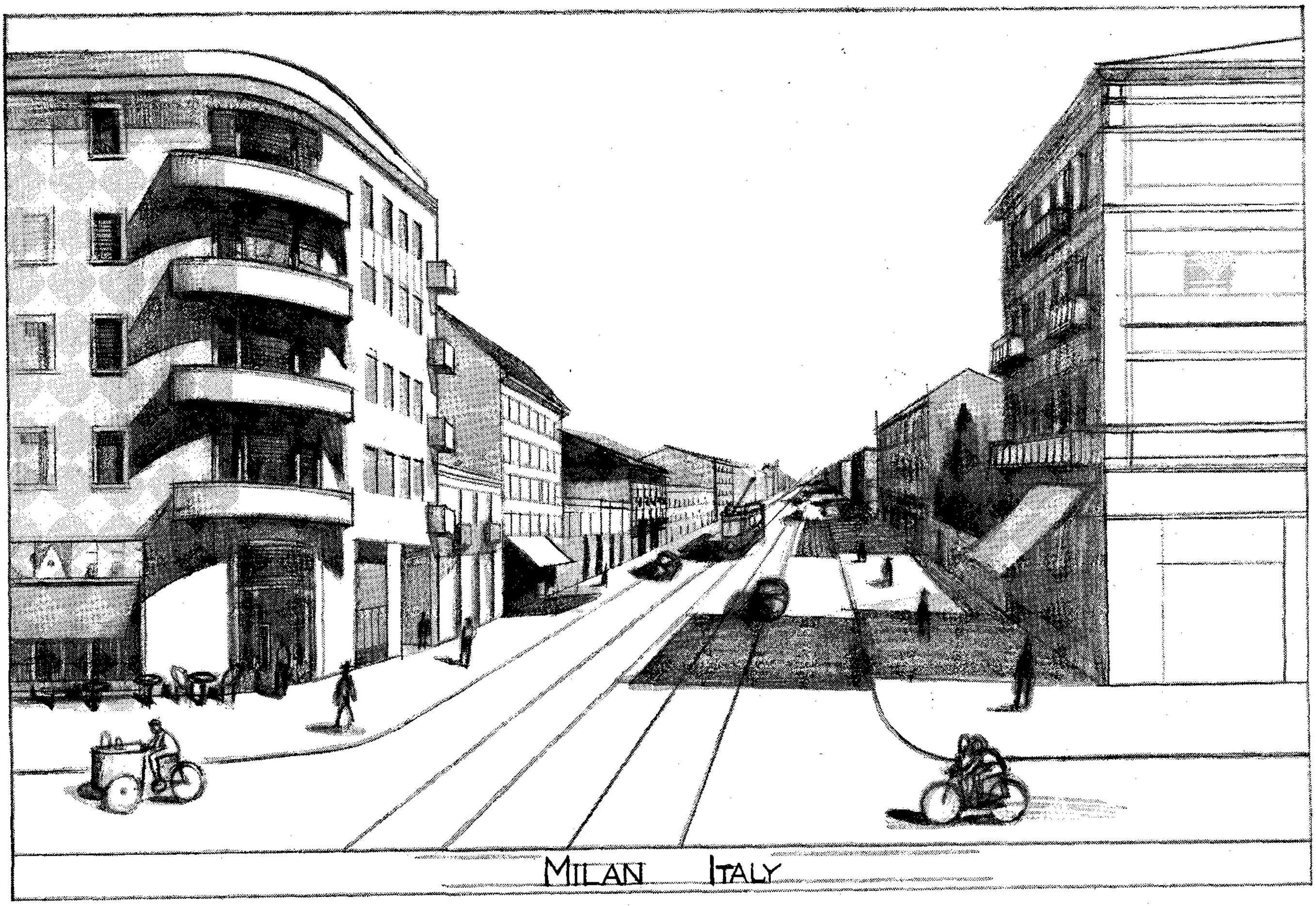
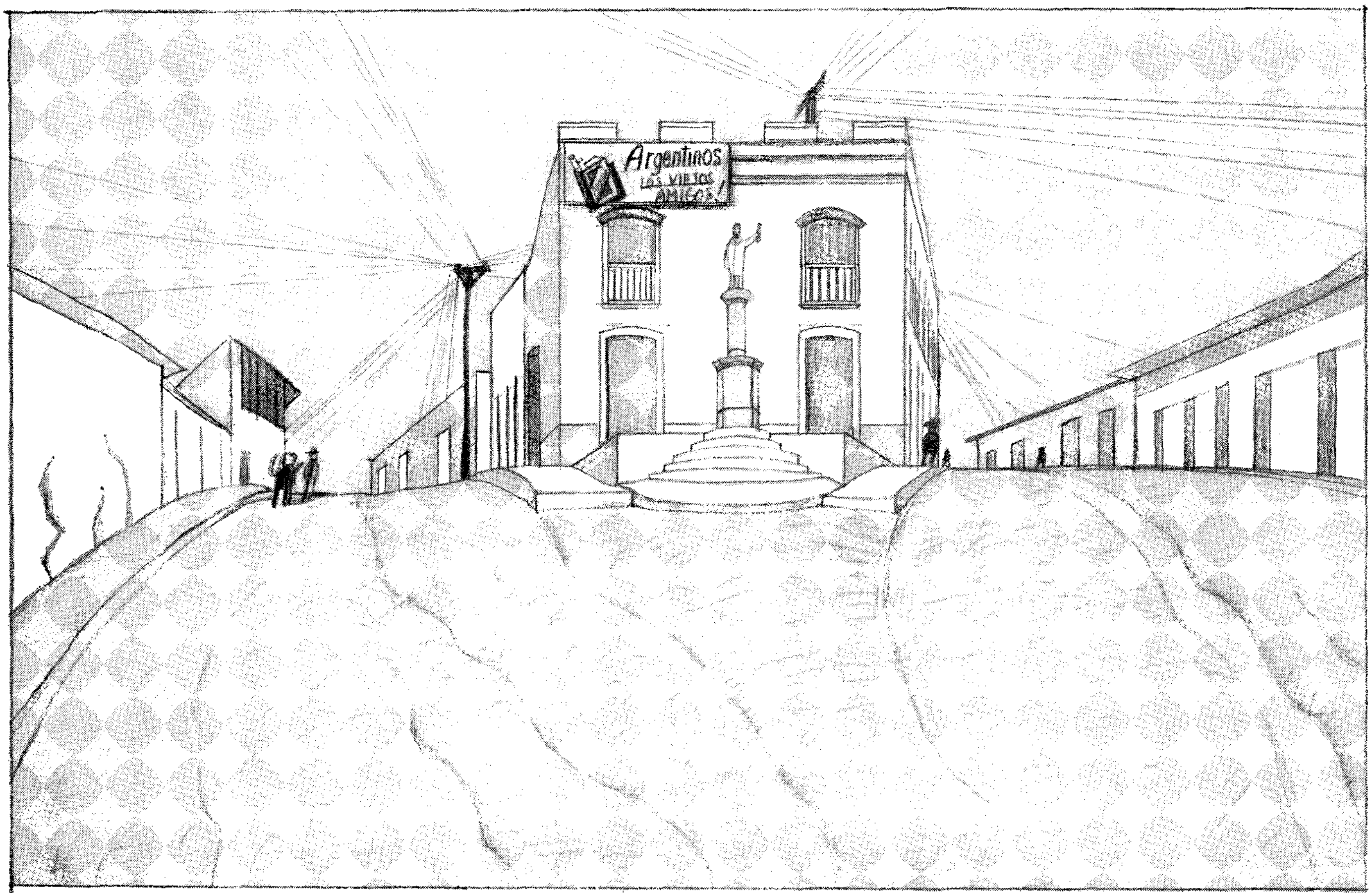
Sputter coating is gaining as a means of plating automobile parts. In model year 1979, a total of 1,207,000 auto companies were sputter coated.—*American Metal Market.*

They got too much on Chrysler.

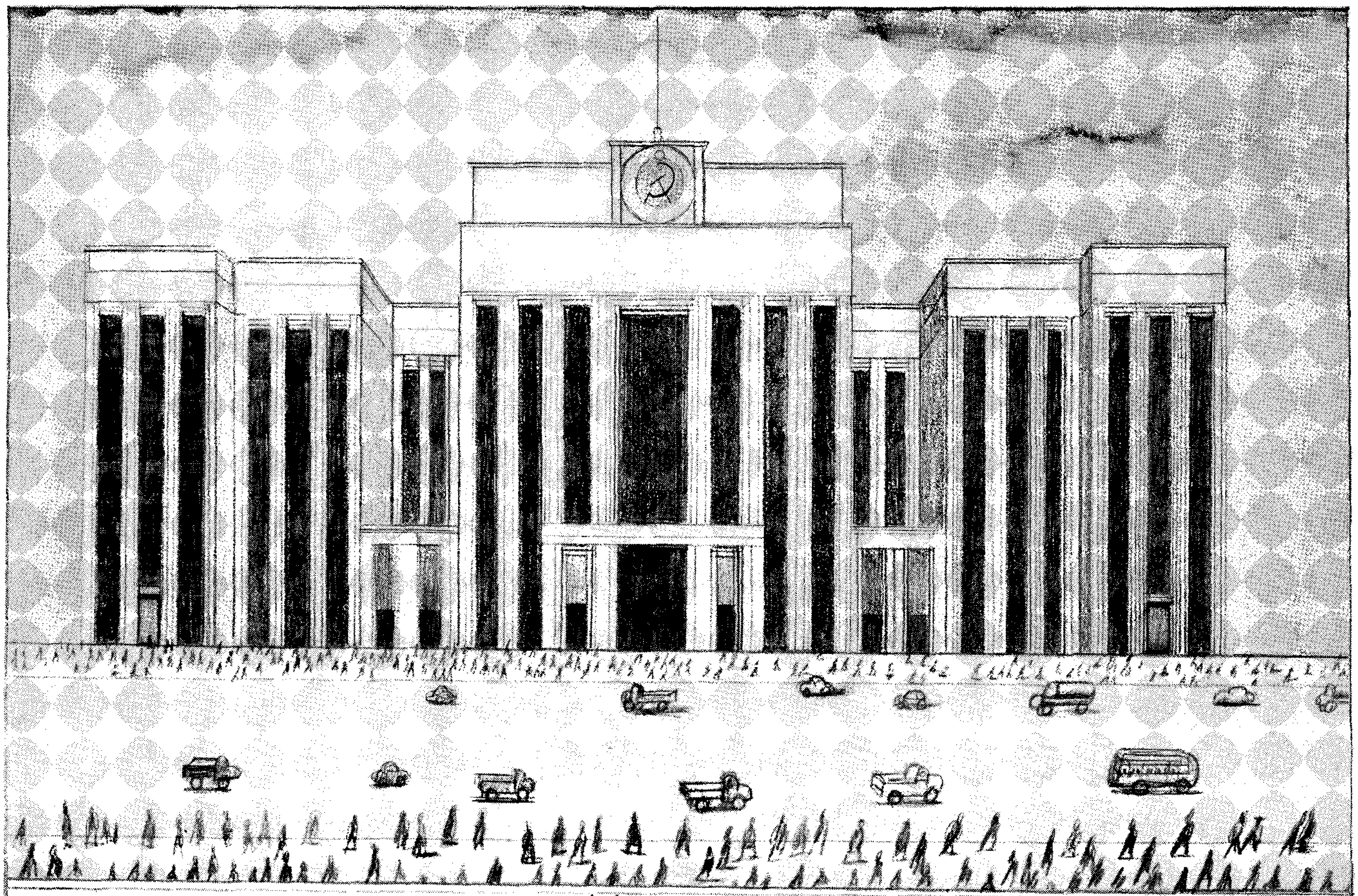
POSTCARDS


ATHENS GREECE

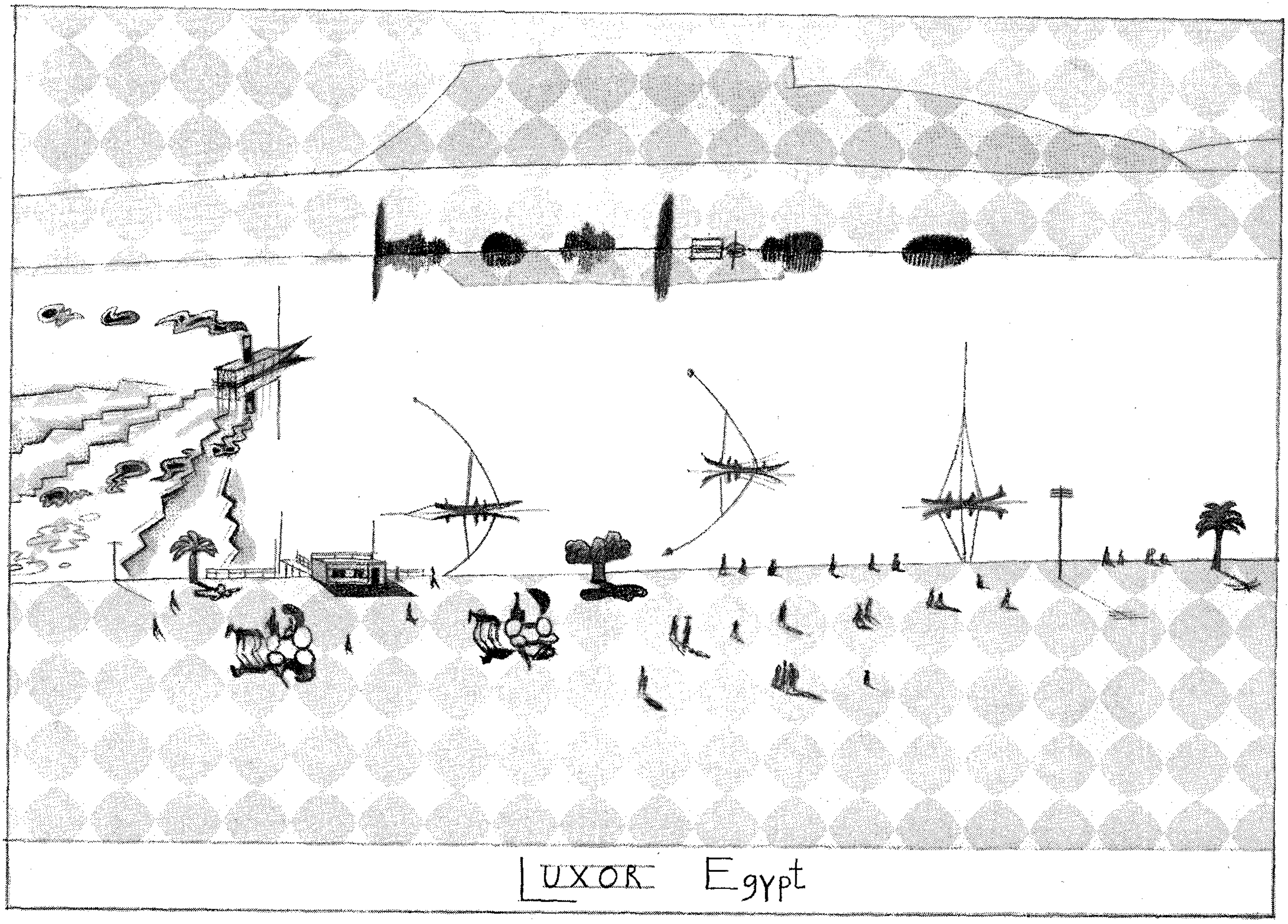

CAFE
MILAN ITALY

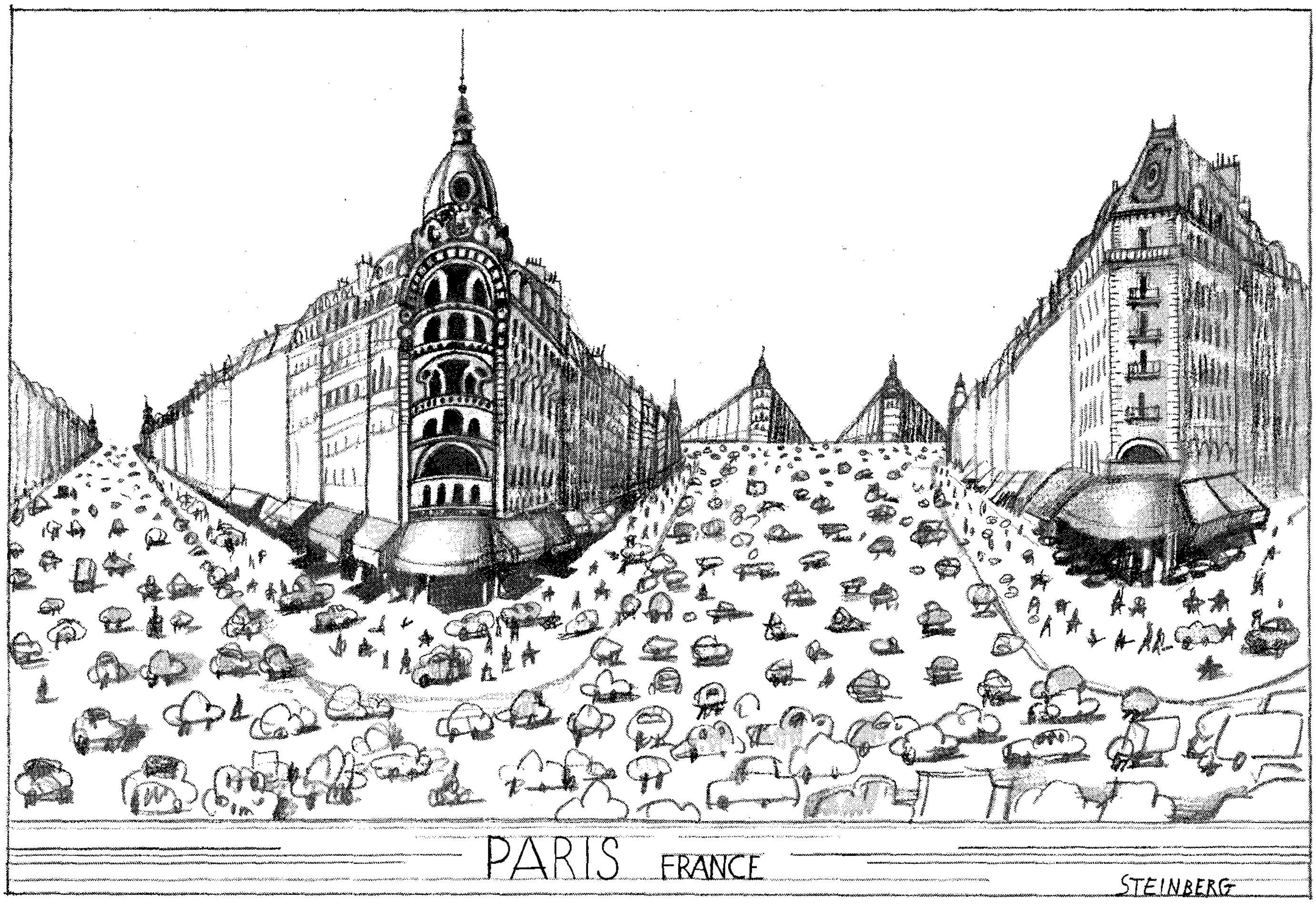

Argentinos
LOS VIEJOS AMIGOS!

PAPANTLA (Veracruz) MEXICO



MOSCOW USSR


LUXOR Egypt


PARIS FRANCE
STEINBERG

THE PLAN

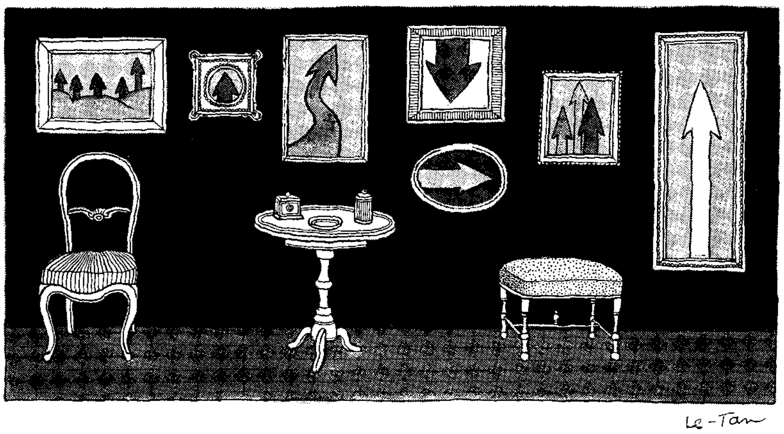
IT is morning. What is more, it is a beautiful morning. There is a sparkle on everything and even the dullest things are shot with radiance. From my back window, the bedroom window, I see that the cats—those wise barometers—are already stretched out on the tiled roofs, taking the sun through their thick fur. From the front window, if I were to walk to the next room, I would no doubt see girls and women going off to work in their sleeveless dresses, the women carrying their cardigans just in case. And I would probably note that the pensioners are out that bit early in search of a shady seat in Dovehouse Green. It is amazing what a steady sunshine does for these blanched English souls.

Just now I put powder on, and the translucency that the shop assistant guaranteed showed up for the first time. It is like seeing specks of mica on a road. I am reminded suddenly of those travelling actresses who came to our little village in Ireland long ago and made such an impression on me. They were quite bedraggled and unhappy when in the daytime they pushed prams down the seedy street that was called Main Street, but at night they were creatures endowed with glitter—glitter on their faces, glitter on their bodices, glitter in their eyes, possibly owing to nerves or maybe fever. They were transformed beings. I loved watching them. I luxuriated in their pain as they strode about the stage, or halted, or flung themselves onto some velvet-covered sofa. Their characters were invariably ones that had to endure pain. There was the young flighty mother who abandoned her little son in order to elope with a rake, and, of course, when she repented her wild impulse and tried to come back to her own home her upright husband had married her rival, who was naturally a woman of steel. The mother was forced to return disguised as a maid, and nurse her little son but behave with distance, as if they were not of the same blood—as if she had not once intrepidly carried him within her. There was another, in direct contrast, who chose the vows of chastity, and was kneeling on a little dais, haloed in white, taking those final and irreversible vows when her errant scoundrel came to claim her and found that he was too late!

Yes, those ladies come to mind when I pat the powder on and look in my long wardrobe mirror and see that the effect is indeed cheering. Why am I putting the powder on so early, when in fact I have household chores to do and when I know that it is best to leave my skin untampered with through the day, to let it breathe, while no one is seeing me? Ah, to be seen is the big nourishment, the sop of content. If only we could go to each other's houses and show ourselves to other women's husbands, or valets, or sons, or employers, then we could display ourselves, come home, and feel justified. We could feel that the effort we put into sereneness, into smiling, into pursing, into deportment, was not completely in vain. I think of all the women in all the houses in London at this moment for whom a visit would change everything, even fleetingly, and I think that if I had organizing abilities I would do something about it. For some reason, I see a young woman, an Eastern woman of sallow complexion, with her baby, and they are placed in an English garden. There are poppies sprouting red in the high yellow unmown grass, and I realize that her baby tugging at her breast defers the emptiness that she might otherwise feel, and yet she is being emptied and one day her breasts will be like discarded shells. But there is no need for pessimism. This is a special day. It is marked in my diary with a little asterisk and it says "*pour dîner*." I have already laid my outfit on the bed. It is a lace blouse that would not go amiss as an altar cloth. The discs of thick cream lace are stitched loosely together, so that the skin can be seen through the webbing. The skirt is also cream, with spatters of red and violet, just as if one took a marking pen and childishly indented these colored points.

It is probable that we will eat out-of-doors. There will be several tables covered in white cloth, and the crystal goblets will be like sentinels at each place setting. There will be roses in special glass bowls. The bowls are high, like cake stands, and the roses will be cut close to their petals and laid in there like confectionery; if they are pink, as indeed they may be, they will be like those iced sweets that I loved in childhood, and it will not be hard to recapture that beautiful synthetic almond taste. The lights will be concealed in the foliage, and the smell will be a blend of roses, honeysuckle, and various expensive perfumes. There will perhaps be a summerhouse or a little gazebo where a couple will wander, apparently to study some facet of its design but really to make an assignation. That will not be him and me. If he gives me five minutes of his time without taking a tweezers to my nervous system, I shall consider myself lucky. To be fair to myself, I did not plan this meeting. The opposite. Two days ago, when I heard of it from my hostess, I flinched. She had come here to discuss her dilemma with her lover and her impatience with her paunchy husband. Just as she was leaving, I asked who were the other guests. As soon as she told me, I tried to get out of going. She said my name sharply. She said, "Anna," and I could feel the inevitable rebuke. She said, "Finding a woman at the last minute is almost as difficult as finding a man." Her nails, her eyes, and the heels of her lizard shoes were all very pointed, and I was afraid to cross her. But my heart did start to gallop.

I am envisioning each group, with the new arrivals like extras waiting for their moment to be received, to be introduced, to find excitement or shock in some unexpected face. The men will all be wearing black tie, and I pray that at least two of them will be personable. I will need all the discipline that I have got. My lover is going to be there. My lover's wife is going to be there. I have never met her. That is not quite true; I once saw her, and so I will recognize her. My eyes will land on her, and rest on her, so that she will know that I am not flinching, and not turning



away. She is dark. She is dark, like the raven. At least that is how I remember her. It may have been the lighting, in which green was impregnated with blackness. It was in a marquee at a wedding and there was a great storm outside, so that the event was marked by a kind of menace that I took to be talismanic. Among the guests I saw a dark woman in a cape, but I did not know then to whom she was attached. He and I had just met and we were eating canapés on which there was a single sprig of limp tinned asparagus. I refused a second one, to which he said, "You don't look as if you need to diet," and then announced that he was not as thin as he looked, that the hollows in his face made him seem thinner than he actually was. His face reminds me of those stone effigies that decorate the ceilings or columns of a monastery or a chapel. It is a graven face. In contrast, our conversation was merry and stirring.

"And you don't know how lovely you are," he said, half joking. The marquee was freezing, as there was only one gas heater at the far end, around which the older people had converged. It being spring, the bride and groom naturally had anticipated a warmer day. After all, the daffodils were out; but the wind was blowing their wrinkled flutes. Seeing in the distance the blue coronet of the gas fire, I thought of baby chicks curled up next to each other under a lamp, and I had a sudden unaccountable longing to nestle nearer to him, when I saw that already he had come a few steps closer. Between us was only a fraction of space, in which I could feel a shudder. It was getting to be the moment when the bride's father was to make his speech, and I realized who the dark woman was. She came toward us and said to the man, "Having a good time?" And at once I moved away.

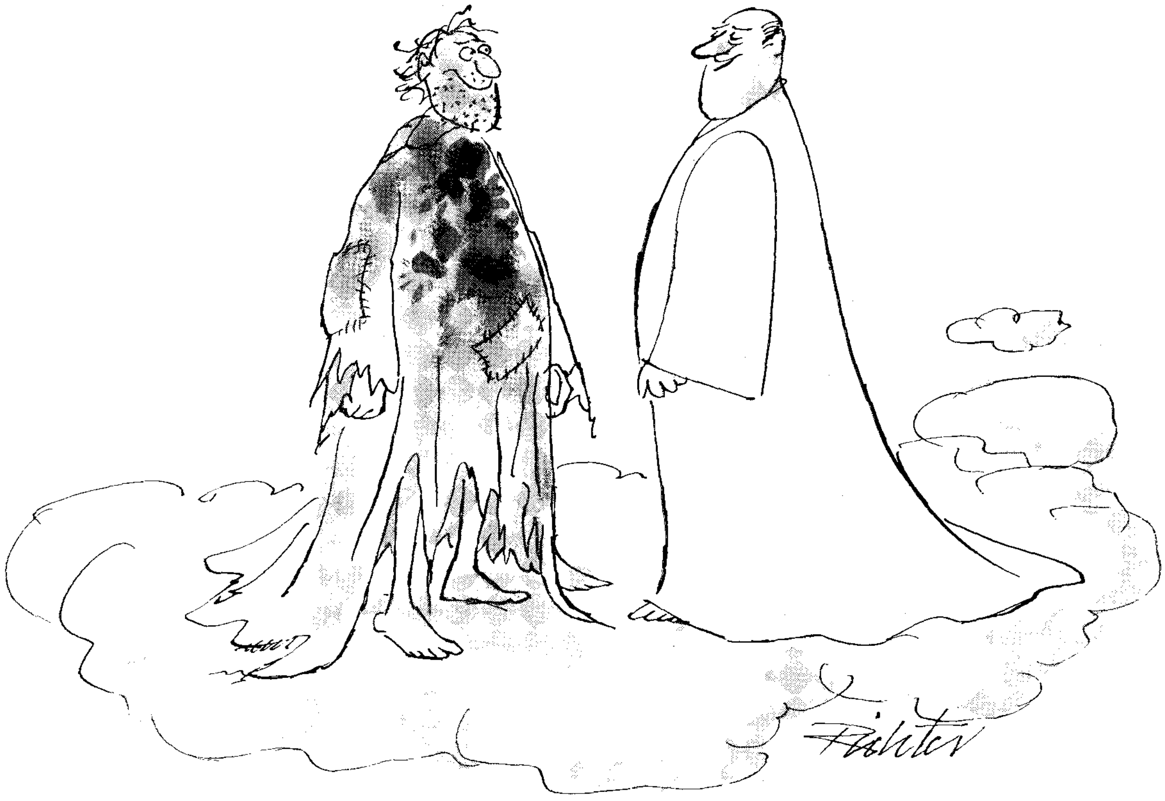
Of course, it could have been that she trusted him so utterly, that they lived in such an understanding, that they even liked to share people such as me, so as to talk about us afterward. At any rate, on that first occasion I could not find words, or the words I could find would have sounded caustic or maybe even brazen. My future lover saw me move, and came and touched my elbow so lightly and so gracefully that I felt as if a ghost had taken charge of his body and brushed against mine, and I thought, Oh, Christ, I am falling in love with a ghost, just as always, and I saw in him shades of others—saw his disappearing tricks, his appearing tricks, his inability to give love, along with his restless pursuit of it. When he touched me, it was as if we had met before, as if we knew each other in some hidden way and the time had now come for us to cross that barrier and to savor each other, to cease to be strangers. Though of course we would always be strangers. Is that not the essence, the requisite, of love?

So I can say—because now I am better acquainted with him—that my instinct was flawless and that I could have predicted almost everything that would happen, that has happened, and that is yet to happen. Even as he is asking to see me, he is asking not to see me; when I am distant, he loves me like a clinging schoolboy, and when I reveal my feelings he looks at his watch and says he has a meeting at four. Only my near-absence guarantees his near-presence, and it is an exhausting game to play. Yet I feel that if I could reach him things would be different. I believe that he does not know himself, and that if I could lead him to himself he would dispense with all artifice, he would welcome this rapture, he would not shirk it. When he is trying to shrug me off, he eats hurriedly. He throws the cherries into his mouth and gulps them down. He did that the last time he was here to lunch, and in his haste one fell onto his white shirt, which was still open. "Damn," he said, as he looked for it. It had slipped into his belly button, and fitted there like the stone of a ring, a ruby. It had burst. He picked it out. It left a red stain on his shirt. He began to suck the white fabric. He sucked it with such determination. I hated him then. I thought, He is sucking it clean, so that when he goes home he will not be asked, "How did that get there?" I saw his ruthlessness and I saw his fear. In myself I saw stirrings of pain, a dip into that fount of sorrow, a reintroduction to a loss that I thought I had finished with. Perhaps it was then I hatched my revenge.

Sensing a coolness, he reached out for me and drew me onto his knee, and he said, "Do you fantasize about me?" and I said, "Yes," but I was too shy to say how. I asked if he fantasized about me, and he said yes, in the car, when on his way to see me, and then he said that I fantasized too much and that it was unhealthy. I was about to say that so did he, when I realized

"Hey, wait a minute—is this satire?"

with staggering clarity that he was right and that I was misled. He only fantasizes when he is on his way to see me, when he is assured of the sight of me and all that I can give, whereas I spin fantasies as the hours go by, as the sprinkler in the garden makes a damp circle around the base of every rosebush, as the shadow on the sundial moves lower, and as the floor that I have polished gleams and has the magic of a ballroom waiting for its waltzers—him and me.



"*Well, you were right. Neatness didn't count.*"

• •

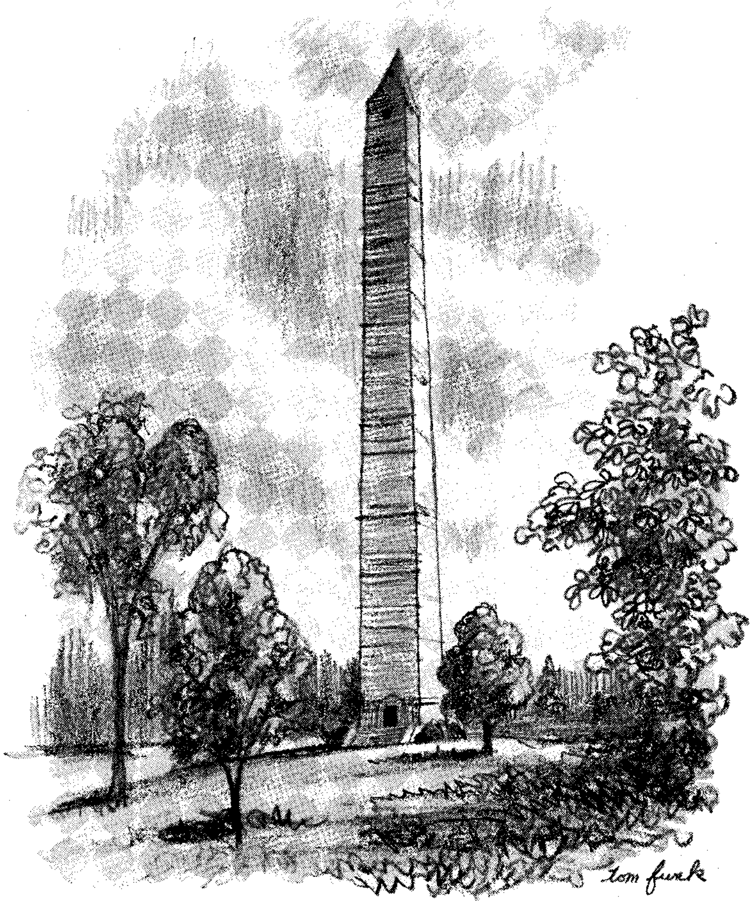
TONIGHT, I fear that he will snub me. In fact, I know that he is in danger of snubbing me unless I am cunning, unless I preëmpt him by giving him a glacial look. That will unnerve him, make him doubt the certainty of next week's luncheon date. I will look past him at the moment of being introduced to him, and then I will hurry to some other man, and I know that unwisely but impulsively he will follow me and mutter, "You're very aloof tonight and very beautiful." His flattery is always undisguised, and for that reason it never fails to thrill me. Perhaps I see the transparency of it, and flagrant reason for it, the truth and the untruth of it. Tonight, I shall guard myself, so that I can carry out my little scheme. I shall join the group that his wife is in. I know that she will want to talk to me. I know that she will detach herself from the others and veer toward me, that she will talk about everything under the sun—her twins, summer holidays, their garden, her busyness—deferring what she most wants to know, and presently I will unnerve her. She will not be sure whether her little jabs of inner dread are validated or not. What I have decided to do is to listen to her, to admire her dress or her blouse or her jewelry, to admire anything that can be admired without my being obsequious. I am going to be as soft and as patient as a wet nurse. When she needs a drink, I will be the one to signal the waiter, and I will down mine more quickly so that our glasses can be filled, then clinked together. Even if she thinks that I am overfriendly, she will not think it by the time I am finished, because of my trump card. Naturally, others will come over and interrupt this tête-à-tête; others will delay my strategy. Her husband, fearing the worst, may come over and say, "What are you two nattering about?" or our hostess may not allow two lovely women to slink into a corner and while away that half hour when they should be mixing with and delighting the men.

I have no doubt but that we will be alone, because we both want it. I shall whisper. I may even touch her elbow or her wrist. I shall ask if by any chance she has smelling salts or a tranquillizer in her bag, and once she has appraised the question, and felt my shiver, she will ask me why. I shall tell her in all truth that I doubt if I can get through the dinner. Again she will ask me why. She will look at me, and when I say, "The usual," she will know that my trouble is man trouble. I can already see her eyes—dark eyes becoming potent with curiosity—and her blood will quicken, and it will not be long before she asks me who he is, what he does, and I will tell her so much and yet so little. I will describe to her her own husband and any other woman's husband, because do they, do they, differ so radically, those men in dark suits, white shirts, and tasteful silk ties, who want peace in their nests and excitement on their forays? I will say that he gives me pleasure, that he gives me pain, that I never know when to expect him and when not, and that I mean to give him up but I lack the necessary strength, the determination. Then comes my coup. I will ask her to have lunch with me in my favorite restaurant. I will tell her that I long to talk to someone whom I don't know—someone who can help—and with every word I say suspicion will redound in her womb. She may hesitate, but she will not refuse me. I will pin her to a day, and the sooner the better. Nor will he be able to force her to cancel, since that would show him to be implicated, show his culpability. I can hardly wait for tonight to be over, so that I can get on with the proceedings. Their unknown world will gradually unfold to me. I may even meet their twins. She and I may become friends, or getting to know him through her I may be cured of this passion, or together we may overthrow him, and send him out into the world stripped of his duplicity. I scarcely know what will happen. All I know is that I cannot endure it alone, and as they have become part of my life I shall become part of theirs; our lives, you see, are intertwined, and if they destroy me they cannot hope to be spared.

—EDNA O'BRIEN

A REPORTER AT LARGE

JEFFERSON DAVIS GETS HIS CITIZENSHIP BACK



THERE are two kinds of memory. One is narrative, the unspooling in the head of what has happened, like a movie film with no voices. The other is symbolic—the image, say, of a dead friend of long ago, with a characteristic expression of face, which may be called up by a name. When I think of my maternal grandfather, I see an old man with white hair and a rather pointed beard, wearing blue-jean pants, with a black tie hanging loose from a collar open at the throat—for in that memory it is an unchanging summer. He is sitting in a sturdy split-bottom chair, with its arms broadening to wide, rounded ends—the kind of chair that in the old days appeared here and there among rockers of similar design on the verandas of summer hotels in the South, called springs, where people went to avoid malaria. But my grandfather's chair is under a cedar tree, propped back against the trunk, and blue smoke from his cob pipe threads thinly upward into the darkness of the cedar.

I am a small boy sitting tailor-fashion on the unkempt lawn, looking up at the old man, and then, beyond him, at the whitewashed board fence, and then at the woods coming down almost to the fence. If it was getting toward sunset, the uncountable guinea fowl would be coming in from foraging to roost near the house, making a metallic and disgruntled but halfhearted clatter, not the full, outraged racket of morning. I would be waiting for the old man to talk. Or even to sing, in his old, cracked voice, one of the few songs that might rise from his silence, sung only for himself. "We'll Gather in the Canebrake and Hunt the Buffalo"—but even then I knew that long before his father's time the buffalo had found their classic habitat on the Great Plains out West. Or a sad song about "Hallie in the Valley," which I later learned was the song the Confederate troops had sung down the streets of New Orleans to wind up at Shiloh. And there was the song that began, "I wandered today to the hill, Maggie," which, like the others, seemed to be backward-looking. For, in spite of the obvious knowledge that I would grow up, I had the sweet-sad feeling that the world had already happened, that history had come to an end—though life did go on, and people lived, died, went broke.

Certainly that sense of changelessness hung over the run-down farm and farmhouse and under the cedar tree. My grandfather had lost his wife, Mary, years back. His only son lived far off in Atlanta. His daughters were all married and gone far away—except the "beauty," that is, who was now an old maid, and the youngest one, who remained there on the farm to keep house for the old man. She was a small, charming woman, full of gaiety, vigorous and competent. She could pick up a twelve-gauge by the kitchen door, step out on the back porch, and knock a chicken hawk out of the sky—all in one motion, it seemed—and step back in and resume whatever song she had been singing. And she had the spunk to stand up to her father's awe-inspiring opposition to the man of her choice and run away and marry anyway—at the house of my parents, in the small town of Guthrie, Kentucky.

Then the old man let the new husband take over the running of the farm, and sought refuge in his books as long as his eyes held out. In the summer, when the married daughters came for a visit under his roof, and I came, too, I might hear them now and then remark, "Papa is an inveterate reader"—which I understood as "Confederate reader," wondering all the while what a Confederate reader might be. The daughters might say, too, "Papa is not practical, he is visionary." And this, I gradually learned, referred to his one venture as a businessman, years back, when he had apparently been fairly successful as a tobacco buyer but, if I have the family talk right, had forgotten to pay an insurance premium on a warehouse of tobacco consigned to him, and the warehouse, such was his luck, burned. I remember hearing my young aunt and her husband singing together night after night, out in a swing on the lawn, in darkness or by moonlight, and seeing the streak of lamplight under my grandfather's door. He would be reading. All this long after I was supposed to be asleep.

Nobody ever came to the farm—through "the big gate," a mile off on the pike—except kin and a family named Rawls: a widow with two daughters and a son, my only playmate. The Rawlses would come twice a summer, for late Sunday dinner, and always after dinner the older daughter (who studied "elocution" and later became a college professor) would give a "recital," with gestures and stances, of poems my grandfather liked. His own head was, in fact, full of poems, and under the cedar he would sometimes begin reciting to me. There might be the stirring lines of Fitz-Greene Halleck's "Marco Bozzaris":

> At midnight, in his guarded tent,
> The Turk was dreaming of the hour
> When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
> Should tremble at his power.

On to the surprise attack by Bozzaris and his exhortation:

> Strike—for the green graves of your sires;
> God—and your native land!

Byron usually followed: "So, We'll Go No More a-Roving" and bits of "Childe Harold." And always Burns, in the old man's version of the Scots tongue. But I remember, too, the expression of pitiful outrage when memory would leave him stranded with some eloquence already on his lips.

What I liked even better than the poetry, however, was the random tale of a war he himself had fought for four years. He had volunteered as a private but by Shiloh was a captain of cavalry, and in that rank remained. He was—for a time, at least—under the immediate command of General James Ronald Chalmers; Chalmers was later attached to General Nathan B. Forrest, the old man's hero. His account of the war came in bits and pieces, sometimes bloody, sometimes funny. My grandfather was not a witty man, but he could boast of one retort that, after all the years, still pleased his vanity. In northern Mississippi, a patrol from his company surprised a Yankee patrol and brought in, among the survivors, a lieutenant who was rather swarthy but not Negroid. He spoke a very correct English, but with a strange accent. My grandfather asked what he was. He was a Turk, he replied, and my grandfather demanded what, in God's name, he was doing in Mississippi. "I am here to learn the art of war," the Turk replied proudly. My grandfather remarked that he had come to the right place.

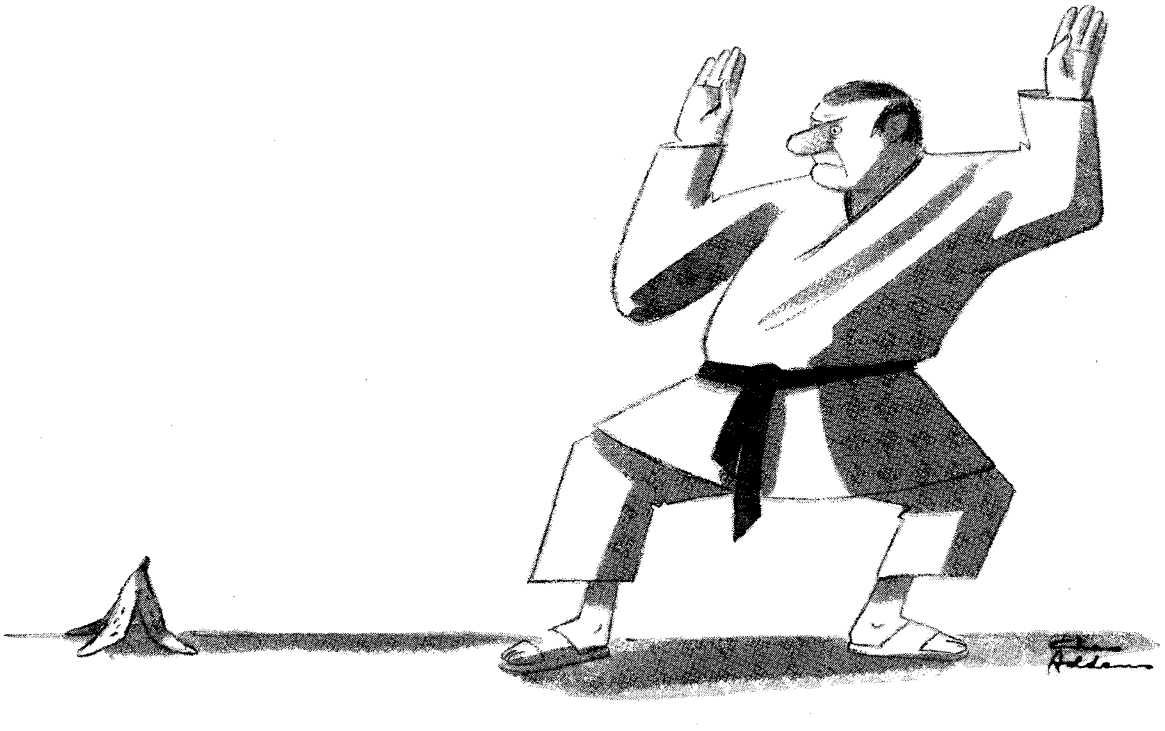
By no means all tales were comic. He had been outside Fort Pillow, on the Mississippi River north of Memphis, when Forrest sent in a demand for surrender, ending with the statement that without surrender "I cannot be responsible for the fate of your command." But the men of the Union garrison felt snug in there, the old man said, and they had a gunboat, too. (It also turned out, apparently, that the fort's liquor supply was to become available.) The ramparts were built too wide for the defending artillery on top to lower muzzles to guard the fort's moat, however; a solid curtain of hot lead from the rifles of sharpshooters stationed in convenient woods swept it clean of gunners while the attackers scaled the wall over a bridge of human backs in the moat and poured in; the garrison panicked, and the blue command went into such a funk that formal surrender was impossible. A great many men of the garrison, fleeing down the bluff to the protection of the gunboat—protection that was not forthcoming, since the men inside were afraid of opening the gunports—were cut down by rifle fire. Some of the men tried to surrender individually—often with little success, especially if they were black.

The river ran red, the old man told me, but he didn't say that the battle was termed a massacre in the Northern press and in Congress, and that Lincoln ordered an investigation, so that retaliation could be made. General William T. Sherman was put in charge of the investigation, but eventually came to the conclusion that there was no ground for retaliation, even though the ratio of black troops killed among the defenders was definitely higher than that of white. Forrest had made every personal effort to stop the slaughterous disorder.

Generally, however, my grandfather's accounts were more abstract, and concerned tactics and strategy, with now and then a battle plan scratched on the ground with the point of his stick, and orders for me to move empty rifle shells to demonstrate an action for his explanation. Not always were these battles of the Civil War, for a book that he read over and over was "Napoleon and His Marshals" (by J. T. Headley, published in 1846), and the battle plan on the ground might be that of Austerlitz or Lodi.

Time seemed frozen, because nothing seemed to be happening there on that remote farm except the same things again and again: there where nobody came, and newspapers meant nothing to me—not even the one my grandfather held in his hand while he read the headlines about the beginning of the First World War, before he crumpled it, and said, "The sons of bitches are at it again."

In the ever-present history there was, however, a kind of puzzlement. I had picked up a vaguely soaked-in popular notion of the Civil War, the wickedness of Yankees, the justice of the Southern cause (whatever it was; I didn't know), the slave question, with Lincoln somehow a great man but misguided. The impression of the Civil War certainly did not come from my own household, where the war was rarely mentioned, and where, aside from poetry, what my father read to the children was history—a "Child's History of Greece" or a "Child's History of Rome," and, later, a history of France (with a red cover). No, I didn't get my impression of the Civil

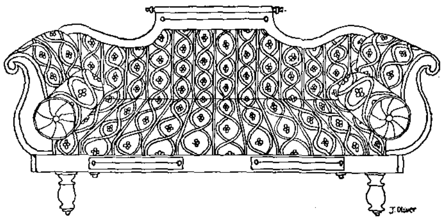


War from home. I got it from the air around me (with the ambiguous Lincoln bit probably from a schoolroom). But my old grandfather, who *was* history, was often a shock to my fuddled preoccupations.

One afternoon, I almost jumped out of my skin when he musingly remarked that he had been a Union man. That is, he went on, he had been against secession—hadn't wanted to see the country his folks had had a good hand in making (his folks, it later developed, had been Virginians) split up and get "Balkanized." I didn't know what the word meant, but he explained. Then he told me that his Great-Grandfather Abram had been a colonel in the Revolution, and an uncle (or was it a cousin of the same generation?) had signed the Declaration. The old man also said he had known that slavery couldn't last—even if I gathered from conversation that there must have been slaves in the family. For instance, I knew Old Aunt Cat, who had been my grandfather's nurse (and was to outlive him about twenty years), and who, I was told, had come with the family when they fled from Tennessee to Kentucky. But he said that when war came "you went with your people." Sometimes, however, in speaking of the war in a different tone, he would call it "a politicians' war." Or say, "It didn't have to be. It was just worked up by fools—Southern fire-eaters and Yankee abolitionists." Perhaps he merely expected history to be rational—that most irrational of expectations.

For a long time, I have wondered how truly his random recollections corresponded to the views that he had held as a young volunteer. He was a loner, a man of great independence of mind, and a man who, though he must have considered himself a failure, maintained a dignity and self-assurance almost amounting to contempt for the way the world wagged or the cards fell. He even deplored segregation, simply because he felt it stupid and restrictive of his own freedom.

There was the question of Jefferson Davis. In my shadowy understanding of history, I assumed that since Jefferson Davis had been President of the Confederacy he was beyond reproach. But not for my grandfather—he could come close to saying right out that Jeff had thrown the war away. My first puzzlement arose, I imagine, from the fact that he called the President merely Jeff. When I was a small boy, there was a walking monument to Jefferson Davis back in my home town—years before the great monolith that now looms some miles to the north had been set up. This man, this walking monument, may have been named for the President of the Confederacy, for he was born in the middle of Reconstruction. He may even have been a kinsman, though my efforts to find some connection between him and the numberless siblings of Jefferson Davis have come to nothing, and I remember reading that there were two families named Davis in the early days of the county. This walking monument was always called Old Jeff Davis—the "Old" being almost part of his name, not because of years but because he seemed to have no age. The lowest of the low, insofar as a white man could reach that point—a feckless handyman who owned a rusty hammer and a bent T-square and no skill whatsoever—he was stunted, twisted, clad in scarcely identifiable rags, with an old black felt hat, greened by age and weather, usually pulled down to pin in place large ears; he had no real beard but a face always unshaven in some scraggly fashion, cob pipe held uncertainly in place by stubs of teeth as brown as cured tobacco.



I vaguely remember his shack, improvised from odds and ends, probably—old lard cans beaten out flat, two-by-fours, windows scrounged somewhere, a gutted mattress in the grassless yard, and, no doubt, a broken china chamber pot. The shack faced on the railroad track, out toward the "nigger"

THE JOURNEY

Anghiari is medieval, a sleeve sloping down
A steep hill, suddenly sweeping out
To the edge of a cliff, and dwindling.
But far up the mountain, behind the town,
We, too, were swept out, out by the wind,
Alone with the Tuscan grass.

Wind had been blowing across the hills
For days, and everything now was graying gold
With dust, everything we saw, even
Some small children scampering along a road,
Twittering Italian to a small caged bird.
We sat beside them to rest in some brushwood,
And I leaned down to rinse the dust from my face.

I found the spiderweb there, whose hinges
Reeled heavily and crazily with the dust,
Whole mounds and cemeteries of it, sagging
And scattering shadows among shells and wings.
And then she stepped into the center of air,
Slender and fastidious, the golden hair
Of daylight along her shoulders, she poised there,
While ruins crumbled on every side of her,
Free of the dust, as though a moment before
She had stepped inside the earth, to bathe herself.

I gazed, close to her, till at last she stepped
Away, in her own good time.

Many men
Have searched all over Tuscany and never found
What I found there, the heart of the light
Itself shelled and leaved, balancing
On filaments themselves falling. The secret
Of this journey is to let the wind
Blow its dust all over your body,
To let it go on blowing, to step lightly, lightly
All the way through your ruins, and not to lose
Any sleep over the dead, who surely
Will bury their own, don't worry.

—James Wright

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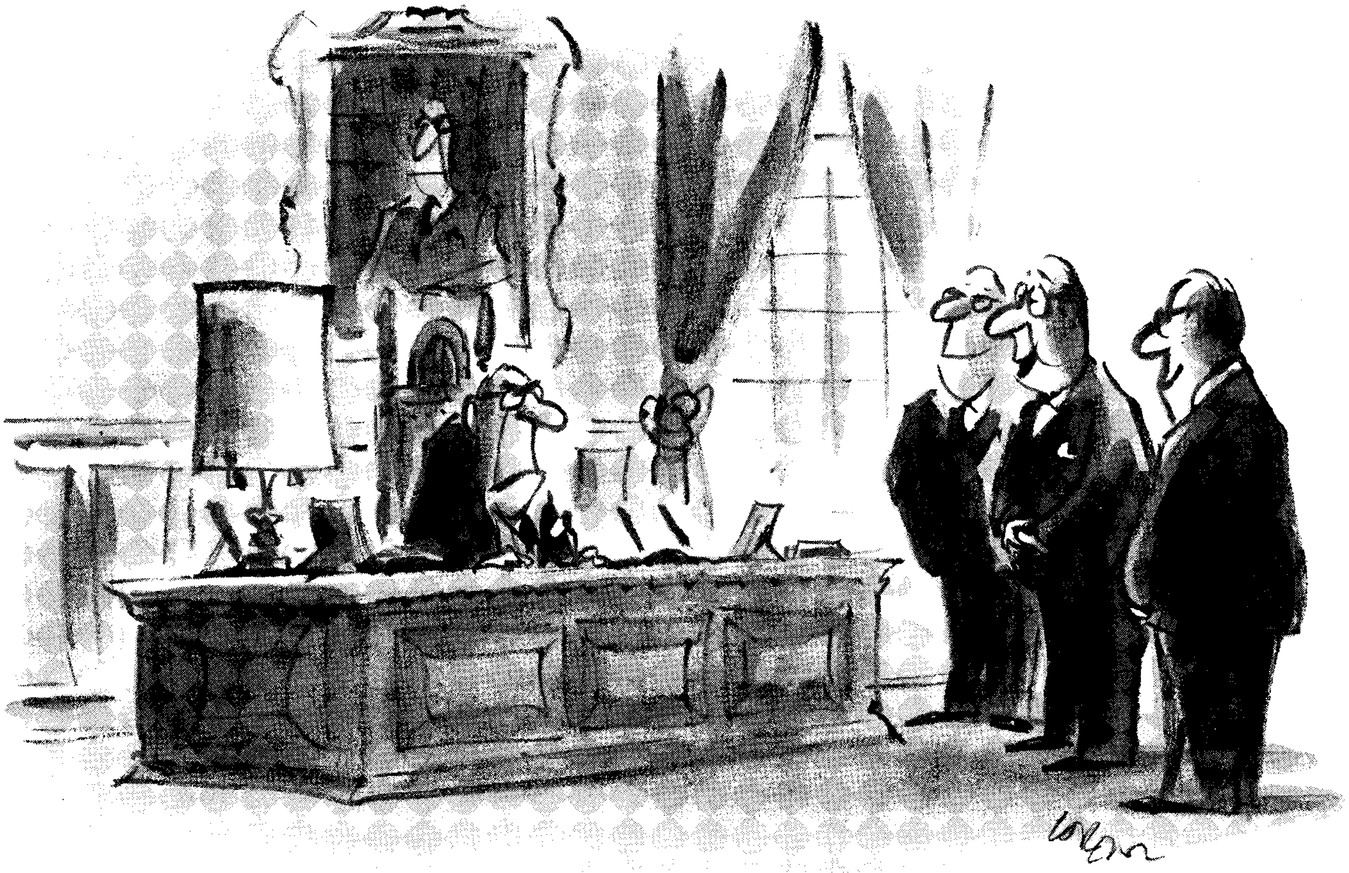


"Briefly put, J.B., we propose that you add a little levity to this year's stockholders' meeting by allowing yourself to be roasted by Don Rickles, Alice Ghostley, Paul Lynde, and Nipsey Russell."

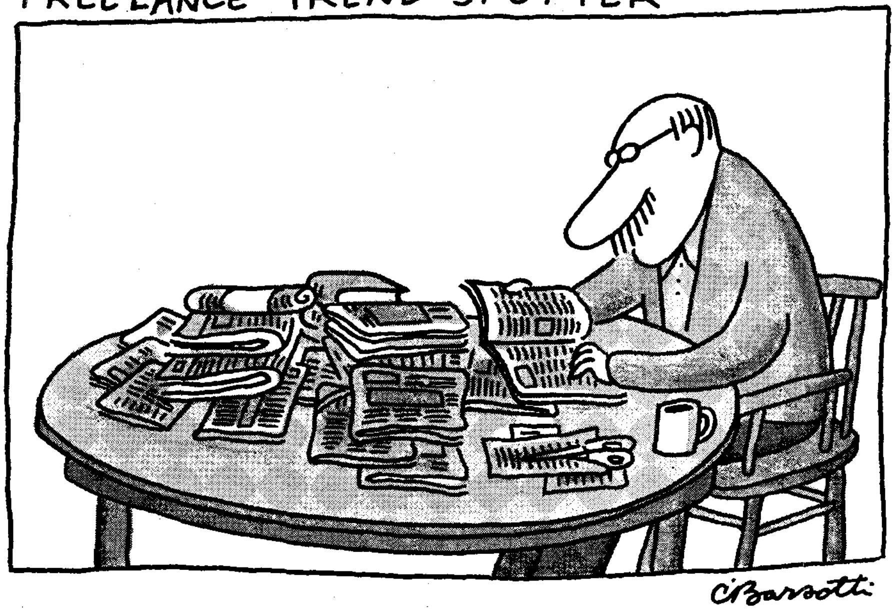
• •

graveyard called Vinegar Hill, and on Saturday afternoons years back you'd see Old Jeff Davis plodding down the track, an empty croker sack flagging at his back, to bring home the next week's "traden"—the source of the purchase price of which was anybody's wild guess, and also the price of the rotgut that, I remember, often tempered the aroma of unwashedness in which he moved as in an invisible cloud. Down the track would follow "Mrs. Jeff," squaw-fashion, footing the ties, and then a train of "young'uns," dwindling in size to a struggling toddler. Sometimes Mrs. Jeff celebrated the occasion by tying a pink or red ribbon around the man's straw field hat she always wore. A string of snuff juice trailed out of a corner of her mouth and over her seamed and nearly snuff-colored skin.

In early times when I sat with my grandfather (I was six when I first spent a summer with him), I was puzzled about the relation between the Davis who had lived in a world of great events and my Old Jeff, whose name had entered into the common speech of the region: "as pore as Old Jeff Davis." Could they be the same? The world-shaker dwindled to this? Bit by bit, however, things sorted themselves out, and the deficiencies of the world-shaker began to have some documentation. There was the idiotic favoritism he showed toward certain generals. (They included Braxton Bragg, only a name to me then except for my grandfather's description of him as a "pedantic fool"—with some trouble in explaining the word "pedantic" to me. He had no need, though, to explain the more damning words that before a battle Bragg had "as much fighting heart as a sick pussycat.") I learned, too, that Davis neglected the West and lost Vicksburg; that he failed to recognize, in time to do any good, the genius of General Forrest, the one man who might have handled Sherman. But I remember, too, my grandfather's saying once or twice that Davis was "a gentleman" and that personally he had had "the courage of a man."

I can't say how my early brand of uninstructed Southernism soaked into me—the kind that got shocked by many things my grandfather said. I can scarcely believe that it came from the atmosphere of the town where I was born—Guthrie—which was, except in geography, anything but an old Southern town. The autochthonous little settlements in the region had been gradually absorbed when a Louisville & Nashville Railroad crossing started a small-scale realtor's dream: ground measured out and the map of a hypothetical town flung down on a pretty countryside of woodlots and woods, streams, ponds, pastures, and fields of corn or tobacco, with old farmsteads, some handsome, some with modest charm, and also—it should be, in candor, noted—a number of tumbledown shacks of tenantry, black and white.

By and large, Guthrie was a railroad town, without a sense of belonging in any particular place or having any particular history. No, it did have one fleeting brush with history. On September 24, 1904, Felix Grundy Ewing, of Glenraven, Tennessee, called a meeting at the Guthrie fairgrounds and race track to organize the Dark Tobacco Protective Association, later the Planters' Protective Association of Kentucky, Tennessee, and Virginia. Some five to six thousand growers responded, who with kin and onlookers numbered, it was said in my childhood, some twenty-five thousand



FREE-LANCE TREND SPOTTER

people. (I have an old photograph of the scene: buggies hub to hub, horsemen so packed together that legs were crushed between mounts—as far as eye, or camera, could see.) The growers were being driven to desperation by a price-fixing conspiracy among the big companies. The association was in the right, but it developed, unofficially, a violent wing, the Night Riders, which, in its most adventurous exploit, in the middle of the night, with military precision, took the neighboring "big" town of Hopkinsville, cut all wires, occupied the railroad-telegraph office and the telephone office, and systematically dynamited all the warehouses of the companies. Before and after this, whippings, barn burnings, and killings were a commonplace, for violence in a "good" cause had led to mere violence. Then came martial law. One of my earliest recollections is of being held up in my father's arms to watch the National Guard set up an encampment in Guthrie, down by the railroad station. Peace was restored. And the courts, after the jog of violence, finally acted to break up the conspiracy to fix prices.

Life settled down into small-town routine, with the major excitement the almost annual fight between a new school principal and the biggest bully among the pupils. I recall that one year a frail-looking new principal dramatically, with what amounted to karate expertise, threw Charlie Parham, who probably had fifty pounds on the assailant, through the glass of a window fifteen feet above ground. Charlie, a good-natured oaf, turned up the next morning smiling, saying, "I thought the son of a bitch was coming right after me, so I hit running and ran all the way to town." A few doting fathers, in similar instances, brought suit against winners, but regularly lost. In an instance before my time, so James Groves (clerk of the Circuit and District Courts and past president of the county historical society) writes me, the locomotive of the little evening train for the seven miles from Elkton to Guthrie, bearing news of the day's legal proceedings and the person of the lately accused pedagogue, burst into wild toots of triumph to celebrate acquittal and law and order. Another year, a boy in the tenth grade (my grade then) flattened a street-carnival hand with a tent peg, was tried for murder, was acquitted on the ground of self-defense, and came back to school to bask in his glory—but this is now memory, for Groves tells me that the records of any such incident, if there ever were any, cannot be found. The days of semi-frontier violence were, however, soon to pass. When the First World War began, male principals were called to the colors, and a stern female professional of middle age and little mercy took over. The germ of primitive chivalry lurking in the breast of local roughs did the rest.

By this time, Guthrie was beginning to doubt its own future, for fewer and fewer trains were stopping, and some even dashed contemptuously through. The automobile was beginning to destroy the "Sat'dy traden" of a market town in favor of trips to larger and more glamorous places, which for the first time were now seeming close. What sense of history had existed in the region was in the old farm families, who had long memories. (One old man—my brother's father-in-law, in fact—used to tell how his father had ridden off wearing the gray, a body servant following on a second horse with a little trunk of fresh clothes and such things on the crupper.) In addition to long memories, a number of the farmers had a strong civic sense, and were sometimes bookish. One whom I knew very well—he was a rarity, I confess—would now and then take a university student who was about to fail Greek and tutor him all summer, just to keep his own hand in, he would say; the "boy" would have four hours of tutorial and four hours of physical labor. In later years, I met one of the boys when he arrived on his pious annual pilgrimage to see the old man who had "made" his life for him—the boy now a sartorially impressive figure and an impressive member of the bar in Chicago.

I remember, in childhood, being taken by my family in a rented surrey to spend a weekend in the house of farm friends, and, when I was older, going out alone for a weekend or so. Perhaps in those days I picked up the Southernism that my grandfather now and then shocked. No reference to Jefferson Davis sticks in my mind from that period, however, and the visits to the farms ceased as the older people died off, leaving my family in a contracting circle.

Toward the time I was ten or eleven, I began to hear the name of Jefferson Davis on the streets. This was scarcely a symptom of Southern chauvinism. There was "news" in the name of Davis now. The news was that, not many miles off, in the settlement of Fairview, a big monument was going to be erected to Jefferson Davis, whoever the hell he was—a monument taller, maybe, than the Washington Monument. A monument meant jobs—even if the First World War, before our entry, was already spurring the American economy. It meant jobs with no questions asked about the color of the uniform your grandfather had worn, or even whether he had been a bushwhacker. In truth, such questions had never been of burning importance in Guthrie, where to a certain number of contemporary citizens the Civil War seemed to have been fought for the right to lynch without legal interference.

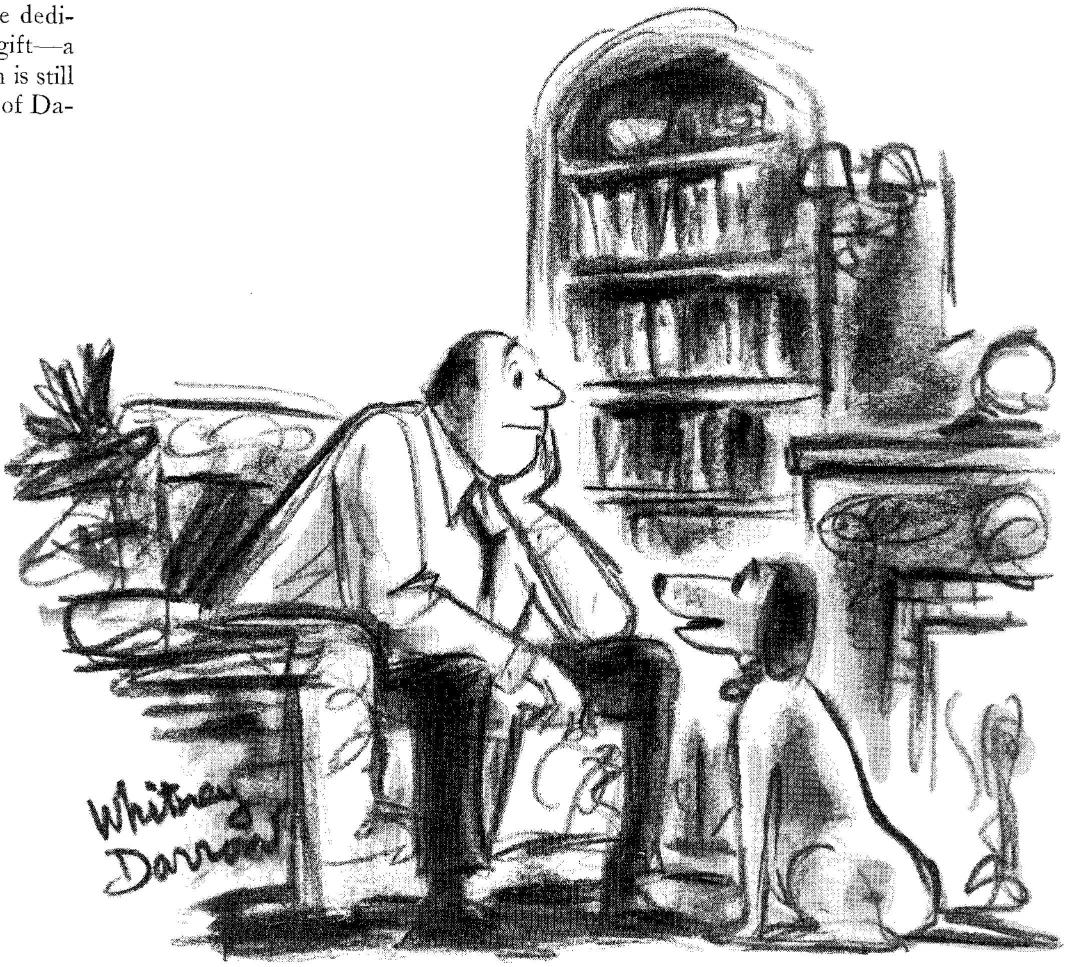
The monument project had been in the air for some time. In 1907, remnants of the Kentucky "Orphan Brigade"—Confederate troops drawn from a state that had not declared for the Confederacy—had organized the Jefferson Davis Memorial Association, which took an option on a tract of land near the site of his birth. Not on the site, for back in 1886 the solid brick structure of the Bethel Baptist Church (still standing) had preëmpted it. The Bethel Baptists, knowing that Jefferson Davis was a religious man (even if he was a fallen-away Baptist and, since Richmond and the Civil War, a communicant of the more tony Episcopal Church), had originally asked him for the site as a gift. But the land was not in his hands, and now he hadn't the money to buy it back for a gift. Several of the more solvent parishioners bought the land and deeded it, in the name of Jefferson Davis, to the Baptists. The four-room cabin in which his father, Samuel Davis, had nursed his idle dream of breeding race horses before his wife's well-regarded cookery made an inn a practical venture was carefully dismantled, and the components were later reassembled for the Tennessee Centennial of 1897, in Nashville. There the cabin vied for attention, somewhat unsuccessfully, with the newly erected replica of the Parthenon, which proved Nashville to be the "Athens of the South." (The poet Randall Jarrell is reported to have served as the model for the Ganymede on the pediment.) As for the Bethel Baptist Church, Jefferson Davis paid his last visit to his native state, and county, to attend the dedication of the building, in 1886. He made some rather ecumenical remarks at the dedication, and then he left his gift—a silver Communion service, which is still preserved there. After the death of Davis, in 1889, the land for the monument, in a tract that was to become "the Park," was bought by the United Confederate Veterans. But it was not until 1917, a few months before the United States embarked on its first great world adventure, that the actual construction of an obelisk of poured concrete was begun.

I was nearly twelve then, and months before, with a pillow at my back to make my scrawny legs reach the pedals, I had begun to drive the family Chevrolet. So, out of my as yet unclarified puzzlement and my confusion of feelings about Jefferson Davis, I drove several times, alone, the miles to the scrubby country of Fairview—then a scattered community, no longer the town of Davisburg or the later Georgetown, as it had been called until it sank back again to the level of a mere settlement. There I might stare at the building shacks and the debris of construction from which rose a gray-white shaft, unsure of my own feelings not merely about Davis (about whom I still knew little) but vaguely, I suppose, about the mystery of the pain, vision, valor, human weakness, and error of the past being somehow transformed into, glorified into, the immobile thrust of concrete (not even the dignity of stone), rising from thistle, mullein, poverty grass, and broken timbers against the blazing blue sky of summer or the paling sky of autumn. By this time, young men, some from the neighborhood, were dying far away across the ocean, but I can't recall that the thought brushed my mind, however fleetingly, that this monument was already antiquated, and that spick-and-span new ones would soon be built to honor blood newly shed.

Was the blank shaft that was rising there trying to say something about that war of long ago when young men had ridden away from the same countryside to die for whatever they had died for? Was the tall shaft, now stubbed at the top, what history was? Certainly these words did not come into my fuddled head. Childhood and adolescence do not live much by words, by abstractions, for words freeze meaning in its living surge, or come only as bubbles that rise and burst from the dark, unpredictable flow of feeling. And, looking back years later, we know how hard it is to sink ourselves again into the old dark wordless flow. We have more and more words now, and being truly adult is largely the effort to make the lying words stand for the old living truth. How often we learn in later life, for instance, that the love we long ago thought we had was a mask for hatred, or hatred a mask for love.

In any case, as I fumble at recollection and try to immerse myself in the dark flow of that moment, it seems that in facing the blank-topped monument I was trying to focus some meaning, however hard to define, on the relation of past and present, old pain and glory and new pain and glory. For I then had only idiotic, infantile envy of those who were grownup enough to go over the ocean toward reality. And the shadow of Jefferson Davis somehow merged with whatever bubble belatedly rose from the dark flow—or it even seemed, now and then, to be part of the dark flow itself.

The next summer, when news of the far-off fighting was the gener-



"For God's sake, tell me what's bugging you. After all, that's what friends are for."

al topic of adult conversation, I went again to Fairview—only once, I think. I did go back in the fall, though, to find that work had stopped. The government had belatedly decided that the monument was not essential to the war effort. For several years, work was suspended. Then, on June 1, 1924, a bronze cap was set on the summit. Certain diehard Confederates, it is said, had wanted to push on to surpass the Washington Monument, but the common victory in France seemed to make such feeling antiquated, too.

WHO was this Jefferson Davis? Eventually, I came to know something about him, and about the speculations concerning the inner man. In those early days when I visited the unfinished monument, I knew, of course, that he was born *in my* Todd County—though at the date of his birth, June 3, 1808, the county had not yet been carved from the larger entities of Christian and Logan Counties, now adjacently eastward and westward. Samuel Davis, born of an unsung line of Welsh immigrants who had drifted south from Pennsylvania, entered history by raising a company of frontiersmen in Georgia to take a whack at the redcoats, and then, catching the westward fever, he moved to Kentucky, finally to Christian County, where he settled on six hundred acres of scarcely improved land, built the four-room log structure, and dreamed of raising horses. Whatever limited worldly fortune Samuel had thus far gained, he was a man of philoprogenitive prowess. When a tenth child was born, the father named him Jefferson (for the President) Finis (to set a term to his own obvious talent on corn-shuck or other mattress) Davis (to place him in the line of blood). In the tissue of ironic symbolism that may be read into the later career of the infant, the first two names may be argued to have some unintended significance. With the end of the career of Jefferson Finis Davis came the end of the dream—already so often debauched—of the author of the Declaration. The new Davis son had long since, perhaps superstitiously, dropped the middle name, probably as early as he was put to his Latin, but who can so easily throw away his fate?

Before the new child was more than a toddler, Samuel had been caught by a new fever: cotton-growing in Mississippi. There, somewhat southeast of the town of Natchez, soon to be the glamorous capital of King Cotton, he came in for modest prosperity, having got in on the cotton boom early enough to acquire slaves, even if never to hold a great plantation with the mandatory Greek columns. But one of his older sons—Joseph Davis, twenty-three years older than little Jeff—who had become a successful lawyer, did have a great plantation, Hurricane, and this older brother, bit by bit, assumed the paternal role and defined the character and aspirations of the boy.

Less than a year after little Jeff's birth—before he could have character or aspirations worth mentioning, of course—another man-child was born, some hundred miles away in Kentucky, in another log cabin, to even poorer parentage. The parents of Abraham Lincoln were somewhat ambitionlessly caught up in a drift northward, across the Ohio and into frontier country, where, in spite of poverty and hardship, the boy, driven by some remorseless will to excel, reached out for learning and for a place in the world of power which would be worthy of the self he felt he was. By early middle age, the boy born in the frontier cabin was a success, living in a spacious white house in town, practicing law for good fees, and dabbling in politics. Lincoln was also a man of remarkable physical strength—a strength that was to sustain him in the strenuous years between 1861 and 1865, while Davis, not far away, in Richmond, was being tortured by ill health, sleeplessness, and neuralgia. What would have happened if Thomas Lincoln had followed the drive to Mississippi as the land where energy and cunning in a new fluidity might make a man great—the same land that William Faulkner's great-grandfather came to as a penniless youth and that Faulkner himself was to write about? Or what would have happened if Samuel Davis had sought his luck northward across the Ohio? How much is a man the product of his society?

In any case, Joseph Davis—now an aristocrat and a "cotton snob"—sent his youngest brother up to a famous Catholic monastic school in Kentucky, where, at the age of about seven, he might begin the education of a gentleman, and where he precociously decided that he wanted to become a Catholic. His request to adopt that faith was

RAIN DOWNRIVER

It has been raining now since
long before dawn, and the windows
of the Arab coffeehouse of Delray
are steamed over and no one looks
in or out. If I were on my way
home from the great chemical plant
on a bus of sodden men, heads rolling
with each swerve or lurch, I would get
off just here by the pale pink temple
and walk slowly the one block back
and swing open the doors on blue smoke
and that blurred language in which two
plus two means the waters of earth
have no end or beginning. I would sit
down at an empty table and open
a newspaper in which the atoms
of each meaningless lie are weighed
and I would order one bitter cup
and formally salute the ceiling,
which is blue like heaven but is
coming down in long bandages
revealing the wounds of the last rain.
In this state, which is not madness
but Michigan, here in the suburbs
of the City of God, rain brings back
the gasoline we blew in the face
of creation and sulphur which will not
soften iron or even yellow rice.
If the Messenger entered now
and called out, You are my people!
the tired waiter would waken and bring
him a coffee and an old newspaper
so that he might read in the wrong words
why the earth gives each of us
a new morning to begin the day
and later brings darkness to hide
what we did with it. Rain in winter
began first in the mind of God
as only the smallest thought,
but as the years passed quietly
into each other, leaving only
the charred remains of empty hands
and the one glass that never overflowed,
it came closer like the cold breath
of someone who has run through snow
to bring you news of a first birth
or to give you his abrupt, wet blessing
on the forehead. So now I go back
out into it. From a sky I can
no longer see, the fall of evening
glistens around my shoulders that
also glisten, and the world is mine.

—PHILIP LEVINE

"So you say you never met Miss Beaufort. Then how come that expression on your face?"

• •

refused as premature, and a kindly father offered him a sandwich of good Catholic cheese in consolation, but there he may have absorbed the germ of rigid logic that later marked his mind and his views of history, law, and politics. This, however, is speculation. Another piece of speculation: the man who conducted the party to Kentucky was a Major Hinds, a friend and old companion-in-arms of Andrew Jackson, and on the way north the party spent some time at the Hermitage, near Nashville. There the boy saw his first "great man." Young Jeff had actually seen the human image of greatness.

Later, after Jeff had returned to Mississippi and had spent a few years in local schools there, Joseph sent him back to Kentucky—to Transylvania University, at Lexington, an institution that was then renowned as one of the best universities in the country. There the young Davis pursued his study of the classics. But this was interrupted by an appointment to West Point, a training ground for greatness. The document of appointment was signed by none other than John C. Calhoun, the Secretary of War, and thus Davis was first linked with the statesman whose mantle as the premier champion of states' rights he eventually assumed. But once at West Point the young man was associating with many to whom his fate would be linked, whom he would know as commanders of friend or foe—a few of whom wearing Confederate gray were not to see eye to eye with their President.

As for Davis himself, he was no Robert E. Lee—for Lee was the perfect cadet, already moving in the subtle aura of greatness. It is hard, in looking at later photographs of the tall, hollow-cheeked man whose face twitched with neuralgia and whose left eye was bleared in blindness, to remember that the young Davis was vigorous, agile, poetically handsome, high-spirited, somewhat rebellious, given to off-grounds carousing and eggnog parties, and liberally decorated with demerits. And later, at an Indian outpost, now with a lieutenant's commission, the irrepressible young man—this according to the report of a Potawatomi Indian chief presumably present—seized an extraordinarily handsome young squaw, who was respectably dancing a quadrille, and converted the dance into a waltz so that he might slip an arm around her lissomeness. Then, in his excitement, he detached himself from the charmer to dance alone, to "jerk and wiggle" and leap and yell like an Indian. Eggnog, firewater, concupiscence of the flesh, or manly high spirits—whatever it was—might well have led to a bloody affray, for the young squaw's brother, sensing insult, came at him, scalping knife against pistol. But the commanding colonel, who had just been laughing at the lieutenant's antics, intervened.

Such a young Davis did in truth exist—a cadet who graduated twenty-third in a class of thirty-three. And these are not the only glimpses we catch of him, for he was on active duty in 1832, during the Black Hawk War, on the old Northwest Frontier in Illinois and Wisconsin. It was a war of which he was fair-minded enough to report that the only heroes were the Indians, and that if one action (that of holding off pursuing troopers while a river could be crossed) had been "performed by white men" it "would have been immortalized." He himself carried out his military duties well enough to be given, after the somewhat shabby victory at Bad Axe River—little more than a massacre—the honor of having in his personal charge Chief Black Hawk and other captives. Black Hawk, in a dictated narrative, referred to his captor as "a good and brave young chief, with whose conduct I was much pleased"—at least when Davis saved him and his warriors from the japes of gaping crowds. But at St. Louis Davis turned his charge over to Brigadier General Henry Atkinson. Acting under orders to take strictest measures to guard the prisoners, Atkinson saw to it that irons were put on. One cannot but wonder if the image of the manacled Black Hawk, who had long ago said that "a brave war chief would prefer death to dishonor," flashed before the mind of Davis when he, old, sick, and defeated, struggled as his captors applied the outrage of superfluous shackles.

While Davis was doing his Indian fighting, another name known to the record was that of a young elected captain of a company of raw recruits being mustered in—a captain who was years later described on hearsay by Varina Davis in her memoirs as "a tall, gawky, slab-sided, homely, young man." This was Abraham Lincoln, and, again according to Mrs. Davis, one of the two lieutenants administering the oath to the captain and his men (these were conscripts, according to the historian A. J. Beveridge) later became the Major Robert Anderson "who fired the first gun at Fort Sumter," and the other was, "in after years, the President of the Confederate States." Of course, in relation to Anderson the use of the words "first" and "at" is deceptive, for Anderson fired *from* the fort *against* the attack from shore batteries. Defective proof further impairs the anecdote, and Mrs. Davis admits

"Don't bother Daddy. He's making green mush with the food processor."

• •

in her text that her husband remembered swearing in the recruits but not Lincoln. Of the Black Hawk War, Lincoln said only, "I fought, bled, and came away." But the bleeding, he added, with characteristic humorous understatement, was "from bloody struggles with mosquitoes."

Whatever the full truth, the thread of irony, and of pathos as well, runs through the event. Encounters, friendships, family blood were the woof of which the Civil War was the warp. For instance, Simon Bolivar Buckner, the friend of Ulysses S. Grant at West Point who later encountered him on the street in New York, nearly a drunken wreck, and paid his board bill and other debts and gave him encouragement, was to become the Confederate general who officially surrendered to Grant at Fort Donelson—where Grant, superfluously, offered him his private purse. And when Grant, after his disgraceful Presidency, struggling to rehabilitate himself and leave his family something by writing his memoirs, was, at the end, dying of cancer, it was the same old friend, Simon Bolivar Buckner, now with a thriving career and a young bride, who came to make, after all those years, a last, private visit. When, a day later, he emerged to face the congregated reporters, to their importunities he gave little satisfaction.

In the years before these friendships were broken or sealed, and familial blood was shed, young Davis fell in love with the sixteen-year-old daughter of the officer in command of his frontier post, Colonel Zachary Taylor. The young girl had an eye for the handsome young officer with the deep, poetic glance, but the father offered objections, the official one being that he did not want his daughter married to a military man. If the record of the Potawatomi chief is accurate, however, Colonel Taylor had also seen the squaw episode, and he may not have wanted such high spirits in the family. But Sarah Knox Taylor, usually called Knox, had a mind and heart of her own, and on June 17, 1835, with her father absent from the ceremony, she was married to her lieutenant at the house of an aunt in Kentucky.

She was not, however, marrying a military man. Brother Joseph had given Jefferson a plantation—Brierfield—adjoining his own Hurricane, and had given him credit on generous terms, enabling him to buy fourteen slaves. So the lieutenant was now a planter, even if his house was far from imposing and much of his land was yet to be brought under cultivation. The idyll at Brierfield was short. By fall, both bride and bridegroom were down with a virulent fever. The gift from the generous Joseph had been a gift of death—and perhaps, as it turned out, a gift of destiny. By September, at Locust Grove plantation, in Louisiana, where one of Jefferson's sisters lived, both bride and bridegroom were at the point of death, neither knowing of the serious plight of the other. One night, the bridegroom, waking from his stupor, heard the distant sound of the bride's voice singing "Fairy Bells," a song of their courtship. He struggled toward the voice, but by the time he reached her room she had passed from her delirium into a last coma. The stubborn little Knox had had her will and her love, and this was what had come of it.

One thing that may have come of it was to make Jefferson Davis great. Shaken in soul and body, he sought recovery in Cuba, then distraction in New York and Washington. The great world, however, was not for him now. To reclaim Brierfield was a passion and an anodyne. There was another anodyne. No longer the high-spirited youth who had accumulated demerits at West Point, Davis filled his lonely evenings with grinding study of great literature: Shakespeare, certainly; and the English Romantic poets and eighteenth-century prose, barbed or elo-

The Beefeater Hour

The Beefeater® Hour: It usually comes
When the sun retreats to the West
And the din goes still, and the wheels start to slow,
And the day comes at last to rest.

* * *

The Beefeater Hour: It's more than a time.
It's an island in the day.
Where you leave the roar of the crowd behind
And the clamor all ebbs away.

* * *

The Beefeater Hour: The world stops here.
For this is the time and the place.
To get off the world and just settle back,
Till a smile can reclaim your face.

* * *

The talk should be whimsy, and banter, and play.
This is no time to be sour.
And Serious Subjects are left behind
When you come to the Beefeater Hour.

* * *

The gin, to be sure, must be Beefeater Gin;
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Than the one that they call The Jewel.

* * *

Will you have a Martini? Then pour it forth
From a pitcher that's lightly glossed
By chilling it cold till you hale it out
And it blooms with a silver frost.

* * *

The vermouth (just a touch!). Then the ice cubes come
With the rattle of frozen dice.
And now for the gin! Pour the Beefeater in!
Watch it *smoke* as it meets the ice!

* * *

Or what about tonic? To make gin and tonic
That nobody can surpass,
Begin with the ice cubes smartly stacked
Like a Stonehenge cased in glass.

* * *

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Gin from the start endowed
With clarity! Brilliance! A flawless gin!
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* * *

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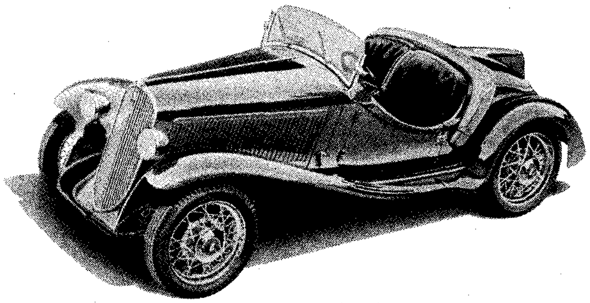

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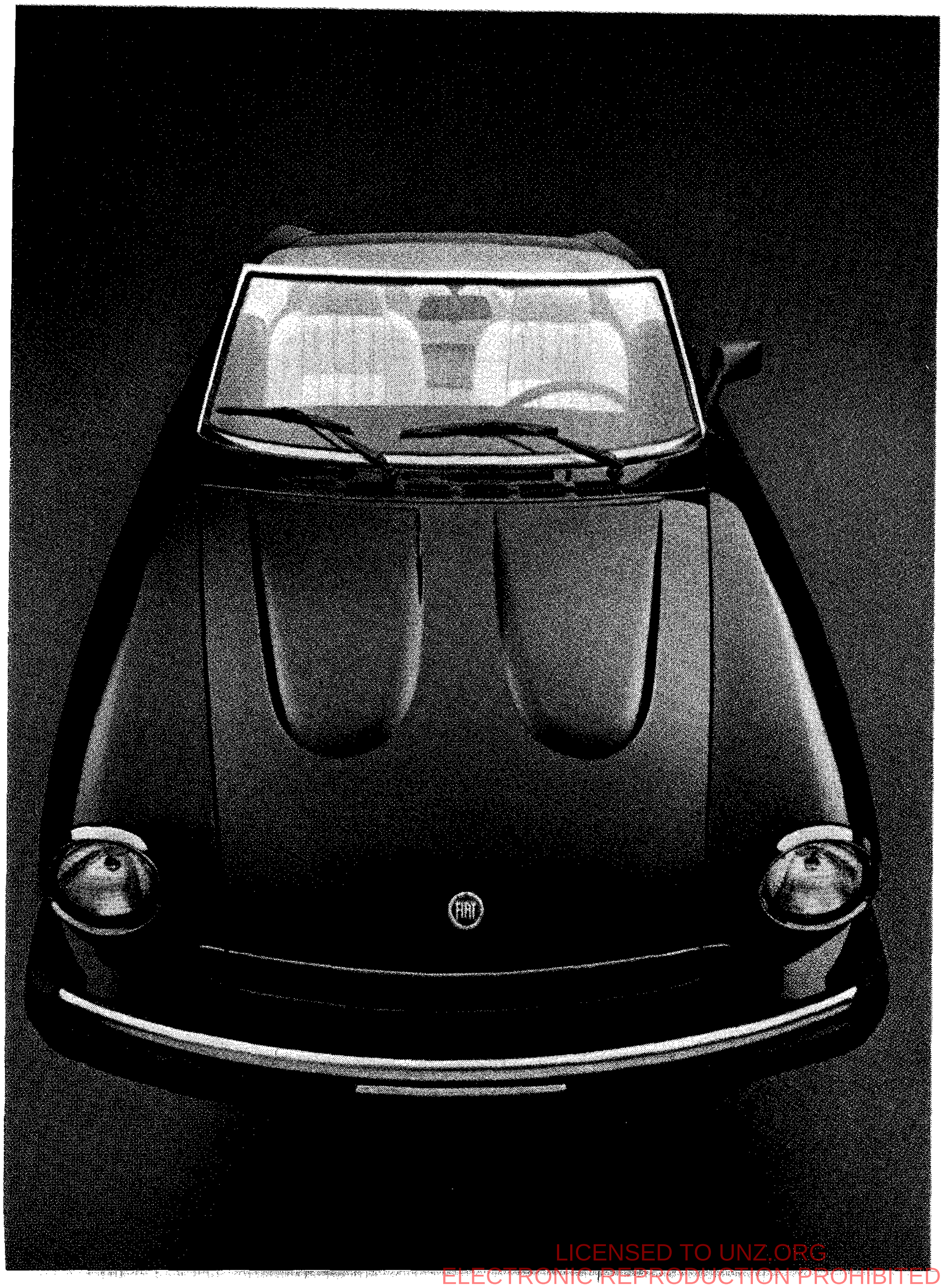

FIAT

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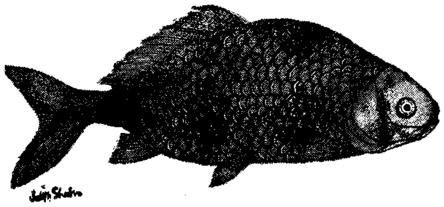
quent. He read history and the works of such theorists as John Locke and Adam Smith. He sank himself word by word into the literature of our national origins, of the philosophers and the politicians. He practically memorized the Constitution. Nor did he forget the classics.

The new emptiness of the house at Brierfield was too much for him now. He spent much of his time at Hurricane, and there, with Joseph, he found the clash of minds and interests, collaboration in ideas, and a never-ending tide of speculation. There, too, he found new books, for Joseph was reputed to own the finest library in the state. So Joseph added his services as tutor to his already numerous benefactions.

Undoubtedly, the pure pleasure of intellectual adventure was involved in the relationship, but both Joseph and Jefferson had proved themselves as men of action, too. Joseph had cut a figure as a lawyer and a planter. As for Jefferson, in addition to the ordinary military career, he had seriously considered challenging his commanding colonel to a duel, feeling that the colonel's opposition to the marriage with Knox amounted to an affront to honor. But the challenge was never given; the young lieutenant must have finally realized that this was a peculiar way to carry on a courtship. (Later, Davis challenged a fellow-senator in deadly earnest, and only the interposition of friends prevented the encounter.) The impulse to action may well have lain latent behind those evening hours of study or debate. Times had been changing. John C. Calhoun, for instance, had long since fathered the doctrine of nullification in South Carolina. (As it happened, though, secession had previously been a popular sentiment in New England, and on the verge of the Civil War it reappeared in the Northeast.) Southern Whiggery had been based on the sense of a solidarity of interests among moneyed men of whatever section, but now it was beginning to wither on the local vine, for planters were becoming aware, tardily, of what the tariff question held for them. The North was more and more committed to manufacturing, and wanted high tariffs on imports of competing goods to maintain the domestic price; the South, with a mainly extractive economy, wanted to buy manufactured goods cheap, and therefore favored low tariffs. In addition to this split, that in regard to slavery was increasing. There had been considerable emancipation sentiment in the South, and even emancipation societies. Emancipation barely missed in the Virginia Legislature in 1830–31, but new events, some economic, and some more complex—Nat Turner's Rebellion, rebellion in the West Indies, the rise of frenetic Garrisonian abolitionism—gave new tensions to the slavery question, and emancipation sentiment in the South receded.

Jefferson Davis, like many Southerners of the early era, had been a somewhat unself-conscious Southerner, a wanderer in many states, with a grave oath taken long back to affirm a national loyalty. Besides, the South he had been born in lay far to the north of Mississippi. Now, however, Davis, the wanderer, was becoming a Mississippian. He was being "Southernized" not only by association and study but by occupation: he was a planter and a slavemaster. Even so, the kind of slavemaster he was set him apart from many others. Apparently, he did not conceive of slavery as an eternal institution justified by the Holy Writ—or did not conceive of it that way consistently. With no date of emancipation perceptible in the drift of history, he did organize Brierfield for a kind of training that would help protect the black man, once freed, from being exploited by ruthless white competition. This is not to say that Davis—any more than Lincoln, a number of abolitionists, and a large majority of the white population—believed that the black man and the white were equally endowed. But he did believe, within undefined limits, in educability and progress for the black.

The overseer of Brierfield was an extremely efficient black man who had been with Davis since early in his military career and whose intelligence and sense of duty were never doubted. At Brierfield, too, work was assigned according to capacity and taste. Festivals like marriages, births, and Christmas were provided for, and so were rituals of grief. Careful attention to health (including regular dental service) was maintained. Free time was allowed for personal projects for profit, such as gardening, animal raising, crafts, and storekeeping, with the master's household and, presumably, others as customers. Discipline and decency were maintained by requiring appearance before a jury of blacks with a black judge, and there was cross-examination of witnesses. Punishment was set by the court and administered by blacks. The master reserved one right: to reduce a sentence. In other words, Davis was the type of slaveholder that to the true-blue abolitionist was the deepest-dyed villain: the master who tried to treat his slaves decently tended to make slavery acceptable both to the slave and to the moral sensibilities of the general Northern public. A man like Davis, whatever his deepest unconscious motives, struck at one of the cherished notions of the hard-core abolitionist—the cherished doctrine that the South was one great brothel and the slaveholder a racist fiend who chuckled before he quaffed his wine from a bowl that had lately been the skull of a black man. (Even the gentle John Greenleaf Whittier, in the poem "Amy Wentworth," accepted this useful myth.)



Selfish though his unconscious motives may have been, Davis realized that emancipation as such worked no magic—something that is clear from this morning's newspaper and will be from tomorrow's. Lincoln, the signer of the Emancipation Proclamation, was also perfectly aware of this. When asked, toward the end of the Civil War, what the ex-slave would do, he replied, "Root"—an echo of the old saying "Root, hog, or die." It is a pity that we cannot know the expression on Lincoln's face and in his voice—cynical detachment or outraged sarcasm—as he uttered the all too astute prediction.

But history rolled on in its tragic way, though one thing along that way was not tragic. Joseph, as watchful as ever, invited a marriageable young lady named Varina Howell to visit Hurricane. Half his brother's age, she had had a good classical education; had raven-black hair, a cream complexion, and the most lithe and graspable of waists, in an age that greatly admired such a thing in a nubile female; and was charming and well connected. In a letter to her mother after first laying eyes on Jefferson Davis, she wrote that she couldn't tell whether he was young or old (he was thirty-five, and the nearly fatal fever had left his cheeks somewhat gaunt); and she observed a certain dogmatism in his opinions. How shrewdly the girl half his age summed him up! She thought him to be "the kind of person I should expect to rescue one from a mad dog at any risk, but to insist upon a stoical indifference to the fright afterward." She wound up, rather ambiguously: "Would you believe it, he is refined and cultivated and yet he is a

"Quick! Your gut reaction."

• •

Democrat." But she had already noted that he had "a peculiarly sweet voice and a winning manner of asserting himself." This blossom, whose accent in Latin both Joseph and Jefferson admired, came from Natchez, where, with wealth, Whiggery still reigned, and to indicate her political preference she wore a cameo brooch exhibiting a strongbox, undoubtedly full of money, and a great beast of a dog couchant to guard it. But the "peculiarly sweet voice" did its work, and one day the brooch wasn't worn. Politics was not to make strife, however muted, in bedchamber or at breakfast table.

Davis soon went to Congress, where he quickly proclaimed the doctrine of states' rights and offered a resolution that, though it was then shelved, seems fatefully prophetic of the first shell to burst over Fort Sumter—a resolution that state troops should replace national troops in all federal forts situated within the bounds of a state.

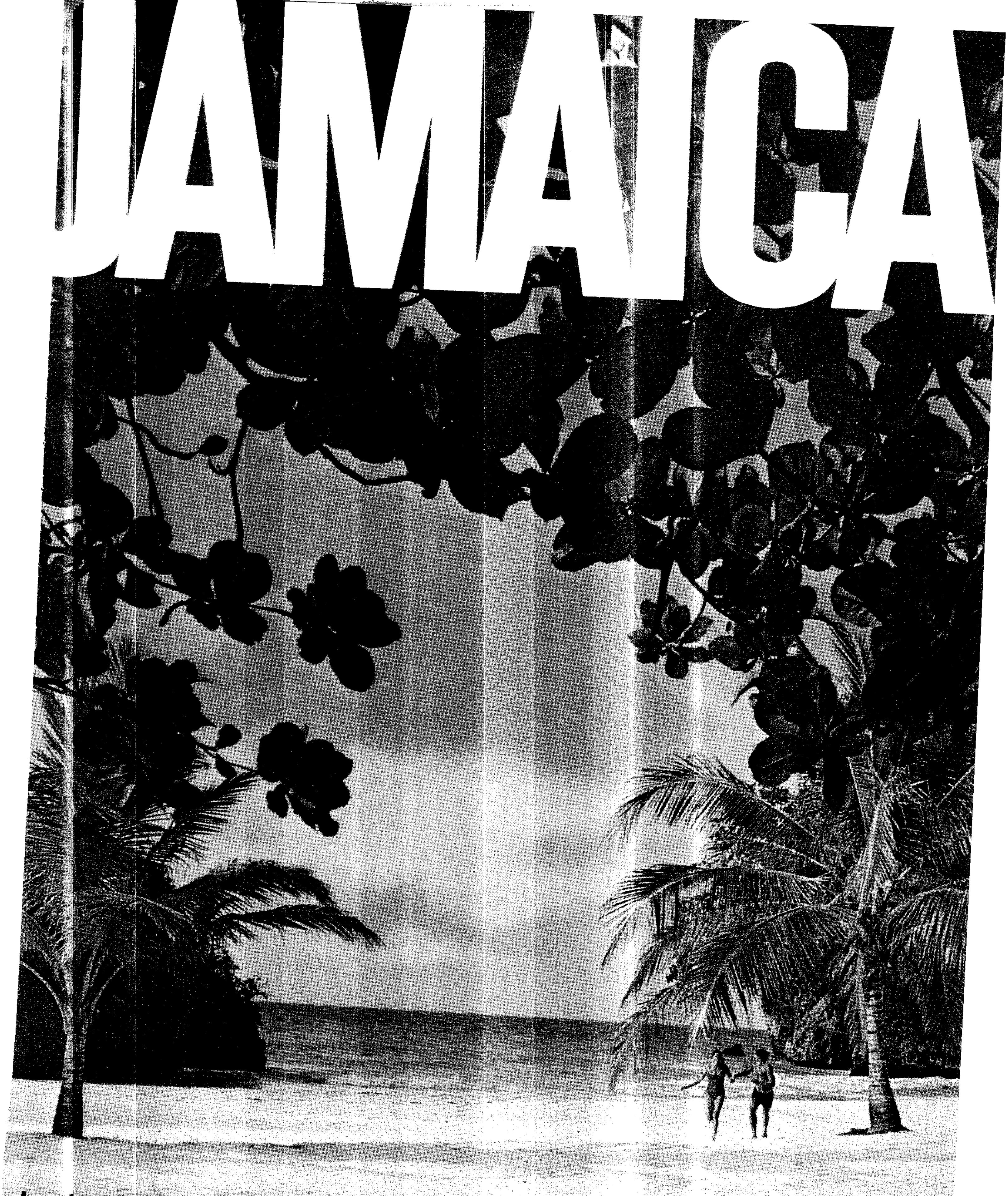
The new congressman quickly relinquished mere talk for an active hand in promoting another cause dear to the Southern heart—the extension of the country's frontiers to the west and south. Not that expansionism and the doctrine of Manifest Destiny were limited to the South. The flood of immigration to the Oregon country and the near-war with Great Britain were not the work of "the slavocracy." John Jacob Astor and his fur company were not slaveholders, nor was John Quincy Adams, who proclaimed that it was the American duty to make "the [Oregon] wilderness blossom as the rose . . . and subdue the earth, which we are commanded to do by the first behest of God Almighty." In other words, neither South nor North had much concern with the ethics of conquest. The two merely had a private quarrel about the disposition of spoils.

The Mexican War came. Davis resigned from Congress and accepted a colonel's commission from the State of Mississippi as commander of the regiment of Mississippi Rifles—a volunteer organization, which was armed with a new percussion rifle, and to which he gave the spit and polish and cutting edge of West Point. The regiment served under the command of General Zachary Taylor, Old Rough and Ready, who years before had briefly been the recalcitrant father-in-law of Davis. The war Davis had was a fighting war, and he did well at it: well at Monterrey and famously at Buena Vista, where, at a crucial point in the battle, his Rifles received the powerful charge of Santa Anna's lancers—red jackets and wind-whipped pennons—that was supposed to give the coup de grâce. But Davis received the charge at the upper end of a gorge, his troops in a V-shaped disposition with the lower end open to the assault, and the V became a death trap as the lancers piled into it—against riflemen they could not well reach, who were marksmen from a state where a bad marksman was almost as difficult to find as a hen's tooth.

Davis even had the glory of a wound—in the foot, with blood welling in the boot as he continued to command; and later he had crutches on ceremonial occasions when he was received as a hero. It is reported, though not on incontrovertible authority, that after Buena Vista Old Rough and Ready grasped the hand of the hero and declared that his poor dead daughter had been a better judge of a man than he himself had been. Other honors are, however, beyond dispute. President James Polk raised him to the rank of brigadier general of volunteers, only to have the document decorously thrown back into his face with a lesson in constitutionality: no one but the governor of Mississippi could legally promote a colonel of the Mississippi Rifles.

Davis heard himself toasted as "the Game Cock of the South," and as such he was soon appointed senator. But the game of politics he had not learned (and never did learn): the deal; the nature of combinations; easy fellowship; compromise; the slipperiness of logic; humor; patience; generosity; the ready smile. His weapon was forged of his learning, his devotion to principle, his frigid dignity, his reputation for heroism and honor, and, most of all, his logic—cold, abstract, and sometimes inhuman. He would have been incapable of grasping what Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes had in mind when, years later, he said, "The life of law has not been logic: it has been experience." And the incapacity of grasping such an idea was the tragic flaw in the midst of the hero's multifarious endowments.

In however ironical a way, time was on the side of Davis. Though he was defeated when he left the Senate to run for the governorship of Mississippi—and defeated as a secessionist—the application of "squatter sovereignty" to the territories and to "Bleeding Kansas" waited just over the temporal horizon. Meanwhile, Davis was snatched from his cotton planting to become Secretary of War under the new President, Franklin Pierce—a role that even unforgiving enemies had to admit he performed with brilliance (and with ingenuity, suggesting that camel corps be established to handle the Indians of the arid Southwest and improve communication with California). Strangely, his labors as Secretary of War were undertaken for the Union. Had Davis, after reading the political temperature of



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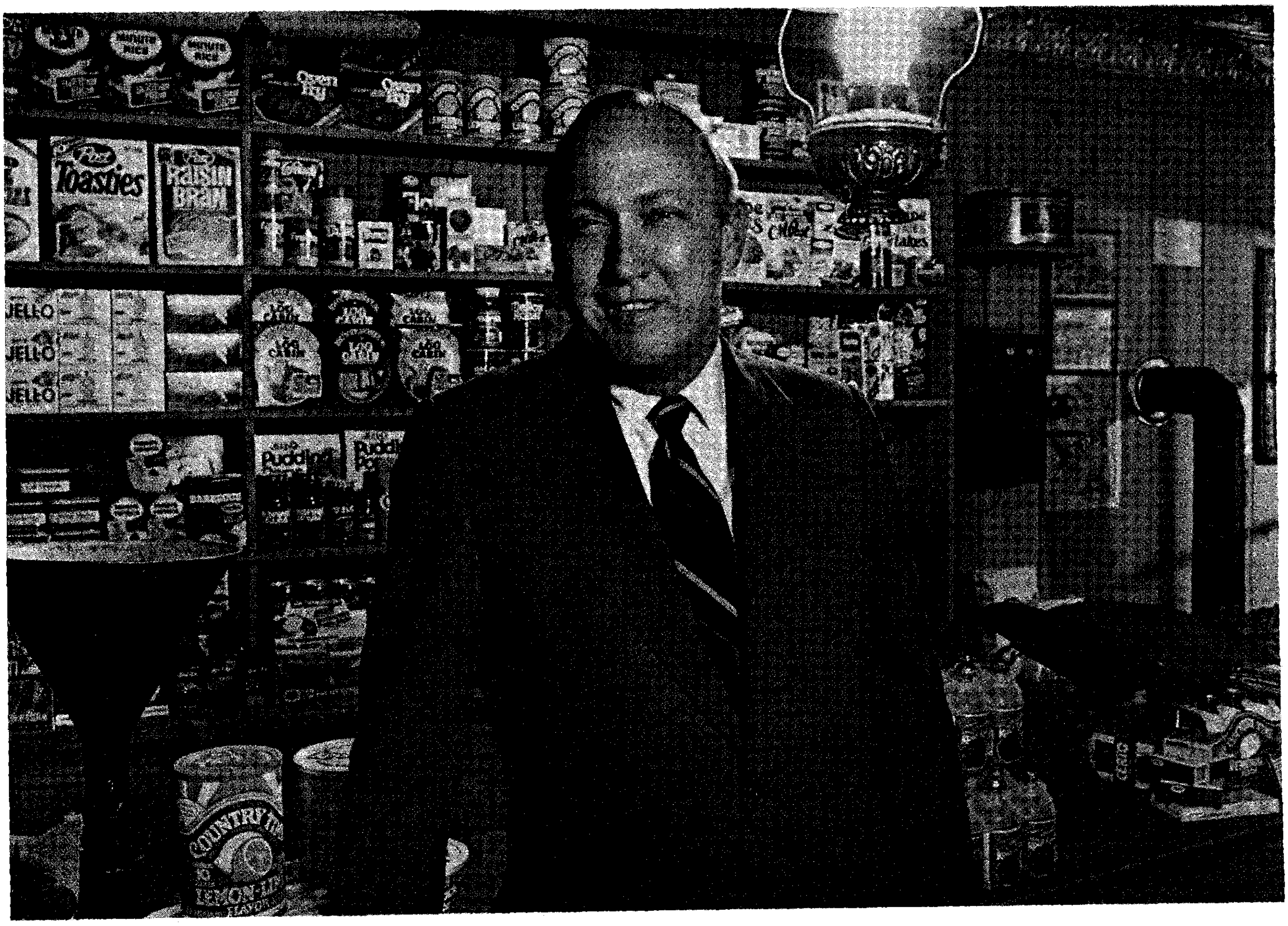

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Mississippi in his defeat as an immediate secessionist, modified his doctrine of states' rights?

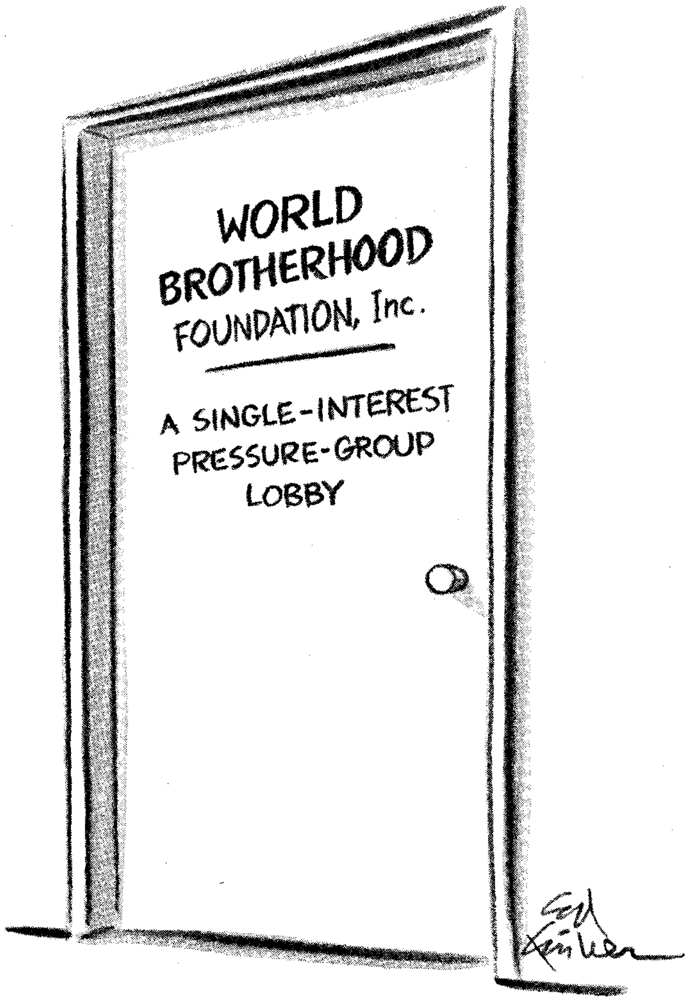
No. Davis was still a Southerner, and presumably hoped that he could exercise power best in the framework of the Union. Even after he returned to Mississippi, just on the eve of the Civil War, as a leading exponent of Southern rights, he found it hard to face the logically ultimate step of secession. Only with the disintegration of the old Democratic Party, the election of Lincoln, and the secession of South Carolina did Davis accept the conclusion—accept it as expedient, that is, for he had never doubted its constitutionality. In departing from the Senate (to which he had been elected after his stint as Secretary of War), he made himself amply clear: "If I thought that Mississippi was acting without sufficient provocation . . . I should still . . . because of my allegiance to the State of which I am a citizen, have been bound by her action." Many men, most notably Robert E. Lee, staked their lives and their sacred honor on this point. How odd it all seems now—when the sky hums with traffic, and eight-lane highways stinking of high-test rip across hypothetical state lines, and half the citizens don't know or care where they were born just so they can get somewhere else fast.

IN any case, Davis had come a long way from Fairview, Todd County, Kentucky. On February 10, 1861, he was standing by his wife in a rose garden at Brierfield, where they had been pruning bushes. A telegram informed him that by the convention called in Montgomery, Alabama, he had been unanimously elected President of the Provisional Government of the Confederacy. On the evening of February 17th, under the light of torches, amid a great crowd, an old-time fire-eater, William Yancey, announced, "The man and the hour have met!" Davis would have preferred the commission of a general. The memory of the famous V formation and the victory at Buena Vista remained with him.

What kind of President was Davis? It is hard to answer that question, for it evokes multitudinous considerations, most of which doubtless never crossed the mind of the old man under the cedar tree, meditating on the past while an ignorant little boy sat there tailor-fashion on the ground. Some historians will sum the matter up by saying that if Lincoln had been at Richmond and Davis at Washington the South would have been free. That is, in spite of the many advantages the North enjoyed, Lincoln would have been as head of the Confederacy a crucial factor, and in the South could have psychologically molded a national spirit out of the paradox of states' rights, which, of course, naturally denied the possibility of nationalism. But this is the wildest of ifs.

The new President of the Confederacy was no longer the young-old man of beautiful manners and the poetic glance noted by Varina Howell in her letter to her mother. Nor was he the decisive colonel, not yet forty, who had sprung the lethal trap at Buena Vista. He was now past fifty, erect but even more gaunt-cheeked, blind in one eye, racked by murderous neuralgia, certainly neurotic in some undiagnosable way (perhaps suffering from an inner struggle of values), given to irritability that could break through his iron mask of will. Though he was capable of tact (sometimes tact in the face of severe provocation), and even of occasional humor, he lacked the indefinable sense for "handling" men, the intuitive understanding of others, and, ultimately, perhaps, self-confidence. He was incapable of catching the public imagination. He could sometimes inspire devotion, but his enclosed personality sometimes made him seem "cold as a lizard," as Sam Houston put it. Houston also called him as "ambitious as Lucifer." Set a thief to catch a thief! Ambitious, with little doubt, Davis was, but in no such simple, though cunning, way as Houston himself. There are many kinds of ambition, ranging from the trivial vanity of strut and preen, with no relation to accomplishment, to that fuelling, depersonalizing devotion to an objective endeavor, the locale of which may be a poet's desk or a soldier's battlefield. And what are we to say about Lincoln, whose ambition, according to William Herndon, his law partner and intimate, "was a little engine that knew no rest," and who, Herndon also said, "had an idea that he was equal to, if not superior to, all things"? We can say that Lincoln's engine of ambition was drawn into a complex of depersonalizing values. And what of the ambition of that ambiguous hero of liberalism Justice Holmes? What are we to make of the letter of William James (to Henry) analyzing the character of that old friend of his youth—it was later that he became Justice—and describing him as "a powerful battery, formed like a planing machine to gouge a deep and self-beneficial groove through life"? In any case, not simple ambition or the desire for a self-beneficial groove through life, any more than naked energy, maintained Davis for the four gruelling years. Iron will, self-denial, self-discipline, devotion to principle were certainly there—and, it may be safely hazarded, his conception of honor. But we can ultimately only guess about Davis. The historian who called him the Sphinx of the Confederacy was right.

There is, however, the simple fact of age and health. Though Lincoln was less than a year young-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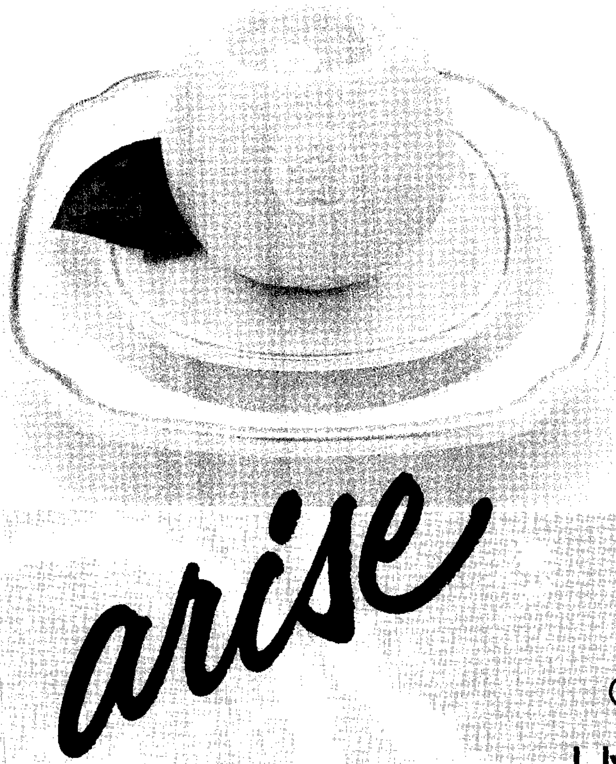

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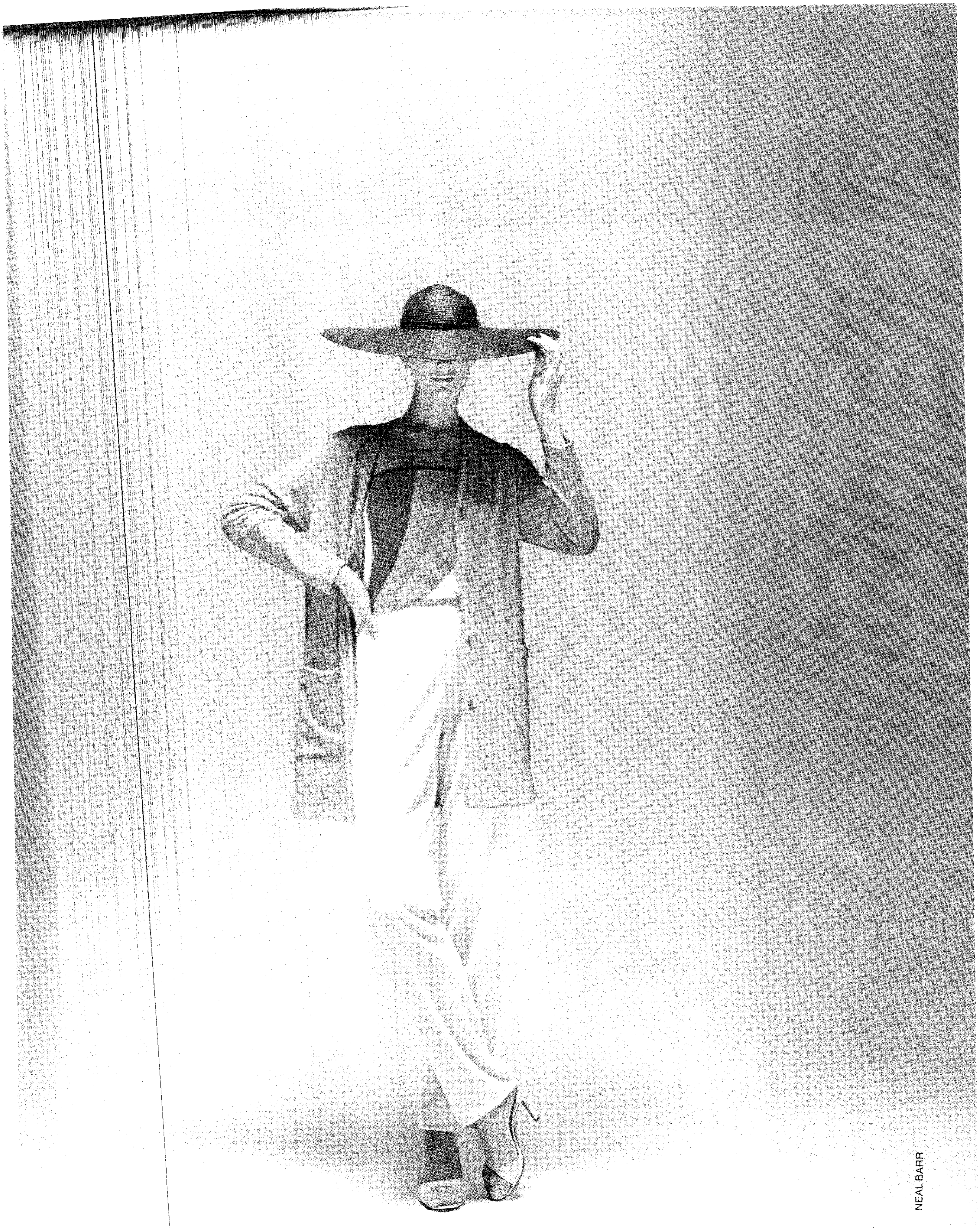

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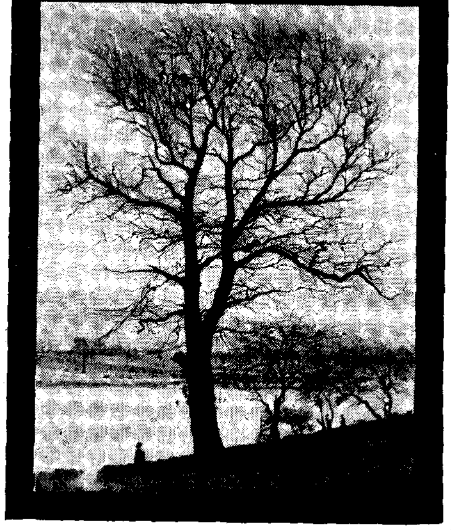

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er than Davis, his extraordinary physical strength and his health—no doubt conserved, in spite of his own dark moments of spirit, by patience, humor, and self-confidence—made him seem a generation younger. And this fact reminds one of another, more demonstrable fact. Grant was some fifteen years younger than Lee, and the significance of this fact has been emphasized by historians, who have compared the number of days lost from indisposition by the two commanders. In fact, during most of the war Lee was suffering from heart trouble, diagnosed as rheumatism until his death. As for Sherman, he was forty-one when the war began.

From the beginning, the North enjoyed obvious advantages, and Davis had to struggle against them. The disparity in population was tremendous; in addition, the North could draw on an almost inexhaustible reservoir of foreign recruits. At the very beginning of the war, General Winfield Scott had formulated the throttling "Anaconda" plan, which underlay later strategy, since a superior, more flexible military organization, allowing for variation and modification, could basically retain it. Although the largely improvised Confederate Navy and privateers did vast damage to Northern shipping, the control of inland waterways by gunboat, the capture of Southern ports, and the embargo, however imperfect, gave the North a tremendous edge. Agriculture in the North was already somewhat mechanized and was directed to food production. General education in the North was much superior, there was much greater acquaintance with mechanics, and business organization was more highly developed, as was the industrial plant. In 1864, in his annual message to Congress, Lincoln summed up the increased prosperity brought to the North by the Civil War: "It is of noteworthy interest that the steady expansion of population, improvement, and governmental institutions over the new and unoccupied portion of our country have scarcely been checked . . . that we have *more* men *now* than we had when the war *began;* that we are not exhausted, nor in process of exhaustion; that we are *gaining* strength. . . . Material resources are now more complete and abundant than ever." He mentioned, in passing, the construction of the Pacific railroad and the increasing exploitation of gold, silver, and mercury in the West. In other words, the North was getting richer from the war. Another important factor working for Lincoln was that in spite of his avowed racism (which may have contributed to his general popularity) he knew how to exploit the superior moral position of emancipation. And, most important, Lincoln, in the words of Alexander H. Stephens, the Vice-President of the Confederacy, raised the idea of the Union "to the sublimity of religious mysticism"—and managed to make himself the recognized embodiment of that mysticism.

The main idea that Davis was officially committed to defend (however much he may have vacillated on the issue for reasons of expediency) was the doctrine of states' rights. But this doctrine involved a suicidal paradox. In "Why the North Won the Civil War," Richard N. Current writes, "A Confederacy formed by particularist politicians could hardly be expected to adopt promptly those centralist policies . . . which victory demanded." The crucial doctrine left no way for Davis—certainly for a man of his temperament—to deal with such governors as Joseph Emerson Brown, of Georgia, and Zebulon Baird Vance, of North Carolina, who, for all practical purposes, were doctrinaire to the point of mania or treason in withholding men and supplies from the central government. In fact, as the first Confederate Secretary of War, Leroy Pope Walker, pointed out, in the early days of the war two hundred thousand volunteers could not be armed, because the doctrine of states' rights allowed individual states to withhold equipment. Frank L. Owsley, in "State Rights in the Confederacy," summed up the paradox when he wrote that the epitaph on the tombstone of the incipient nation should have read "Died of State Rights."

Davis and the South also faced other problems involving paradox. The great Confederate hope for recognition abroad lay in the power of King Cotton. The South assumed that British mills had to have cotton, and Yankee shipping as well as Yankee mills had to have it. But the gamble on cotton backfired. France was sympathetic but would not act without England. The British, though they were divided in their sympathies (with even the liberal Gladstone at one time, ironically, sympathetic to the Confederate cause), quickly found that the war was God's blessing to them. First, there was no immediate pressure on them, because they had a good store of cotton on hand, and soon there began to be cotton from India. Second, the seas were being swept of their great rival, the large and expertly designed American merchant marine (the Confederate privateers and their effects on shipping-insurance rates ably abetting Divine Providence). Third, the munitions business—the British dealt with both sides—was a true bonanza. There was indeed strong sentiment against slavery, but the British millworkers' love of freedom has apparently been overadvertised, and many a millworker would apparently swell a demonstration on one side one day (for a fee, of course) and swell an opposing one the next day—grayback or Yankee, who cared. Anyway, the millworker could not vote, and those who ran the country were in no mood to strangle their own prosperity. Besides, if the Confederacy should be recognized, war with the United States would be almost inevitable (Lincoln and William Henry Seward, his Secretary of State, could be very tough in their dealings with the Court of St. James's), and Canada might well be lost.

It is true that in France as well as in England there was strong sentiment against slavery, but when the idea of offering emancipation as a bribe for recognition was finally beginning to be put forward in the Confederacy it was too late to be of any use, besides striking paradoxically at a necessary, if not sufficient, reason for the war: slavery. And a parallel instance appeared when the idea of enlisting blacks for Confederate armies (with the implied promise of freedom) was successfully brought forward—a paradox best formulated by the politician Howell Cobb, of Georgia, who opposed the idea: "If slaves will make good soldiers, our whole theory of slavery is wrong." Actually, some blacks were enlisted and wore the gray, but only toward the end of the war.

So, with states' rights obviously bringing on disaster, King Cotton dethroned, and blacks wearing Confederate gray, little was left of the ideas that had made the Confederacy—only secession, in fact. But with the armies of Sherman and Grant closing in and defeatism stalking the land, what would become of that notion—a notion that for many eminent Southerners, including Davis and Lee, had been from the first dubious or rueful? Merely some notion of Southern identity remained, however hazy or fuddled; it was not until after Appomattox that the conception of Southern identity truly bloomed—a mystical conception, vague but bright, floating high

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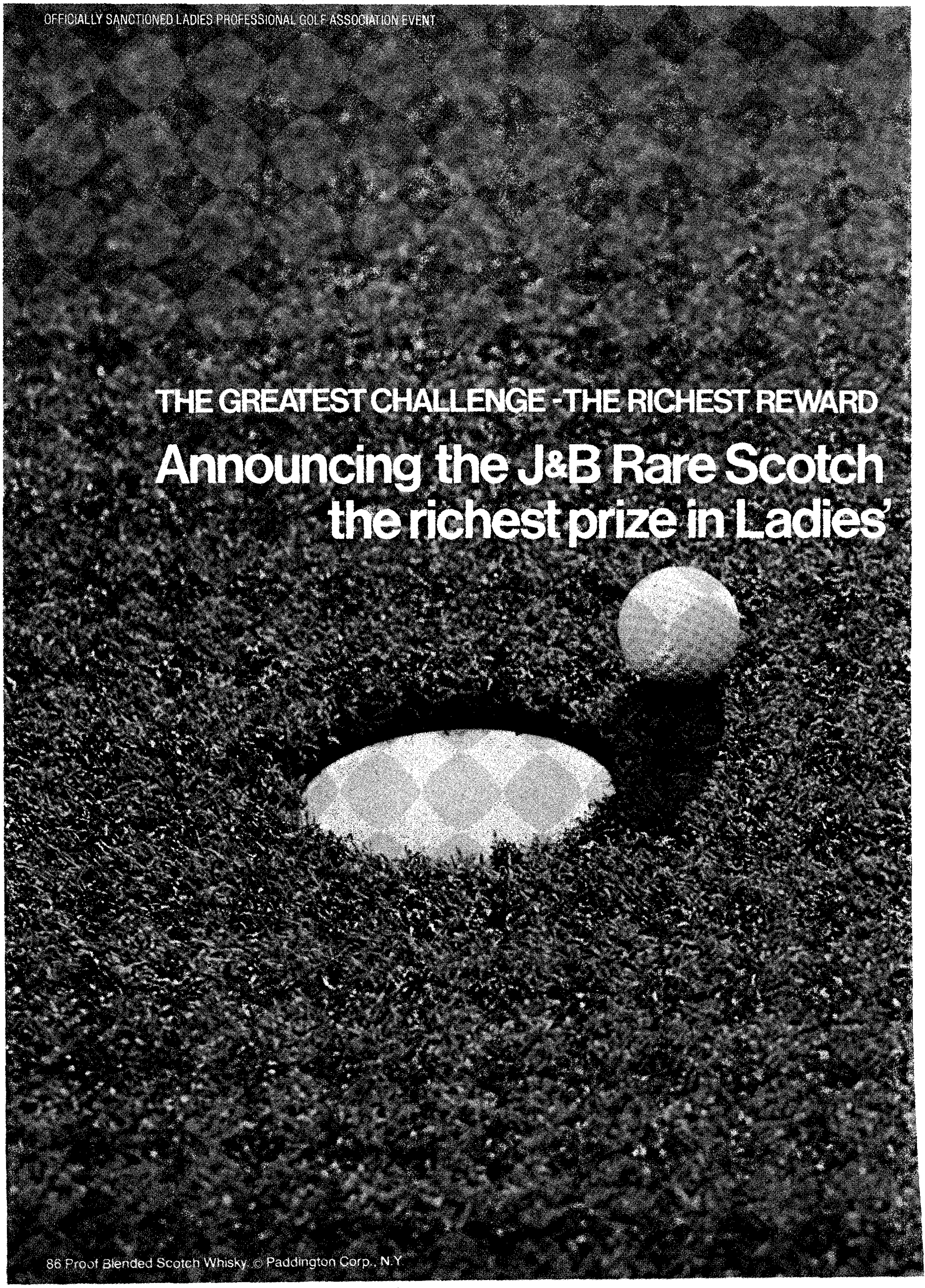OFFICIALLY SANCTIONED LADIES PROFESSIONAL GOLF ASSOCIATION EVENT

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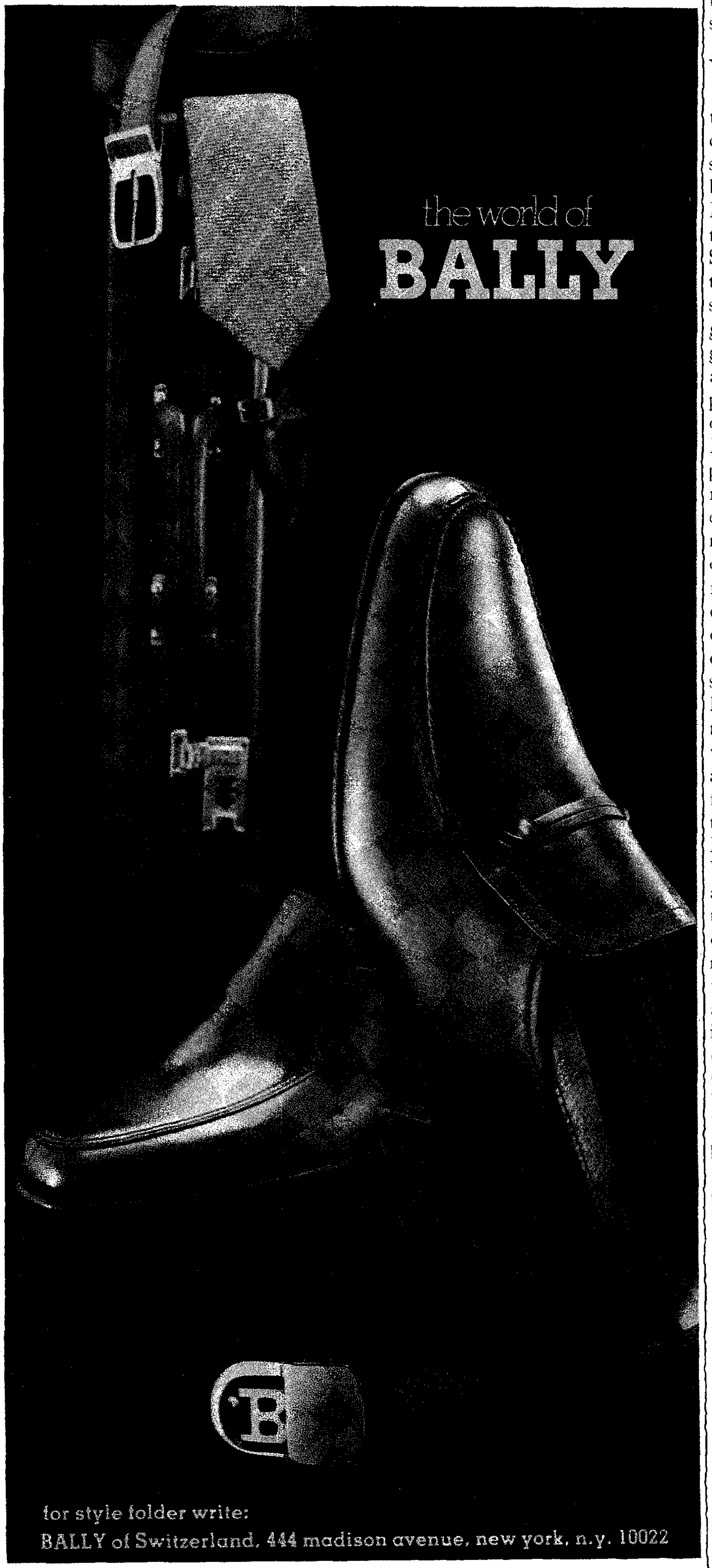

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beyond the criticism of brutal circumstances.

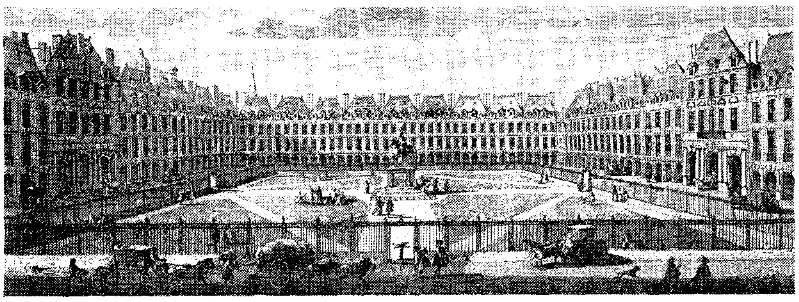
WHAT should Davis have done? He might have insisted on a military reorganization to remedy the cumbersomeness of the departmental system, under which large-scale flexible planning was not readily feasible. Perhaps some action might have been taken—in the face of intransigent Southern personalities and principles—to connect the fatally unconnected rail systems (some even had different gauges of rails), in order to exploit the geographical advantage of interior lines and to distribute food and military supplies where they were needed instead of letting rifles rust and food rot. Perhaps more attention to internal problems, to questions of finance, and, more important, to morale. Perhaps, even with the departmental system, more attention to the crucial West, especially to Vicksburg. Perhaps less favoritism, especially to West Point commanders. Perhaps a change in the conscription law that made the owner of twenty slaves exempt from military service—a change that would at least have defanged the poisonous witticism that the bloodshed was "a rich man's war and a pore man's fight." Perhaps a capital farther away than Richmond from the frontier (Montgomery, say), to free Southern forces for maneuver. Perhaps the risk of a pursuit into Washington itself on the heels of an army in panic and total disorder after the First Battle of Manassas. In any case, an abandonment of the policy of maintaining a defensive posture and waiting for European recognition, and an assumption of greater and more immediate military initiative—as Robert Toombs, Secretary of State of the Confederacy in 1861, and later a brigadier general, had urged from the beginning. But each of these proposals presented difficulties.

Davis was what he was, and he was caught in the complications of the world he lived in—a world in which virtues could sometimes turn into liabilities. One way to approach the question of the suitability of Davis as a war President is to ask who among those available in 1861 would have made a better President.

By and large, underlying many of the particular problems were fundamental difficulties built into the very nature of the Confederacy. It can even be argued that the factor underlying all other factors was a state of mind that existed in the North but not in the South. Though the Northern philosophy was unformulated, we can recognize it in the context of thought that led William James, in the end, to his doctrine of pragmatism. This was the state of mind that saw history not in terms of abstract, fixed principles but as a wavering flow of shifting values and contingencies, each to be confronted on the terms of its context. Both Calhoun and Davis (with thousands of others) saw the Constitution as equivalent to the tablets that Moses delivered from Sinai, in contrast to Lincoln, who apparently regarded it in some such evolutionary sense as that of Justice Holmes when Holmes wrote of the development of law.

This Northern bias toward experience was definitely related to the successful conduct of the war. To begin with, once Lincoln had passed the early period of inaction he had no compunction about brushing aside legal technicalities. Without a shadow of legal justification, he had hordes of Northern citizens seized on the merest suspicion, or the slightest and most prejudiced hearsay, and held them incommunicado, ignoring the right of habeas corpus and the Supreme Court. In the same spirit, he ordered telegraph offices raided en masse for copies of messages, and, with no shadow of legal authority, he reached into the Treasury for what sums he deemed requisite. Lincoln did make a sort of bow to the Constitution by implying that in violating it he was saving it. (It may be recalled that early in life he had replaced the Deity with his own notion of evolution in nature and man.) Lincoln had proclaimed, at Cooper Union, on February 27, 1860, that "right makes might," and certainly, except in his darkest and most skeptical meditations, he would not have agreed with Justice Holmes's pragmatic avowal that the "good" is what results from "*force majeure*," and that every society "rests on the death of men." But he obviously did believe that society could rest on the illegal jailing of men, and that law and the Constitution depended ultimately on need, preference, and cold-blooded power.

More than a contrast between Lincoln and Davis is involved. The contrast lay in the two societies—one embracing antique values, the other in the process of developing new ones. To take a small but symbolic military matter, the Confederate notion of leadership was to lead—personally. At Gettysburg, for instance, Brigadier General William Barksdale swept over the battery at the Peach Orchard well ahead of his men, and—hatless, white hair flying, sword pointing up Cemetery Ridge—continued to lead until



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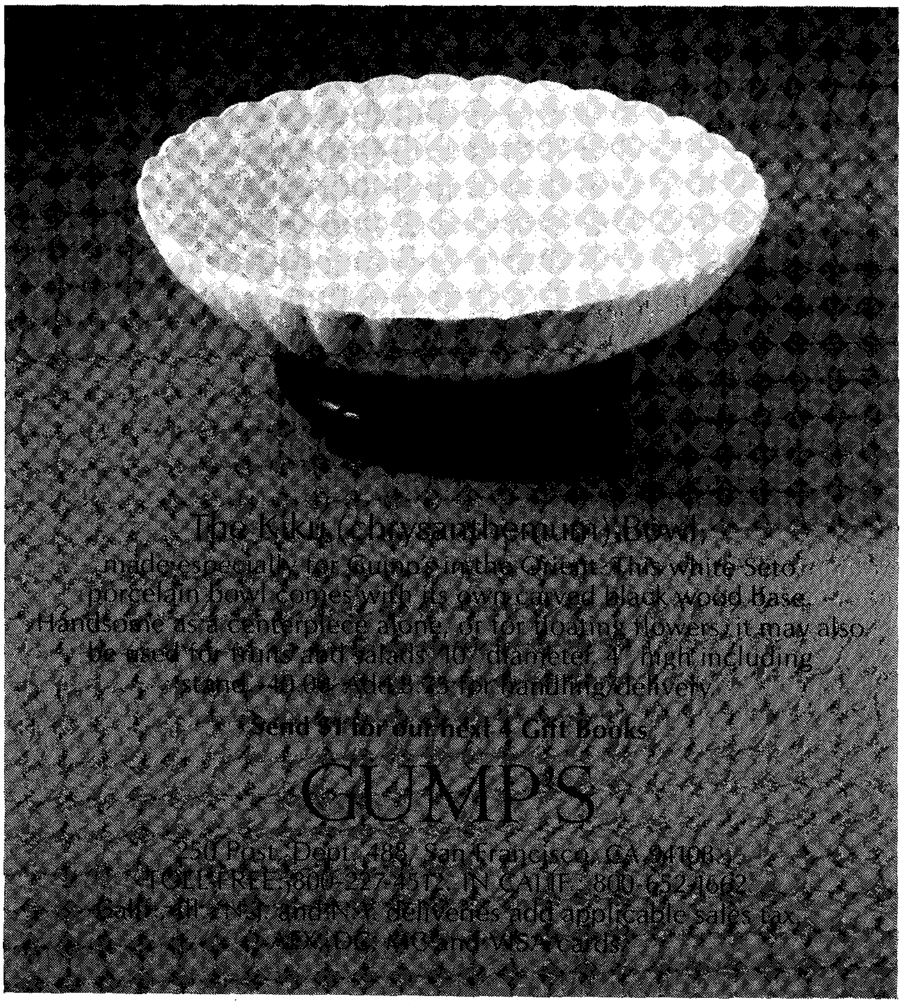

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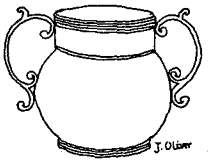
his conspicuous valor invited a Union officer to detail a whole company of *riflemen to get that man.* Forrest is not a perfect example, for he rose from private to general, but, *main à main*, he slew twenty-nine adversaries in his lifetime and had thirty horses shot from under him—three at Fort Pillow alone. This is not to say that when occasion demanded, Federal officers, too, did not coolly expose themselves to enemy fire—Grant, for example, at Vicksburg—but the code was very different. The outmoded chivalric gesture, according to Douglas Southall Freeman's analysis, seriously reduced the numbers of the Confederate officer corps.



An even more fundamental contrast between the antagonists lay in their views of the nature of war. It is true that at the beginning men of influence on both sides tended to accept the old-fashioned notion of chivalric war. At Fort Sumter, throngs of Southern onlookers cheered when, after a pause that suggested surrender, Robert Anderson's defending guns again answered the overwhelming bombardment; and when surrender finally occurred Anderson was presented with the shot-torn flag as a trophy—which he said he would treasure to become his shroud. And when the boat brought him from Sumter to the dock, the Southern spectators received him with the respect due a hero. Another instance, more theoretical, appears in General George B. McClellan's early statement that his philosophy forbade war on civilians and the confiscation of property. When General George Gordon Meade—long before he was victor at Gettysburg—was ordered to seize the property of a Confederate sympathizer, he held that the North should behave like "the afflicted parent who is compelled to chasten his erring child and who performs his duty with a sad heart." And, later, the gallant young Colonel Robert Gould Shaw—who eventually died vainly leading his black regiment up the shifting sands on the slopes of Fort Wagner, at Charleston—wrote his wife that if he should be executed for insubordination it would be because *he could not again follow such an order* as he had recently followed: to destroy "the unoffending little town of Darien, Georgia."

But General Quincy Gillmore, unable to subdue the forts at Charleston, was moved by no such chivalry. One of the new breed, he set up a great gun in the swamps outside the city—the Swamp Angel, it was called, and its name became the title of a poem by Melville—which, with shells of the fiercely inflammatory Greek fire, carried war to the civilian population. It was just as well for Colonel Shaw that the duty had not been assigned to him.

Sherman is, of course, the most widely advertised of the new men—the inventors of total war. In the beginning, he was not "modern," but he ruthlessly followed the logic of experience to the concept that we now accept as normal. The enemy is not only a "hostile army" but a "hostile people." Terror, Sherman said, is a "weapon," and "war is not popularity-seeking." There is a straight line of logic leading from Sherman's theory to Coventry, buzz bombs on London, the Dresden fire raid, the Tokyo fire raid, and Hiroshima. War was hell, and Sherman strove to make it so, but once the logical end was accomplished he could write that the suffering of the South was "beyond comprehension."

As for Grant, he was a modern man, too, and not only in his later worship of wealth, fat cigars, and big businessmen. Though he flinched from the sight of blood and could eat only overdone meat (and then only the meat of large animals), he learned to become "Grant the butcher." Once face to face with Lee, unconquerable at the chessboard of war, he fought a war of swap-out, knowing that only the balance sheet of blood could insure victory. He had an incalculable amount of blood to swap. And, to make certain that the swap system worked to the utmost, he refused after a battle any truce for the burial of the dead and the succor of the wounded. By the same token, he refused exchanges of prisoners; his theory was that a man could as well serve his country starving in Andersonville as standing in the battle line. Unremitting pressure, at any cost, was the policy of a man who loathed the sight of blood but had come face to face with reality. He was purely logical, and after the war he stated the theory he had developed: "The art of war is simple enough. Find out where your enemy is. Get at him as soon as you can. Strike him as hard as you can, and keep moving." A perfect theory, if you can pay what the then soldier (later Justice) Holmes called, in a letter to his father, "the butcher's bill." And there was one more factor, of a different order, that made Grant a "modern" man in his military attitude: as T. Harry Williams has pointed out, Grant developed the relationship between military thinking and political

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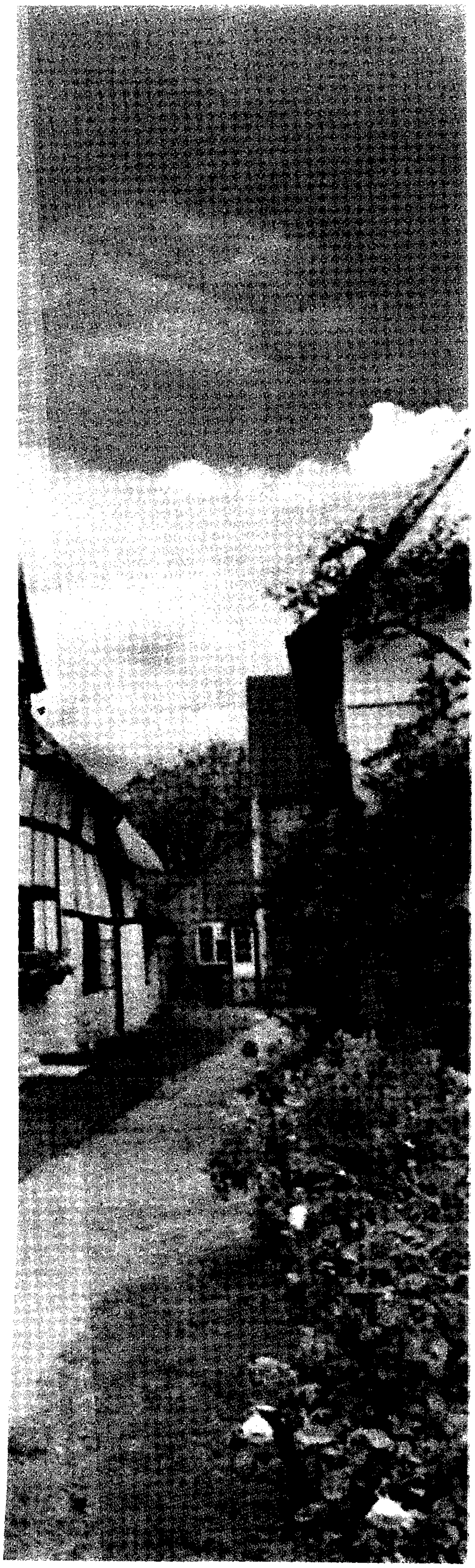

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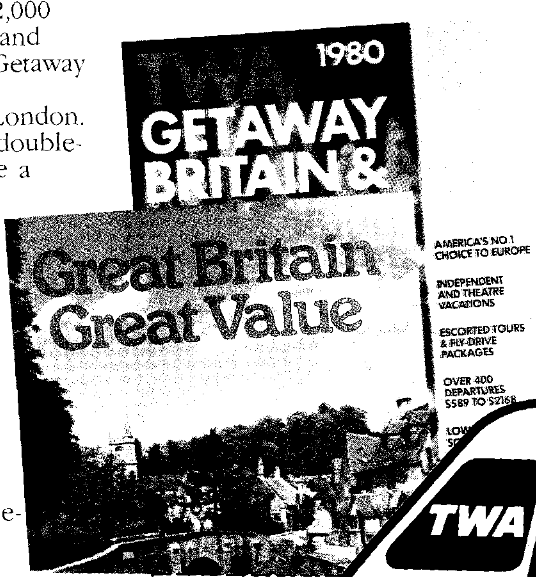
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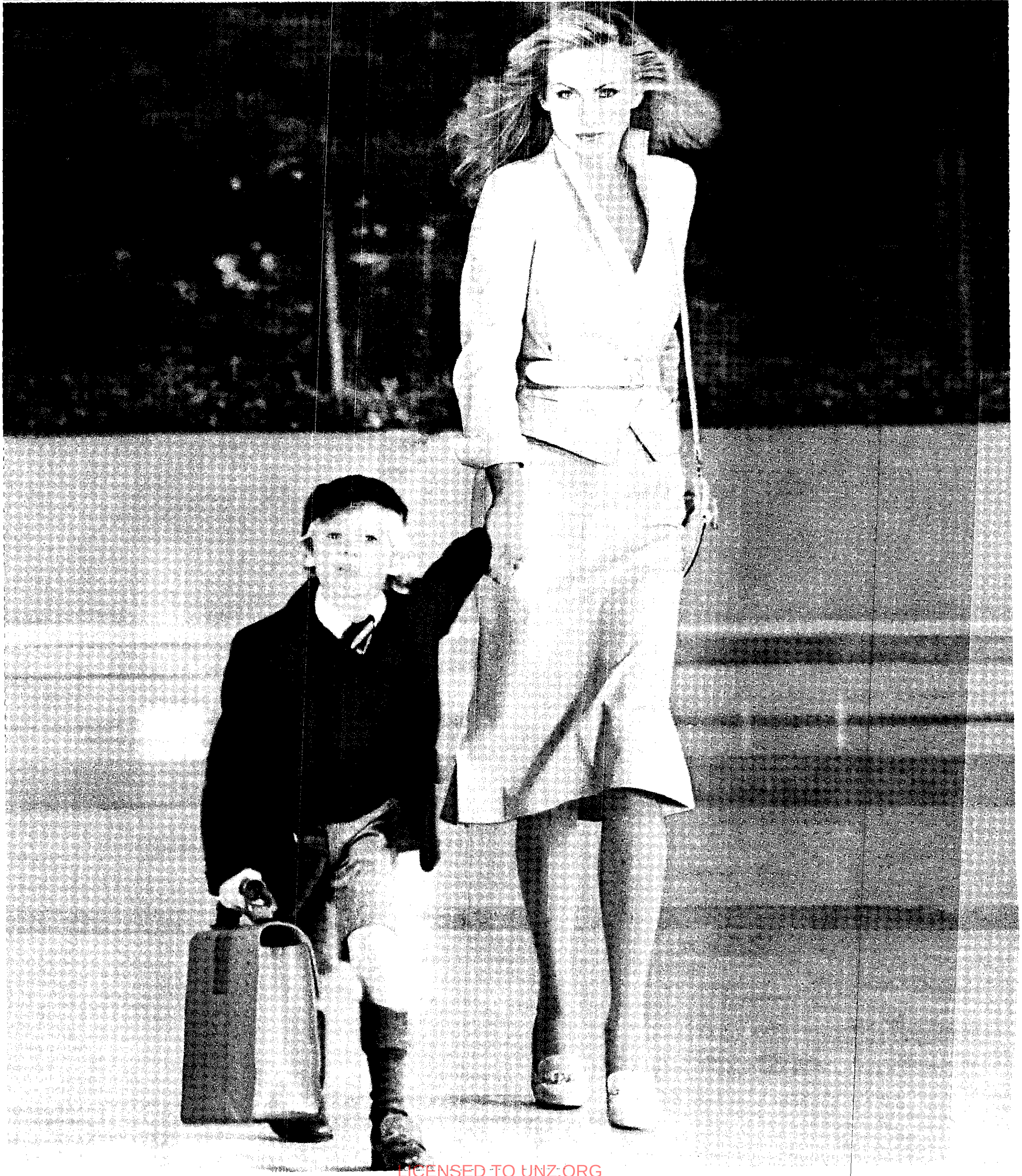

thinking. He and Lincoln understood each other.

Poor Davis—he was not a modern man in any sense of the word but a conservative called to manage what was, in one sense, a revolution. Honor, perhaps, more than victory, was, in the midst of ill fortune, ineptitudes, and even stupidities, his guiding star, as it may have been that of Lee, Richard Taylor, and others who, though they may never have believed in victory, put their state loyalty first.

WARS tend to be iffy. And there were undoubtedly ifs in the Civil War—historians are still engaged with them. But the modern men won, and from that moment all the ifs disappeared. Toward midnight on April 2, 1865, Davis and his government abandoned Richmond to flee southward. Lincoln came upriver to view the blackened ruins of Richmond. Senator Charles Sumner, of Massachusetts, who was with a second party of Union dignitaries, appropriated the ivory gavel of the Confederate Senate. Returning to Washington, in a distinguished company that included the Marquis de Chambrun, Lincoln could see from shipboard the birthplace of Washington and of Lee—a symbolic panorama of the old nation that had died in 1861—and then felt an impulse to read Shakespeare to the party and to himself. Thus occurred the unforgettable moment that seemed to sum up his earlier succession of direfully predictive dreams in one passage:

> Duncan is in his grave;
> After life's fitful fever he sleeps well. . . .

He read on, to the end:

> Nothing
> Can touch him further.

He paused, and then repeated the passage. The ensuing silence was broken by his wife, who seems to have had an inimitable gift for the irrelevant. She firmly declared that Jefferson Davis ought to be hanged. Lincoln replied, "Judge not that ye be not judged"—a remark that he had earlier had occasion to make to the same statement, from another trivially patriotic mouth, and was to make again.

Appomattox came. Lincoln had a recurrence of an old dream of being on a strange kind of vessel floating to a mystic shore, and recounted it to Gideon Welles, the Secretary of the Navy—presumably because he was handy, not simply because it fell into his department. Lincoln attended "Our American Cousin" at Ford's Theatre and finally reached the mystic shore, dying on April 15th, and leaving Vice-President Andrew Johnson, his successor, full of gall from his deprived childhood and hatred of the likes of Davis, to put a reward of a hundred thousand dollars on the head of the Confederate President as accessory to murder.

Davis, with fewer and fewer companions, continued his flight. Heading west to cross the Mississippi and continue the war from Texas, his little party stopped for the night in South Georgia, where, near Irwinville, on May 10, 1865, they were captured by a hog-lucky detachment of federal cavalry. And there, with Davis wearing a shawl that his wife had thrown about his shoulders, began the myth that he had tried to escape in women's clothes—an episode that, staged as a comic skit, was to enrich P. T. Barnum and flatter the hearts of patriots. Barnum omitted the looting of the Davis baggage by heroes hunting for the remains of the Confederate Treasury which Davis was supposed to have made off with, and the sight of troopers in blue gobbling the meagre breakfast prepared for the Davis children. Davis is reported to have said to the colonel who had taken him, "The worst of all is that I should be captured by a band of thieves and scoundrels." Though they found no treasure, the thieves and scoundrels were now prosperous: there was the Presidential reward to be divided.

On May 22nd, Davis was in Virginia's Fortress Monroe—"that living tomb," as it was called by the New York *Herald*, which continued, not omitting to gloat over the libel of women's dress: "No more will Jeff Davis be known among the masses of men. . . . His life has been a cheat. His last free act was an effort to unsex himself, and deceive the world. He keeps the character, we may say, in death, and is buried alive." His cell was a specially prepared casemate of the fortress, with the water, at high tide, coming almost to the sill of the barred window. Within a grated door, two armed sentries were stationed, with two others just outside, and in that outer room an officer under orders to inspect the captive every quarter hour. The outer room was, in turn, secured by an outside lock, the key in the hands of the commanding officer of the guard, and the locked door under the immediate guard of two more sentries. Sentries, closely stationed, guarded all approaches to the region of the casemate, and there were similar sentry

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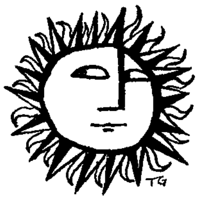
lines on the outside parapet and directly across on the glacis of the moat. A guardroom was established to each side of the prisoner's casemate, in which a lamp burned perpetually.

There Davis awaited the will of three men: President Johnson, Secretary of War Edwin M. Stanton, and General Nelson A. Miles, who commanded the fortress. As for the first, Johnson, illiterate until after his marriage, had not only a hatred of the class to which Davis had ascended but a personal resentment against Davis, who he felt had once insulted him in the Senate by a reference to tailors, Johnson having been a tailor before entering politics. To make matters worse, at the formal celebration in Washington when Richmond fell (Lincoln already on his visit there), Johnson, as Vice-President, on the speakers' platform, answered a patriotic voice from the crowd that yelled for the hanging of Jeff Davis by bursting out, "Yes, I say hang him twenty times!" He *would*, he added, hang them all. Secretary Stanton had been the presence behind the medievally brutal tortures of the as yet unconvicted accused at the trial after Lincoln's death—a legal procedure that remains a blot on American history.

Stanton now expected, apparently, to try Davis in the same fashion. General Miles had risen, with four wounds in action, from captain to major general of volunteers. The wounds had helped, no doubt, but Miles had learned that valor and merit could be supplemented by skillful respect for and connivance with authority. Stanton's department had directed that the prisoner should be put in irons if Miles thought it necessary. Miles immediately took the subtle suggestion. The ascent even of merit can be greased, and he was to become Major General Miles of the regular Army; a little later, he married a niece of Sherman; eventually, he became commander-in-chief of the Army, following such stars as Grant, Sherman, and Sheridan; he died at a circus performance and, to complete the comedy, was buried in a hero's tomb at Arlington.

A slight difficulty was encountered, however, in the fettering of Davis. A captain entered the casemate, followed by two men holding a length of chain with shackles. There is some discrepancy in reports of the ensuing dialogue, but the captain later wrote a letter concerning the event. Upon Davis's asking if he was to be shackled, the captain replied that such were his orders. Davis said, "Those are orders for a slave, and no man with a soul in him would obey such orders." Upon the captain's reiteration of his orders, Davis said, "I shall never submit to such an indignity." When a demand to see General Miles was refused, Davis said, "Let your men shoot me at once." In the end, it took four men to overpower the prisoner and flatten him on his cot for the fettering. Like Black Hawk, years earlier, Davis evidently preferred death to dishonor, but neither man was allowed the option.

Secretary Stanton was having his way. What Lincoln's way would have been is suggested by his answer, toward the end of the war, to a question about what fate awaited Davis. Lincoln began the tale of an Irishman who had signed the temperance pledge but later wondered if any harm would be done if he happened to take on a couple "unbeknownst to himself." Then, no doubt after a pause, Lincoln wondered what harm would be done if Davis slipped out of the country "unbeknownst" to him.



The torments went on—chiefly the ever-lighted lamp and the never-ending tread of the guard, which forbade sleep. The tale of the shackling was grist for the journalistic mill, but some resentment on the part of readers began to replace applause. Meanwhile, the one person of humane instincts with whom Davis came into contact was the prison doctor, John C. Craven, whose duty was presumably to preserve life in the body for the further torture of a military trial. Dr. Craven, who later wrote a book on Davis, saw the shackles as nothing but a danger to the survival of his charge, and as a result of his intervention—as well as some backfire from public opinion—they were removed after five days. Craven saw that the allaying of "cerebral excitement" was the first thing to consider in the condition of his patient, and when Craven found that a guard had laid claim to Davis's pipe as a souvenir he provided pipe and tobacco. But Craven had trouble procuring changes of clothing for Davis at proper intervals—a fact that he regarded for Davis as "unmerited insult heaped on helplessness"—and with difficulty got him heavy underwear and a coat for winter. Only after a long period could he procure proper facilities and, finally, a change of quarters for the prisoner, who suffered from the dampness of the moat. Davis's blind eye—blind for years now—prompted him, according to Craven's account, to reach back into his memory for Milton:

> Oh dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon;
> Irrevocably dark, total eclipse without the hope of day.

And:

> Yet I argue not
> Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
> Of heart or hope: but still bear up and steer
> Right onward.

It was just as well that Davis, in the lonely years of reading and study, had stocked his mind, and could find his heart spoken for him in lines like Milton's, for he was allowed no books (except the Prayer Book and the Bible) and, of course, no newspapers. Craven wrote that "except for the purpose of petty torture there could be no color of reason for withholding" such items. But the greatest torture of all was the denial of communication between the prisoner and members of his family, who were now forbidden to leave Savannah, where they were friendless, but where Varina did her best, by correspondence, to excite a sense of justice for her husband. Meanwhile, bad health, especially erysipelas, weakened Davis—illness brought on chiefly, Dr. Craven reported, by the fear that he might die "without opportunity of rebutting in public trial" the charge of conspiracy to assassinate Lincoln. The will of Davis, his self-control, piety, generosity of spirit, and refusal to blame others won Craven's admiration and heart. "Mr. Davis is remarkable for the kindliness of his nature and fidelity to friends," he wrote. Elsewhere, he wrote that "there were moments . . . in which Mr. Davis impressed me more than any professor of Christianity I had ever heard." And "Let me here remark that, despite a certain exterior cynicism of manner, no patient has ever crossed my path who, suffering so much himself, appeared to feel so warmly and tenderly for others."

Over this period hung the grim image of what the farcical military trial and accompanying tortures for the plotters (and others) of Lincoln's assassination had been. But the pendulum had begun to swing back. The London *Times* had come out for clemency, not because of sympathy for Davis but for the sake of the American Union. And as the state of affairs at Fortress Monroe became better known, and the early public approval began to fade, influential Northern lawyers, no seces-

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sionists but honest men devoted to the cause of law and justice—including Charles O'Conor, a nationally recognized ornament of the bar—began scrupulously to study the case. O'Conor wrote a letter to Davis, which did not reach the hands of the addressee until it had passed through those of General Miles, who, still eager to please, consulted higher authority before giving Davis permission to reply. All sorts of difficulties were made; O'Conor and others of repute were refused admittance to Davis (who, having no newspapers, could know nothing of what was going on). But meanwhile an irremediable split had now occurred between the vengeful President and the Republicans. For instance, even Representative Thaddeus Stevens, an advocate of stern Reconstruction policies, offered—no doubt for political purposes of his own—to become one of the defenders of Davis.

To complicate matters, Chief Justice Salmon P. Chase, a well-known opponent of slavery, had declared that to try Davis for treason would be to condemn the North publicly, for by the Constitution itself, he said, secession was not treason. This would mean that the vindictive government would risk having the Supreme Court declare that the victors had waged war illegally. Worse was to come. When the easy way out seemed to be for a number of prominent men to support a petition to get Davis a pardon, which, if granted, would get the President and others off the hook, Davis was determined to let them hang there. To ask for a pardon was, he said, an admission of guilt, and he refused to put his name to the document. The trial was what he wanted, and the outcome of the trial seemed ever more certain as his indefatigable defenders found evidence of the government's intention to try to connect Davis with poor Henry Wirz, the commandant of Andersonville prison, who was executed under the accusation of having starved his prisoners. The intention to connect Davis with Wirz was based on hope and delusion. (The defenders had already carefully considered all possible evidence on this point.)

In spite of discomfiture, the government continued its tough policy, and forbade conferences between Davis and counsel, at the same time trying to agitate the old question of the embezzlement of the remains of the Confederate Treasury. And, in a last act of desperation, the private correspondence of the lawyers supporting Davis was seized and tampered with. Yet the idea of a military trial ap-

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peared more and more dangerous from the political point of view.

All this time, the light in the cell was kept burning, and Mrs. Davis, without formal accusation of any kind, was held prisoner within the limits of Savannah, and not even allowed to visit Augusta, where she might have had the comfort of family. In addition, she had to endure the humiliation of seeing published extracts ("garbled," according to her account) of letters to and from her husband found in their baggage by the original hunters for the Confederate treasure. By August of 1865, however, she had been allowed to go to New York, and had been welcomed there by George Shea, the first lawyer to undertake her husband's defense. Clearly, the atmosphere was, under new influences, changing. Davis was allowed to receive the Confederate General J. Brown Gordon, who later said, from a public platform, that he had seen Davis in victory at the First Manassas and that "the vicarious sufferer" for his people locked in Fortress Monroe "was greater and grander still in the hour of his deepest humiliation."

The confusion in government circles was indicated by the fact that in May of 1866 an indictment was handed up against Davis in the Circuit Court of Norfolk. (Originally, Lee was also to have been indicted, but Grant protested that Lee was protected by the parole Grant had received.) The government seemed to have forgotten that a trial was exactly what Davis and his lawyers most wanted. Then, mysteriously, the record of the indictment was lost.

Later that month, Mrs. Davis succeeded in gaining an interview with President Johnson, whose mendacity and evasiveness reached monumental heights, and who, grasping at a straw, himself suggested that all would be solved if Davis would only ask for a pardon. The answer was predictable. Chief Justice Chase, who had originally advised against futile prosecution for treason, accepted a suggestion that Davis might get bail by having some such important person as Horace Greeley—an enemy turned friend for the sake of justice, he was already a stout defender of Davis—sign the bail bond. Mrs. Davis presented the case to Greeley, who not only agreed to sign the bond but eloquently fought, through his paper, for an immediate trial.

In the meantime, the rigors of prison had been relaxed (General Miles was assigned to another post), but the whole affair seemed again bogged down in political considerations and

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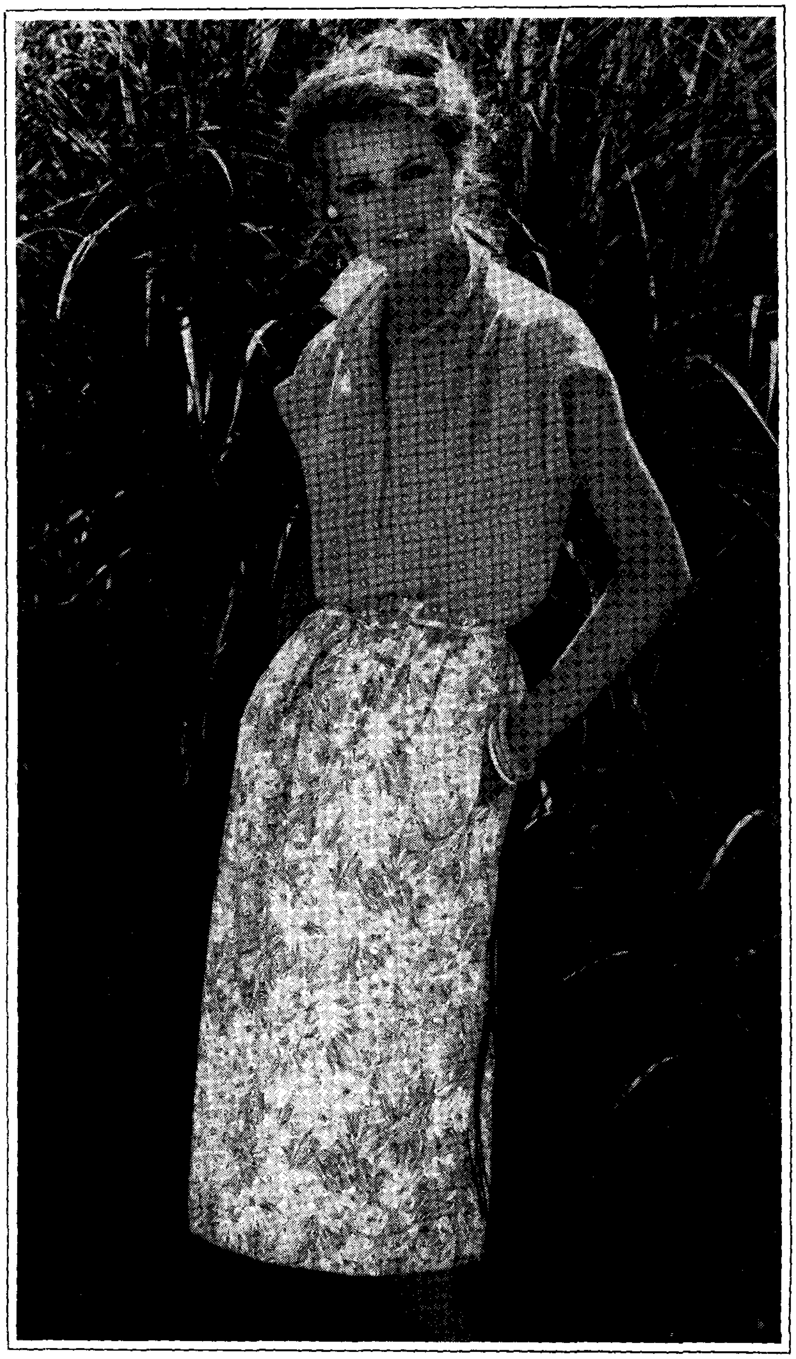

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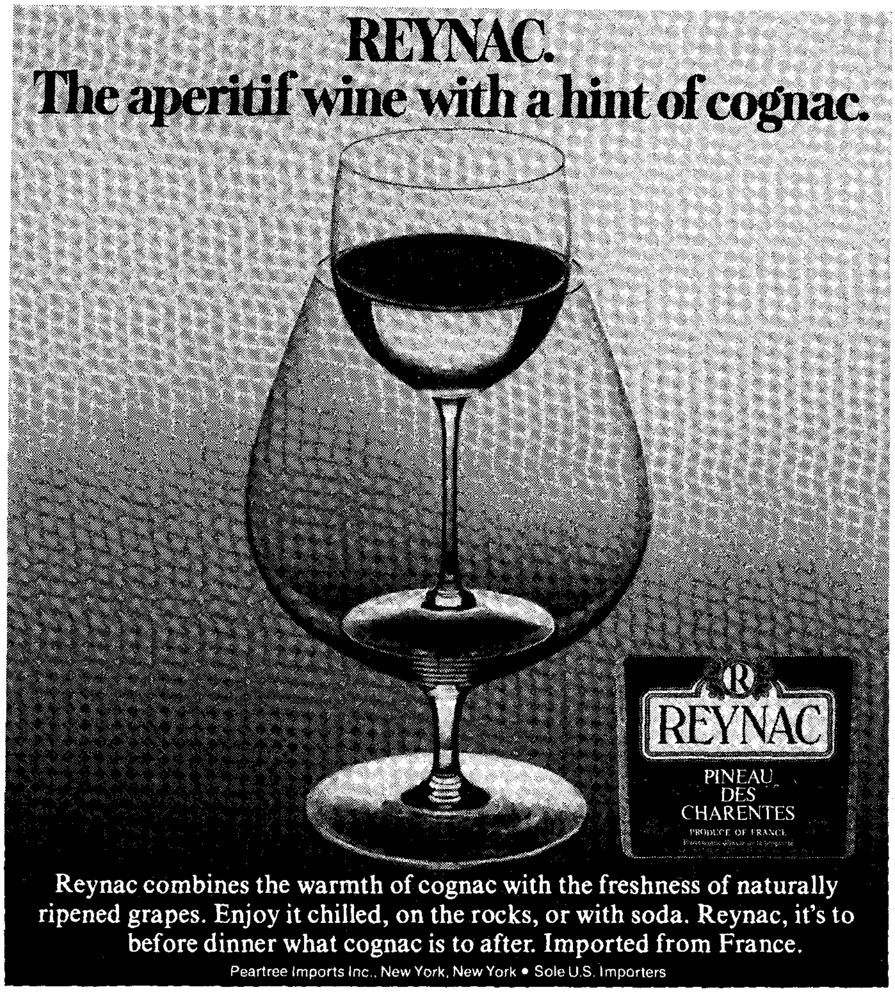

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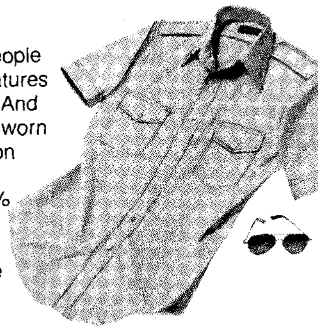

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incompetence—or subject to undefinable forces. In the end, however, under the various pressures that had been accumulating, the District Court in Richmond issued a writ of habeas corpus directing the commandant of Fortress Monroe to "present the body" of the accused. On May 12, 1867, in Richmond, Mr. and Mrs. Davis occupied the same rooms at the Spotswood Hotel as on his arrival as President of the Confederate States of America. The next day, after William M. Evarts, soon to be the Attorney General of the United States, had announced that the case was not to be raised at "the present term," a bail bond was signed by ten men, including Horace Greeley, Cornelius Vanderbilt (by proxy), and—most fantastic of all—Gerrit Smith. Smith, an ardent abolitionist and one of the Secret Six who had backed John Brown for the raid on Harpers Ferry, later wrote, concerning his present motives: "I have ever held that a sufficient reason why we should not punish the conquered South is that the North was quite as responsible as the South for the chief cause of the war . . . the mercenary North coolly reckoned the political, commercial, and ecclesiastical profits of slavery, and held to it."

DAVIS had come out of the war with popularity diminished almost to the vanishing point, but when, free on bail, he emerged from the courthouse in Richmond, the rebel yell burst forth for the first time since the last few Southern bayonets had glittered in a futile charge. Back at the apartment in the Spotswood Hotel, Davis, his wife, and Dr. Charles Francis Minnegerode, his rector, retired into an inner room and knelt in prayer.

The general situation in which Davis found himself was anomalous. He had been freed on bail by a civil court, with the implication, warranted by the President and the Chief Justice, that the law of peace prevailed. But Congress maintained that the South was still legally in a state of rebellion. Not able to pursue the hope of occupying a useful position in his own land while the indictment stood, and pursued, as he wrote, by "a spirit of vengeful persecution," Davis still held his ground in refusing to consider any plan that involved the application for a pardon. His attitude was clearly stated by James Redpath—the same James Redpath who had been an ardent abolitionist in "Bleeding Kansas," who, as a daring reporter, had sought out and interviewed John Brown in his hide-

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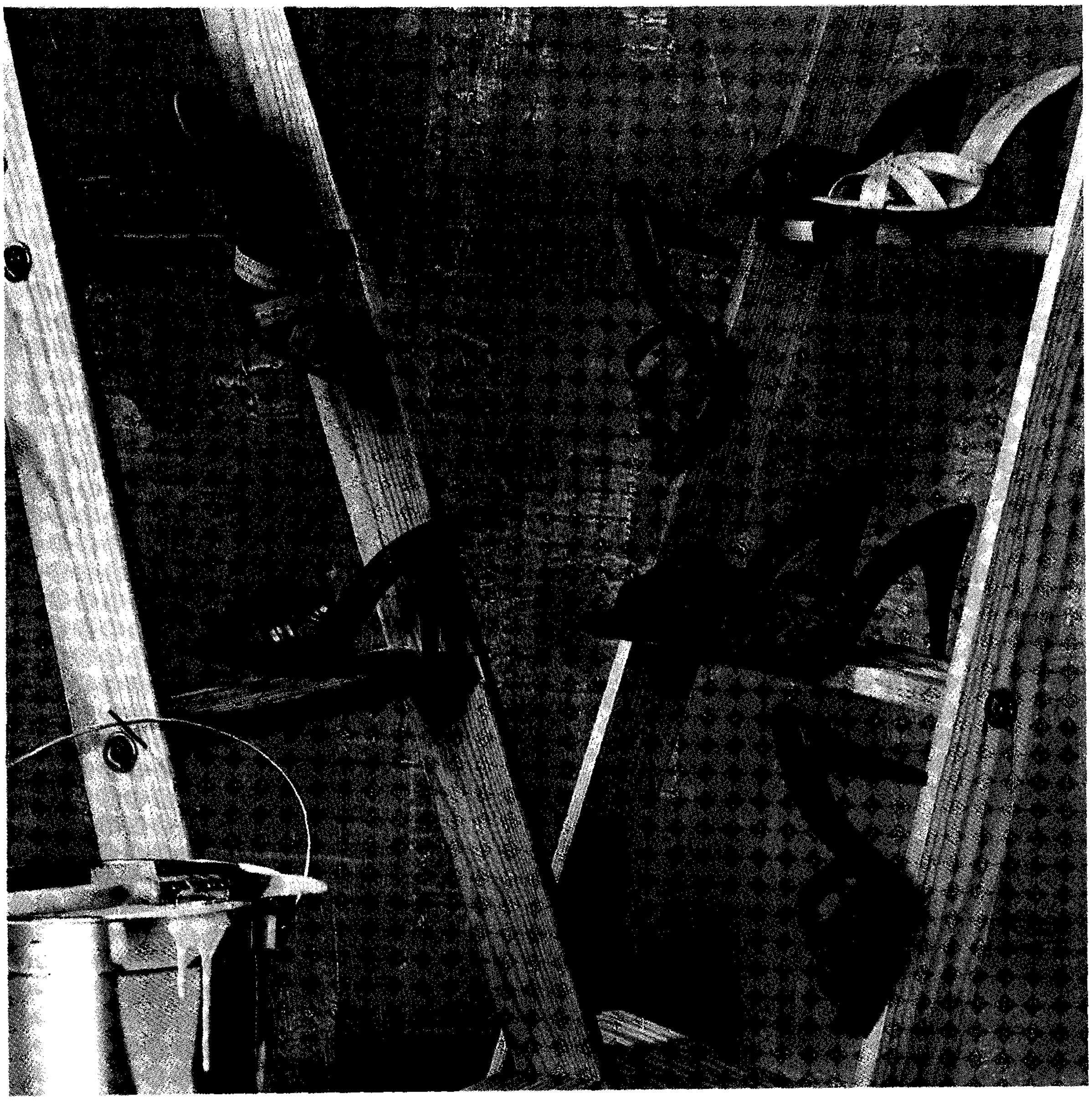

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Because of his legal situation, Davis had refused the presidency of Randolph-Macon College, as he had refused offers amounting to charity. His lawyers suggested that he travel abroad and investigate business connections, but Canada, England, and France provided no openings, in spite of the fact that, especially in England, Davis was received with hospitality in certain aristocratic circles—a hospitality of which he could not avail himself, because his wife's pride would not allow her to appear in her church-mouse poverty. Returning to America, where he encountered other disappointments, including the project of a railroad to California, he finally became president of the Carolina Life Insurance Company, with headquarters at Memphis, but this project failed, costing Davis his capital of fifteen thousand dollars. To compound his desperate situation, his ownership of Brierfield came into litigation (with kinspeople), because Joseph, now dead, had not technically transferred ownership to his brother. The property did finally come to Davis, but the war had left it drastically devalued.

Nor had the dogged political persecutors quite given up. The old indictment was now revised by the federal government to place him in a group of presumptive conspirators, including Robert E. Lee, the hope being that Lee (how little they could have understood his old-fashioned sense of decency!) would try to exculpate himself by what would amount to turning state's evidence against his superior. The whole indictment was based on the assumption that, as Lincoln had

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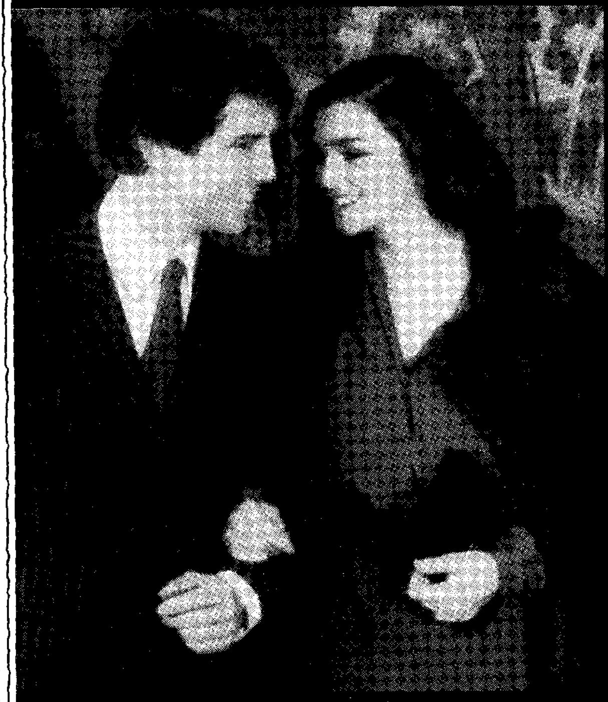

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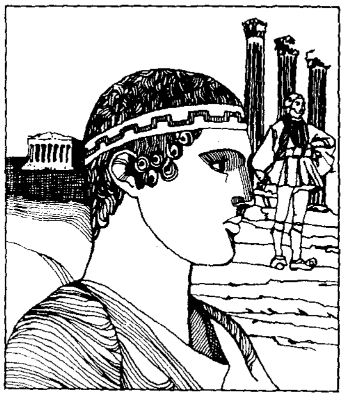

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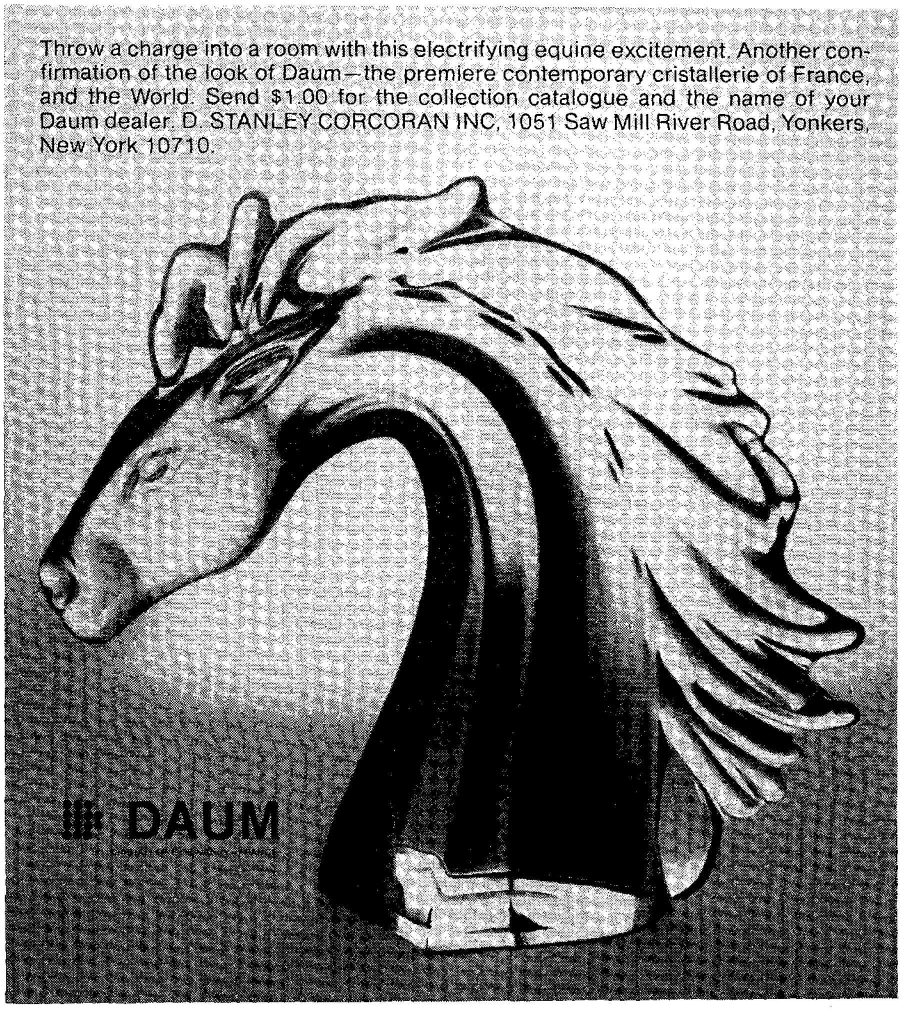
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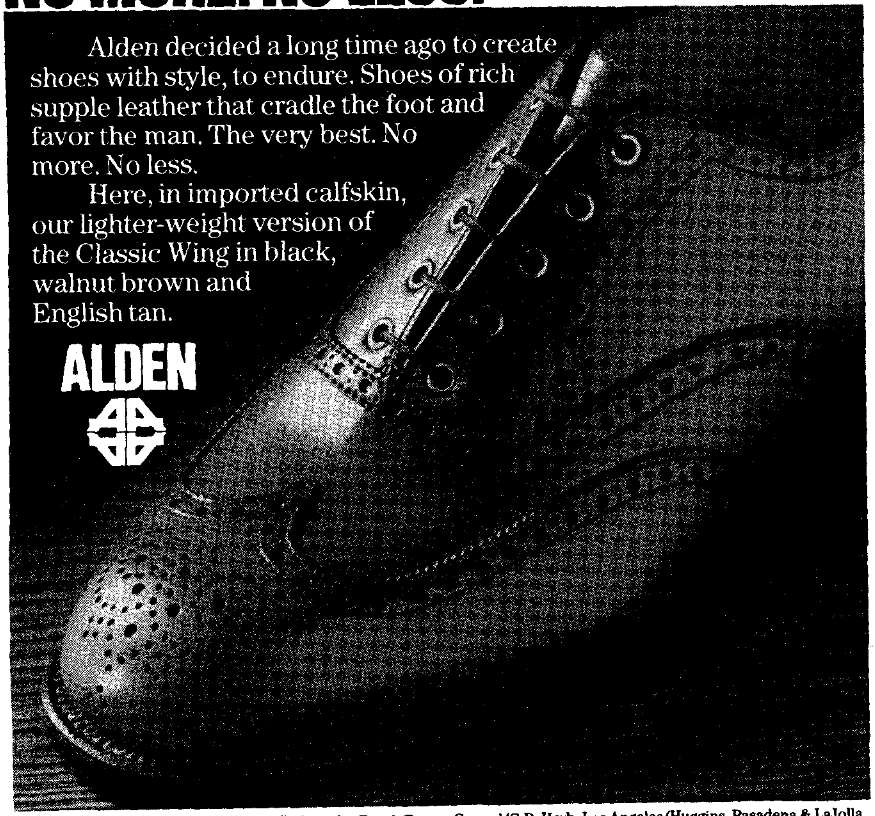
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originally declared, the war was merely a "domestic insurrection"—not a civil war. Davis, as before, was eager for a trial.

In a tragicomic sequel, however, the new indictment was quashed by a provision of the Fourteenth Amendment which imposed perpetual disenfranchisement on anyone who aided in rebellion after having taken the oath of certain offices. Unquestionably, Davis, who had twice been inducted into the Senate, was already "suffering" under just such a disability, and to demand further punishment would involve double jeopardy, forbidden by the Constitution. On this ground, an action to quash the indictment against Davis was heard on December 3, 1868, in the United States Circuit Court of Virginia, with Chief Justice Chase on the bench with Justice John Curtiss Underwood. When Justice Underwood refused to quash the indictment, the Chief Justice entered a dissent, and the case was dropped as of December 5, 1868.

Poor Davis was never to have the day in court that he yearned for in order to justify his public career. What was left was a protracted and increasingly bitter quarrel with his old enemy General Joseph E. Johnston, C.S.A., and others, and his struggle to survive. He wanted to survive to write his book on the Confederacy. There seemed a widespread willingness to provide him with information and documents, but leisure and a quiet place to work were lacking. Fortunately, a widow by the name of Mrs. Sarah A. Dorsey, who held Confederate views and had preserved some wealth, offered Davis a cottage on her estate, Beauvoir, on the Mississippi coast near Biloxi, at just enough rent to salve his pride. But Varina, though she had been a childhood friend of Mrs. Dorsey, now jealously loathed the lady, who not only urged her husband on with his book but devoted herself to him as a secretary; the loathing was so great that for many months Varina would not even visit her husband at the cottage, preferring to stay in Memphis. Only after Davis had agreed to go with her away from Beauvoir did she, with female prerogative, change her mind and join him there. By her husband's offer, she had, we may surmise, made good the priority of claim to his company. Davis proceeded with "The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," and it appeared in 1881—a work primarily of legalistic and constitutional apologetics, and not at all the narrative that the title promised and the world expected. Abstract con-

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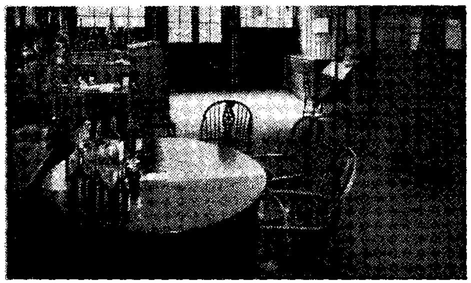

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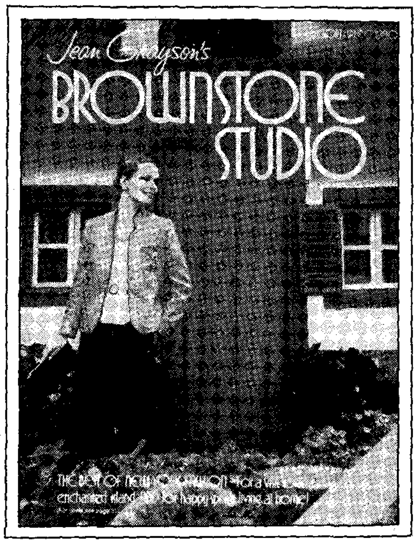

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cerns had swallowed the tragic drama. The book was, in short, a failure—practically and otherwise. To further depress the author, the son who was his namesake, born in 1857, failed to pass his examinations at the Virginia Military Institute and was dismissed.

The only comfort that came to Davis after the failure of the book was the fact that Mrs. Dorsey, aware of Varina's jealousy, sold him, cheaply and on long terms, Beauvoir itself, so that the husband and wife could be reunited. This kindness was compounded—or perhaps complicated—when, shortly afterward, Mrs. Dorsey died and her will was opened. It named Davis not only as her executor but as her heir. It would be interesting to know all the psychological ins and outs of this situation. But in any case Davis now had a home.

He was also soon to have a home in the hearts of his people. The rancor, blame, charges of tyranny, and criticism (justified and unjustified) directed at him as a natural consequence of defeat were dying away. In 1886, he was invited to Montgomery to be the guest of honor at the unveiling of a monument to the Confederate dead, near the old capitol, where Davis had been designated President of the new nation. At first, he declined, but in the end he went, with wildly enthusiastic crowds greeting his special railroad car all along the route—crowds far greater than on that other trip, in 1861, when he had left Brierfield to assume his tragic role at Montgomery. Now, again at Montgomery, he was conducted, under a drizzle, through an undeterred throng of fifteen thousand enraptured spectators, to the same hotel as in 1861—the Exchange Hotel (now operated by a Bostonian, with decorations overseen by a wounded Union veteran)—and, under a barrage of flowers, to the same quarters he had originally occupied there, Room 101, where the walls to each side of the door were draped with the national flag but with a portrait of Lee hung above. The quilt on the bed was one under which Lafayette had once slept. After Montgomery, other cities claimed the ritual presence. The story was repeated. As a symbol of irrepressible principle, as the vicarious sufferer for his people, as the image of honor, Davis entered the hearts of his countrymen, to be called from city to city the eternal President of the City of the Soul into which the human disorder of the Confederate States of America had been mystically converted.

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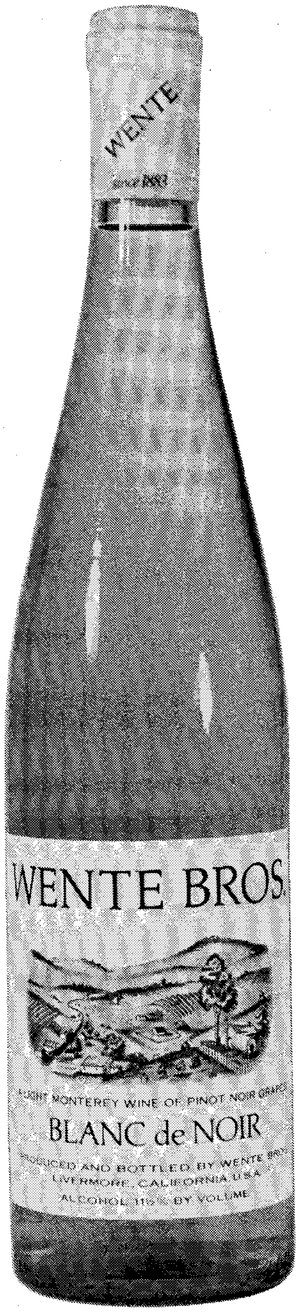
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Winnie (Varina Anne Jefferson Davis), now with her own burden of symbolism as "the Daughter of the Confederacy," fell in love with a young man named Alfred Wilkinson. A successful lawyer in Syracuse, New York, he was refined, well educated, a gentleman with every virtue, every grace. He was a grandson of the Reverend Mr. Samuel J. May, an abolitionist, but now Wilkinson was visiting Beauvoir, where he was received with the utmost hospitality. He had come to ask for Winnie's hand, but how could Davis accept him as a son-in-law? How could the Daughter of the Confederacy betray her constituency? Winnie bowed to her father's wishes. Davis, forgetting the passion that he and little Knox Taylor had known—and the passion that he and Varina had shared, and all the illusions of love that surpass reality—entered his world of private abstraction. He died shortly thereafter, on December 6, 1889. Winnie fell into a decline, never knew love again, took to writing novels and biographies, and died on September 18, 1898, at the age of thirty-four, perhaps the last casualty of the Civil War.

WHEN Davis was in his last illness, a movement was initiated in Congress to revoke the civil disabilities that his career had earned him, but a combination of old rancor and political timidity prevailed, even though a poll among Union veterans who had heard the rebel yell and survived showed that they, at least, were beyond rancor or political calculation. In 1975, citizenship was finally restored to Lee. The following year, on January 25th, Senator Mark Hatfield, of Oregon, introduced Senate Joint Resolution 16, to return citizenship to Jefferson Davis, in order to right, as he put it, a "glaring injustice in the history of the United States." Hatfield quoted the words of Chief Justice Chase: "If you bring these leaders to trial, it will condemn the North, for by the Constitution secession is not rebellion. We cannot convict him of treason." And the Senator continued with a quotation from Davis, saying, "In his memoirs, Davis declared it his purpose to 'keep the memory of our Southern heroes green, for they belong not to us alone: they belong to the whole country: they belong to America.' " Hatfield added, "I seek to keep his memory green, and to restore to him the rights due an outstanding American." The resolution passed unanimously, by voice vote, and, on October 17, 1978, was signed into law by President Carter.

It cannot be said that enthusiasm for keeping the memory of the "outstanding American" green swept the country. The event made at best a brief news note on a back page—except, that is, in Todd County, Kentucky, where Davis was born. And even there, no doubt, the enthusiasm, in the face of inflation and gasoline prices and the struggle for daily bread, was generally confined to the local historical society, the United Daughters of the Confederacy, the Jefferson Davis Birthplace Association, and a hard core of civic-minded citizens.

The little park, of course, had already been established, and in 1924 the obelisk had been completed and, on June 7th, dedicated. The replica of the partly clapboarded log cabin of Samuel Davis had been dedicated October 17th of that year. The dedication of the monument had apparently given occasion for a rural festival, scarcely noticed in the press, but when, not long afterward, I revisited the site, bearing with me some vestiges of the near-forgotten puzzlement provoked by the old man under the cedar tree, it was a deserted spot with a struggling greensward, marked here and there by thistle and mullein, facing a street of rather unpretentious and sometimes decrepit houses.

This was the picture I had carried in my head over half a dozen years of absence. On returning to the region, I remember, I was able to see to the north, from certain points on the highway between my home town and Hopkinsville, the seat of Christian County, a faint white finger pointing skyward. Occasionally, I wondered, with some sort of embarrassed irony, what Jefferson Davis would have thought if he had known that in December of 1923, as the monument was nearing completion, the Ku Klux Klan had been allowed to burn a great cross above the structure being reared in his honor. In justice, I should add that that was the only activity in Todd County of the Klan in my memory, though in the violent period after the Civil War the region around Fairview had been rather notable for the strength of the organization. And I never knew of any Klan performances in my natal section, the two lynchings I can think of that took place there being of a more informal order.

THE celebration of the restoration of Jefferson Davis's citizenship was set for May 31, 1979, and the first three days of June, June 3rd being the birthday of the county's most famous citizen. In Todd County, the

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atmosphere of celebration was thickened by the fact that June 2nd was the centennial of the official founding of the town of Guthrie. So there was both competition and fusion in the festivities of the week.

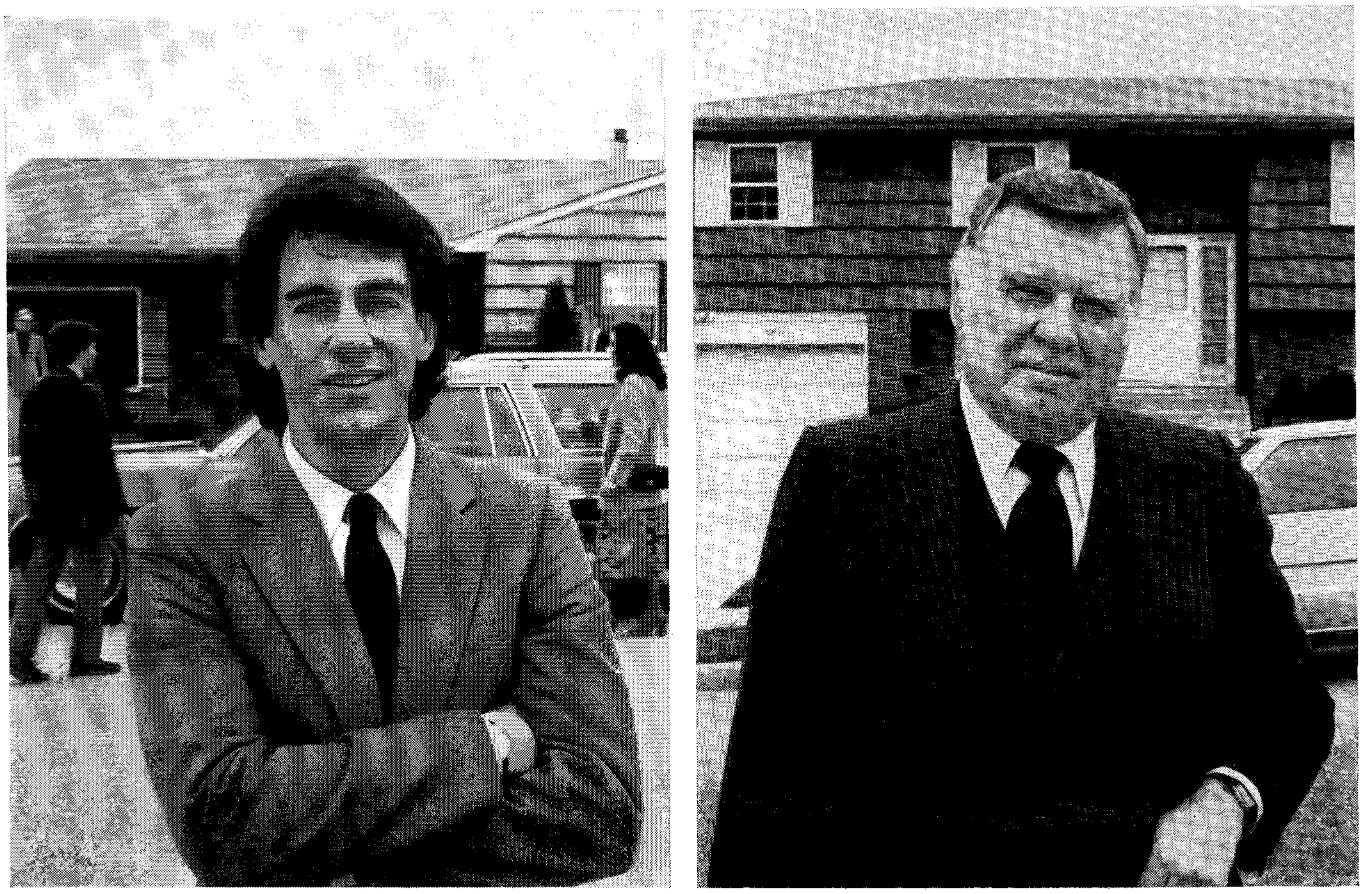
The preface to the main event concerning Davis—the celebration of his birthday on June 3rd—was in the form of a drama presenting the more significant events of the life of the subject, from childhood to the release from prison. The script was prepared by Rebecca Williams and Mary Helen Adams, citizens of Hopkinsville with dramatic ambition and gifts, and presented by the Pennyrile Players (Pennyroyal being the name of that region of the state). Interspersed between scenes of immediate dramatic interest were lyrics and ballads to give atmosphere or provide information not suitable for direct handling. The stage was set up on an asphalt parking area some distance behind the monument, in an area with enough slope to afford good visibility for spectators. The stage itself was in three sections, the first (stage right) and the third (stage left) being four or five feet from ground level, and the middle almost at ground level—an arrangement that worked well to provide a fluid continuity of action when that was desirable. The back wall of the first section was painted to resemble masonry (as for the cell in Fortress Monroe); the second was backed by a dark-red fabric of no particular definition; and the third was furnished as a kind of drawing room, with period portraits on the walls, and windows painted on to give an impression of distance beyond. Before each of the performances (on three successive nights), eight young men, four in Confederate gray and four in Union blue, bearing arms, marched back and forth across the rear of the area of seating in the open-air theatre.

The presentations went forward against certain difficulties. Rain had interfered with rehearsals; in fact, the opening of the play was the first dress rehearsal. As for costumes, marks of military rank were sometimes a hodgepodge; for instance, the rating on the sleeve of Davis as a cadet at West Point was the same as that on the sleeve of his instructor. More important—though this problem was to an extent ingeniously remedied by the Pennyrile Players—was the State Department of Parks' failure (or so it was reported) to make good on the promise of a stage with proper lighting and sound equipment. There was an excess of sound in a few respects: in non-battle scenes an almost constant effect of musketry was achieved by a busy machine for popping corn; in addition, certain members of the Pennyrile Players who were not in the present production entered into enthusiastic discussion of one in which they were to participate—"Oklahoma!" There was, of course, the usual quota of young children crunching bags of potato chips, giggling, punching each other, dragging chairs about, and otherwise delighting their parents.

On the first night, in spite of the valiant and not untalented work of the cast—especially of Paul Meier, who played the character of Jefferson Davis—the reception was, though not tepid, short of an ovation. That night, the audience totalled about a hundred, including twenty-odd grade-school children (probably dragged there against their will), a few teen-agers, and forty-odd spectators well into middle age, with the remainder between twenty-five and forty. To judge from the license plates in the parking lot, a considerable majority of the audience was from Christian County, the home of the Pennyrile Players, and there was only one person identifiably from Guthrie (which was no doubt bemused by its own celebration). In general, the audience seemed to be middle-class, with a generous sprinkling of professional people. As might have been expected from the subject, there were no blacks in the audience—though there was one on the stage.

The second performance, on June 1st, drew a somewhat larger audience, although children, like the hero of the play, seemed to have been vigorous in asserting their constitutional rights and had stayed at home, and teenagers, few the night before, had almost reached the vanishing point, too. But citizens of Guthrie had increased by a hundred per cent: there were two. The audience, now predominantly middle-aged, did make effective protest about the offstage musketry, but when this was quieted some brass-bellied bullfrogs took over, like drunken brigadiers giving incoherent orders from a dugout—an occurrence not unknown to the Civil War. There was also an increase in appreciation the second night—in fact, an ovation.

But the commemoration of the valor and steadfastness of Jefferson Davis did not end with that. Once the not large audience had cleared away, there was a celebration more to the public taste—and one that might have been more to the taste of the young lieutenant who once swirled the lissome squaw into



One of these men drives himself to work, drives himself home and drives up his cost of living.

He doesn't see it that way. He's been driving himself to the office every day for several years now. He actually enjoys the ride.

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a waltz. A square dance began on the blacktop to the left of the monument. The dancers, generally clothed in jeans and tank tops, were the young set who had been absent from the play that night, and who would also be absent from the more serious celebration of the birthday. And why not? Had Jefferson Davis earlier been more than a name to most of them—if that? Mixed with the young were a few elderly couples, seeming out of place, whether they knew about Jefferson Davis or not. But they did know about the calls and the figures; probably they were square-dance buffs, drawn to any event that might provide dancing.

The third night was a disaster. The audience, probably because of word-of-mouth advertising, had increased to about two hundred, the majority now with raincoats or umbrellas, for the sky was lowering. The most Spartan and patriotic stayed on after rain began, among them an elderly couple with a black poodle that sat on its master's lap and paid close attention. The rain grew worse. Last-ditchers huddled under plastic or under a quilt snatched from an early scene. But they, too, were forced to retreat, and the play was called. In the protection of one of the improvised shelters, a stocky twenty-year-old—why there to begin with, God knows—kept wishing he was home with TV and a case of beer handy. Put yourself in his place, and be not one to cast the first stone when the rain beats down on Kentucky. On this third night, after the downpour had passed, the Jefferson Davis Ball took place at the Todd County Central High School, in Elkton, the county seat (a rather charming old town, not yet undone by time and progress). The inclement weather had its effect. Only twenty-five couples turned up (maintaining their courage, no doubt, from brown paper sacks containing bottles). The dancers scarcely outnumbered the orchestra provided for the occasion.

Another celebration—of the centennial of the founding of Guthrie—had occurred earlier in the day. It included, among various events, one from near-pioneer days—a demonstration of old-fashioned soapmaking. Above this activity hung a copy of a handed-down "receet" giving full information for "clothes bilin":

1. Bild fire in backyard to het kettle of rain water.
2. Set tubs so smoke won't blow in eyes if wind is pert.
3. Shave 1 hole cake of lie sope in bilin water.
4. Sort things. Make three piles, 1

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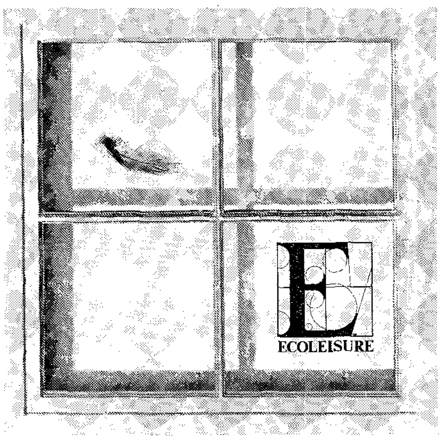

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pile white, 1 pile cullord, 1 pile britches and rags.

5. Stur flour in cold water to smooth, then thin down with bilin water.

6. Rub dirty spots on board. Scrub hard. Then bile. Rub cullord but don't bile. Just rench and starch.

7. Take white things out of kettle with broom handel, rench, then blew and starch.

8. Spred tee towels on grass.

9. Hang old rags on fence.

10. Pour rench water in flowerbed.

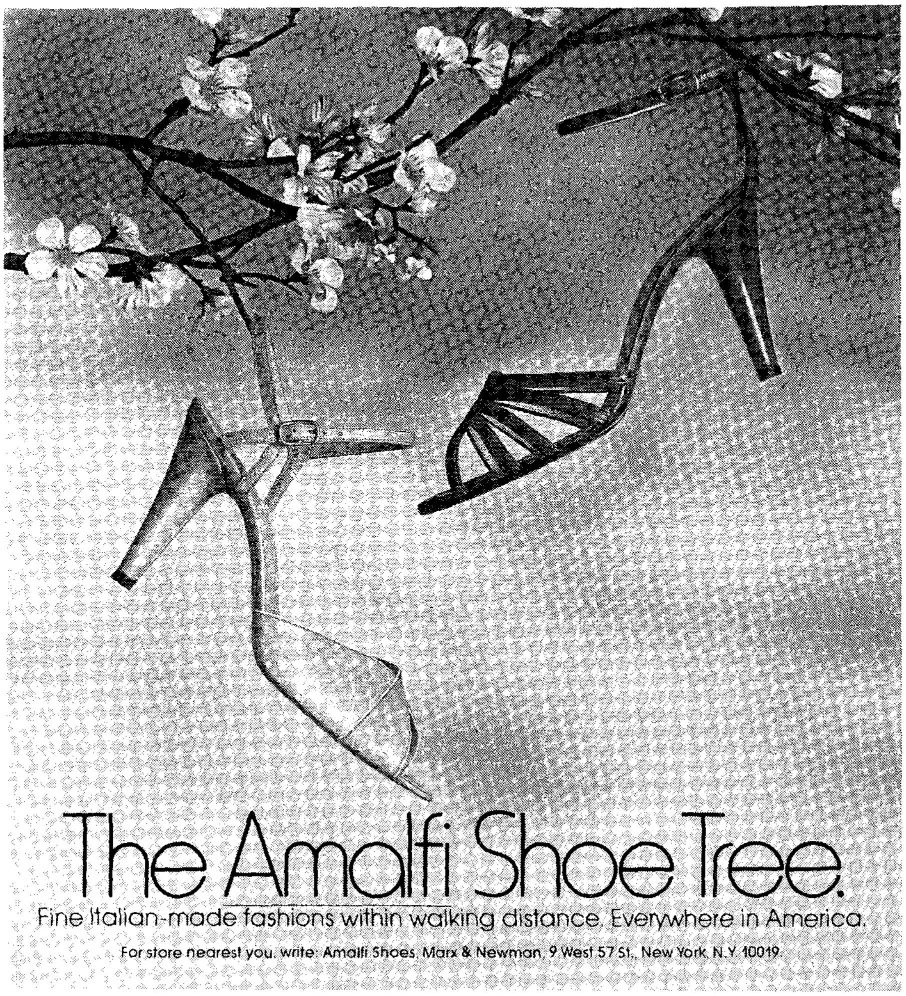
11. Scrub porch with sopy water.

12. Turn tubs upside down.

13. Go put on clean dress. Smooth hair with side combs, brew cup of tea, set and rest and rock a spell and count blessins.

Perhaps the only direction still relevant is "count blessins." But in our day and time, for too many reasons to enumerate, that direction, too, may be antiquated.

The main event of the afternoon was to be a historical parade, arranged by one of the most highly regarded citizens of the region, an efficient, handsome, witty man, married to a very attractive and very blond young woman. He is the great-grandson of a Comanche chief and is usually called Nick, for the simple reason that his real name is unpronounceable by most Todd County tongues. Nick is noted for his public spirit. A trained emergency medical technician in a doctorless community, he is a member of the Todd County Rescue Squad, and is on call day and night, without pay. Now, as master of the parade, he wanted to get an antiquated farm wagon, with appropriate mules, to be driven by a certain grizzled old black of the outlying country, himself a relic of another era. The old man he wanted lived some seven miles away, and was of years uncountable. He was, he said, getting too old to be bothered by such goings on. But the old-fashioned black man had an afterthought. He said he might do it after all—if he had that stuff that used to come sealed up in a quart fruit jar and looked like water but wasn't. The master of the parade, thinking how long it had been since the repeal of the Volstead Act, was hard put to it. But he proposed a compromise: "Would some of that store-bought stuff that comes in a big, flat bottle, brown, not white, and stuck in a brown paper bag, the kind of stuff white folks drinks—would that do?" After weighing the question, the old man said yes, it would do. If it held as much as a quart jar. I am not informed what hand passed the brown paper sack, but it was passed. Then on the great day, unpredictably—or predictably—after several nips from the bottle in the brown paper bag the mule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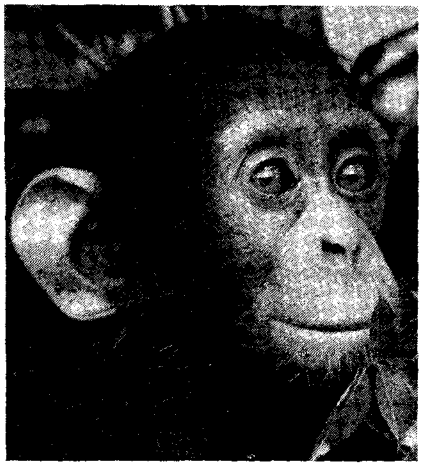

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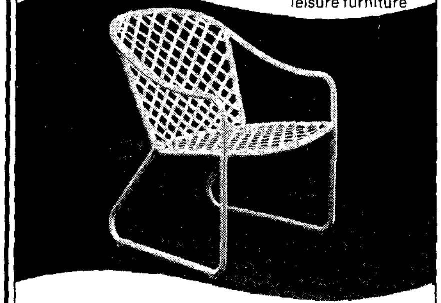

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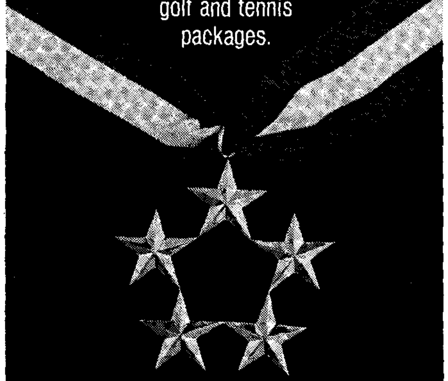

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driver, at a crucial point in the parade, dropped reins, stopped, lifted the bag, and held it high for a long time. The mules, meanwhile, had ventured, of their own accord, toward the railroad tracks. It took great powers of persuasion on the part of the Comanche, along with physical strength, to get things back in order.

June 3rd, the birthday, to be commemorated by more serious proceedings than even the drama and the ball, dawned unseasonably cool, with overcast skies, but it cleared later. Above the gateway to the little park hung the flags of the United States, the Confederacy, and the Commonwealth of Kentucky. The base of the monument served as a platform, and the railings of the fourteen steps leading to it were draped with red-white-and-blue bunting. At 1 P.M., with an audience mostly in "church clothes," in contrast to the casual attire at the dramatic productions, the commemoration opened. On the platform were various dignitaries, including the president of the Todd County Historical Society, the president of the Kentucky Historical Society, the curator of the museums and shrines of the Kentucky Department of Parks, the president of the Jefferson Davis Birthplace Association, David Wright, who had placed the bronze cap on the peak of the monument back in 1924, and the speaker of the occasion—Dr. Holman Hamilton, professor of history emeritus at the University of Kentucky. A letter of regret from President Carter at not being able to attend and speak was read, as was a statement he made on signing the document that returned citizenship to Davis. Dr. Hamilton included in his main address a quotation from Davis blessing Kentucky on his last visit to Fairview, in 1886. And so the ceremony ended.

IT is a rainy morning in late August. I want to stand before the monument to see it rear, as years before, blank and lonely against the sky. There is no person in sight—none near the towering obelisk. And there is nobody beneath that structure. On December 11, 1889, in New Orleans, a hearse, drawn by black horses, bearing a now whittled-down and nearly weightless human burden, had led the longest funeral procession ever seen in that city out to the Metaire Cemetery. But the last tribute was to be a struggle among states for possession of the trivial remains of a man who in life had known as much revilement as honor. Now Kentucky claimed a son and Georgia a grandson, while Montgom-

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ery, the seat of the founding of the Confederacy, gave Alabama a claim. But Virginia quite properly won the contest, for it was here, in Richmond, that Davis had endured his fame and his tragedy. So on May 31, 1893, with full military honors, the body of the President of the Confederacy was reinterred in Hollywood Cemetery—with what comic irony in that name of the cemetery, so appropriate to "Gone with the Wind." As a less comic irony, we may remember that the body now lay on the banks of the James River, where an America was born that the dead man had outlived.

That morning, last August, I had already stood beside occupied graves, some miles southward of Fairview. My brother and I—wordless, as usual on such occasions—had observed the graves of our parents, then of his first wife, and then of one of the two persons who had been my closest friends in boyhood, the one who had been my tutor in boyish woodcraft, and who, through short years of greatness and long years of failure, had remained a friend. Then my brother said, "I've tried to find out all I can down here about Old Jeff"—the one who had trodden the crossties with his croker sack on his way to town to do his "Sat'dy traden." Nobody, my brother added, knew where he had come from. It seemed that he had just suddenly appeared as what he was.

"But he's over there now in the potter's field," my brother said—an unmowed strip of weeds and grass near the railroad, where the heavy freights groaned up a long grade eastward. And there, too, was the grave of Old Jeff's wife, the tombstone the handiwork of the bereaved, twisted old husband, the town's feckless jack-of-all-trades, whose grief-stricken masterpiece was scarcely a masterpiece. He had obviously first made a wooden box, some twenty inches by thirty, and about five inches deep, then filled it with cement, probably bracing it with scraps of chickenwire. At last, before the cement had really hardened, he had, with some blunt blade, scratched on an epitaph. It said, with brute economy of language and space:

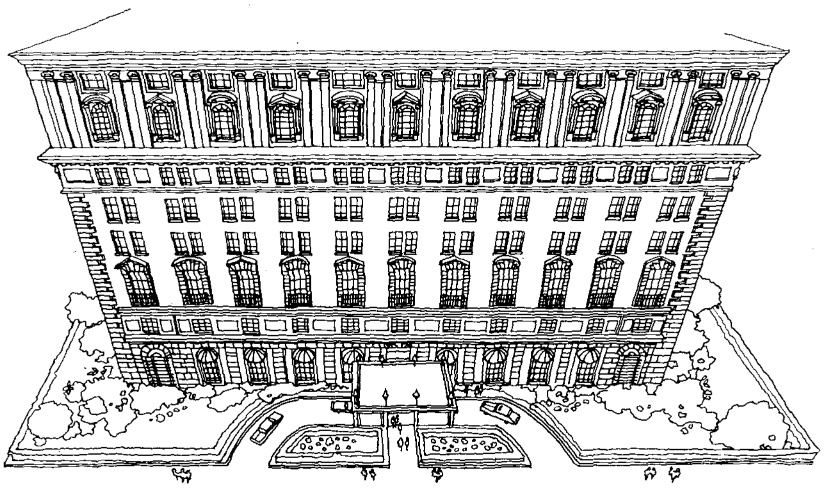
GONE
TO REST

MANDY
DAVIS

BORN APRIL
17–1877

DIED JULY
23–1941

Beside the crank-sided slab was a neater little stone, commercial-made



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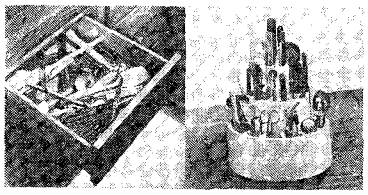

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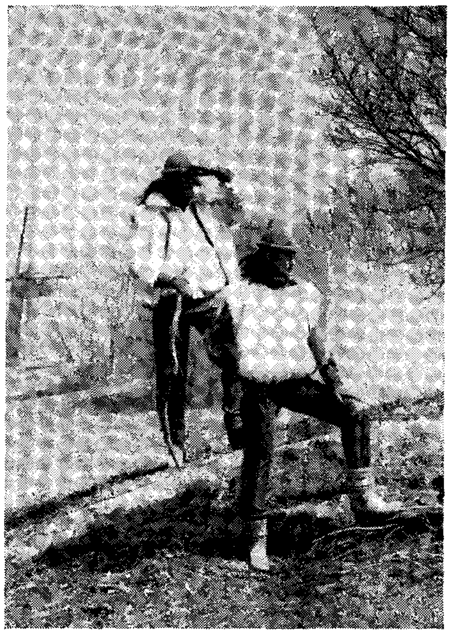

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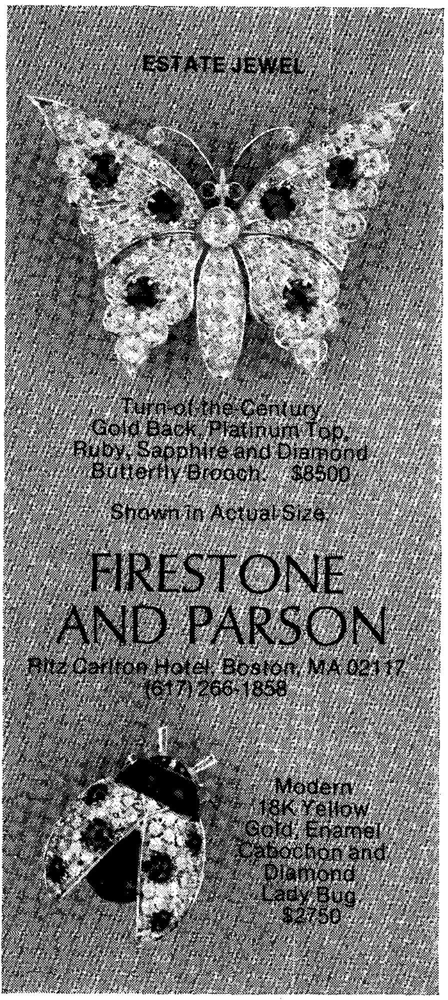
—the kind a grateful government sets up to commemorate its penniless veteran. From it I learned that Old Jeff, too, had served his country, at the time of the Spanish-American War and a little thereafter. In heroism or in quaking fear—it is not recorded.

As for the great monument of the other Jeff Davis, who had received enemy lead into his own body and continued to sit his mount while a boot filled with blood, it stood there blank, whiter now after a refurbishing for the commemoration: preternaturally white against the slow, curdling grayness of clouding sky, and somehow, suddenly, meaningless.

The growth of thistle and mullein, the discarded planks, the random shacks of the process of building, the scrabble pastures stretching into distance—all the things I remembered from boyhood had changed. The modest park is now green and is mowed with official efficiency. It is a rectangle something more than a city block wide and two or three long, reaching into the straggling settlement. A few abandoned and decaying frame houses face the park, and on the street along one side are several boxlike, tidy little white houses of recent vintage and one great chunk of a reddish brick building, two stories high or more, ugly, looking out of place. It was built after the monument, I learned, and was once the schoolhouse but is now the Arm of the Lord Trinity Pentecostal Church, staring across at the worldly glory and vainglory of an ex-Baptist turned Episcopalian. A couple of buildings down the main street stands a rather handsome, well-maintained old white farmhouse, and beyond it the fields stretch westward away into the fertile green of Christian County.

I wander back into the park. The drizzle has ceased, but now and then a drop falling from a higher vantage point makes its hollow resonance on a stout oak leaf. Over to one side, slick with wet, a few painted metal seesaws, slides, and swings look out of place in the almost rural setting. But no doubt in bright summer weather, when cars pull in bearing all kinds of license plates and carrying passengers who know, by and large, as little about the history of the nation as about the difference between the doctrine of transubstantiation and that of consubstantiation, and when candy wrappers and lunch wrappers spot the officially mowed grass, some children do find use for the swings and seesaws.

Then, no doubt, the spirit of the



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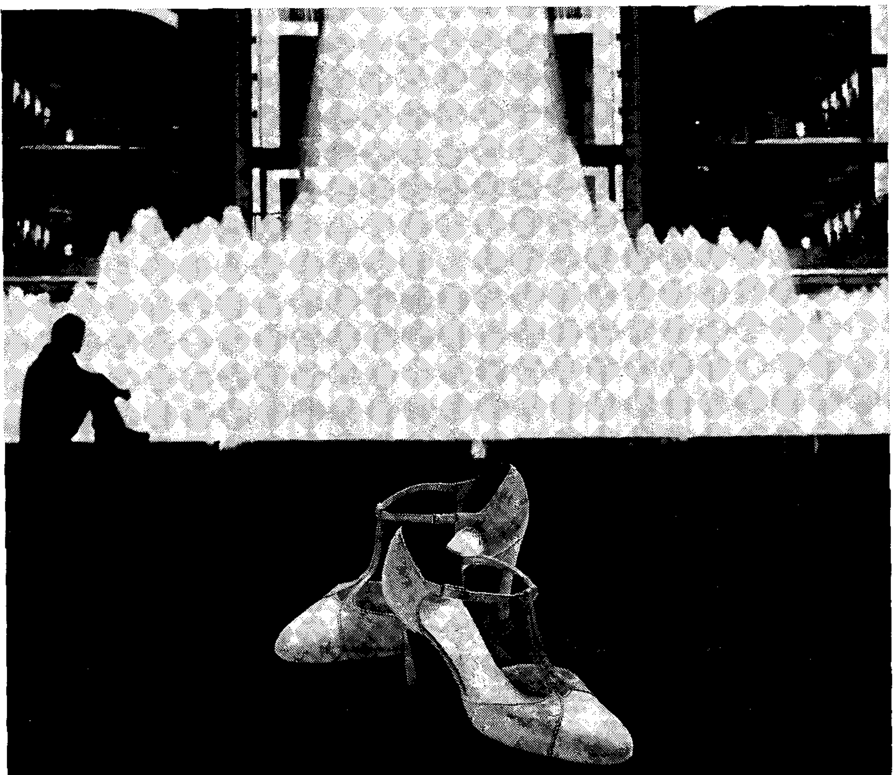
man to whom the monument is erected, wherever and whatever it may be, may look down with pleasure on the gaiety of children; for, in spite of all rigidity of character, stiffness of dignity, abstract logicality, and locked-in personality, he had a simple affection for the very young and naturally won their confidence. More wryly, perhaps, he looks down on the well-meant and ignorant charade honoring his sufferings and triumphs.

Davis died without rancor, and wishing us all well. But if he were not now defenseless in death, he would no doubt reject the citizenship we so charitably thrust upon him. In life, in his old-fashioned way, he would accept no pardon, for pardon could be construed to imply wrongdoing, and wrongdoing was what, in honor and principle, he denied. (As did Lee, quite specifically.) So he holds eternal franchise in that shadowy, ages-ago-established, rarely remembered nation of men and women who in their brief lives learned the true definition of honor, far beyond the triviality of the code duello once defended by the young Davis.

Some historians say that with Appomattox the "business ethic" became triumphant in American life, and that common speech reflects the notion. "Mr. Smith," we say, "is worth a million dollars": Mr. Smith is no longer a person—he is a million dollars. Suppose that Lincoln, who, some historians say, scarcely understood the world he helped to bring to birth, or even the fuddled Grant, who after the farce of his Presidency and his idiotic business operations redeemed himself in his final days of lonely suffering and honor—suppose Lincoln or Grant should have citizenship thrust upon him by the America of today. Would either happily accept citizenship in a nation that sometimes seems technologically and philosophically devoted to the depersonalization of men? In a way, in their irrefrangible personal identity, Lincoln and Grant were almost as old-fashioned as Jefferson Davis.

MEANWHILE, some of us may now and then look up at the obelisk in Todd County, white against sunny or cloudy sky, and remember what Herodotus of Halicarnassus, the first historian, said of his purpose in writing—in creating the first great verbal monument: ". . . that the great deeds of men may not be forgotten . . . whether Greek or foreigners; and especially the causes of their wars."

—ROBERT PENN WARREN



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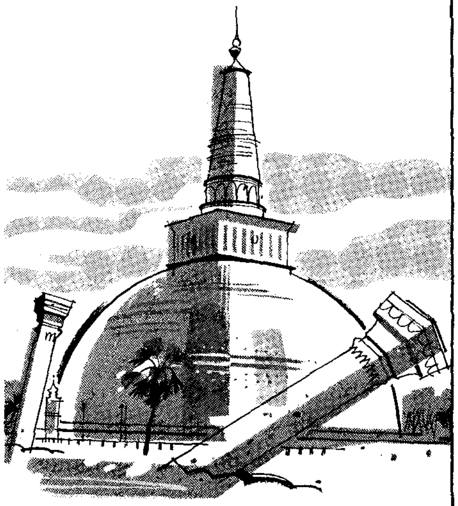

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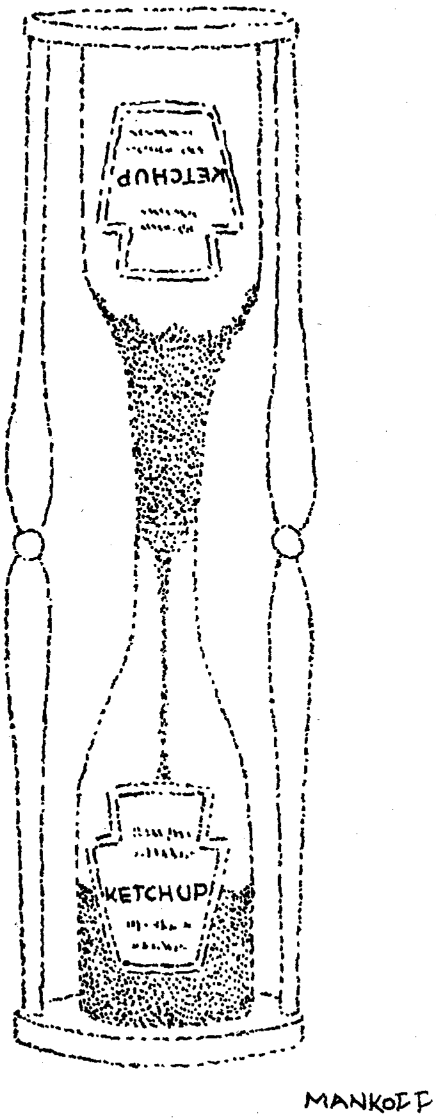
THE THEATRE

Bella Napoli

I WOULD as soon strike a goldfish as say a cross word about "Filumena," a comedy by Eduardo de Filippo that has leaped tumultuously into the St. James and that stars Joan Plowright and Frank Finlay as a prostitute who has moved up in the world and a wealthy businessman whose good nature has been grossly taken advantage of. The place is Naples, and the time is 1946. The curtain rises on Don Domenico Soriano (Mr. Finlay) a few moments after he has discovered that Filumena, his mistress of long standing (Miss Plowright), has tricked him into marrying her on the totally false ground of her being just about to die. For the sake of her conscience and his, Don Domenico has consented to the humiliation of bestowing his proud name upon a woman out of the gutter—a gesture that he could afford to make only because death was so soon to render it invisible. But no such thing: Filumena has bounded off her deathbed in perfect health and is taking charge of the household, not as Don Domenico's servant-mistress but as his wife. Enraged as the Don is—and Mr. Finlay throws a conniption fit worthy of a Neapolitan Othello—more bad news is to come. It is not conscience that has prompted Filumena to play her dastardly trick upon the Don; it is motherhood. Filumena reveals that during her early years in the brothel where she and the Don first met she produced three sons, to whom she has since been secretly offering financial assistance by means of continuous raids upon the Don's petty cash and personal possessions. Now she wishes to acknowledge her grownup children, making them members of the Soriano family. The Don has another fit—what can a man of his lofty stature in the community have to do with these base consequences of Filumena's untidy beginnings? In answer to that question, Filumena plays her highest trump: one of the sons is his. The Don is middle-aged and has thought himself to be without an heir; in his macho mind warfare breaks out between this unexpected opportunity to continue the Soriano line and the fact that such an opportunity is embodied in the bastard of a prostitute. Filumena refuses to offer the least hint as to which of the children he has sired; the Don meets all three (a fairly unsavory lot they are) and seeks in vain for some trace of the Soriano blood. By this time, we are well into the third act and the playwright feels obliged to bring his comedy to an end, in a burst of family reconciliation and affection, but the fact is that the plot could have gone on unfolding forever, like a soap opera suspended in time.

Years ago, "Filumena" was made into a highly successful movie called "Marriage—Italian Style," starring Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni. Why on earth has the play been resurrected as a vehicle for English actors? Mr. Finlay's Don Domenico delighted me as a tour de force, but no doubt he would delight me playing the Don as an Eskimo. As for Miss Plowright, she makes not the slightest attempt to be anything but a stout Englishwoman of a certain age—a Mary Poppins type, far from the slums and stews of Southern Italy. No matter! It is all in fun, and perhaps for that reason the director, Laurence Olivier, has permitted his large cast to speak in a variety of stage-Italian accents. More fun has been provided by Raimonda Gaetani, who has designed as the setting of the play an apartment of gorgeous, repellent vulgarity, and by Willis Hall and Keith Waterhouse, who have prepared the English version of de Filippo's old warhorse in so thoroughly English a fashion that we not only hear talk of frocks but on one critical occasion hear Filumena/Plowright cry out boldly, "Carry on!" What is the Neapolitan, I wonder, for "Yoicks"?



A PLAY called "These Men" has come to the charming little Harold Clurman Theatre, and wouldn't you know that there are no men in it? The entire cast consists of two young women, Cloris (Jill Larson) and Shelly (Alix Elias), who have their troubles with men and with each other, for affection is always difficult to obtain, and perhaps even more difficult to preserve, especially if both parties feel a gingerly uncertainty about the part that sex should play in their emotions. The author, Mayo Simon, is a man, and although he gives the impression of wishing that his two heroines were somewhat more intelligent than they are, he has written very few intelligent lines for them to utter; what we mostly hear throughout the evening are lewd one-liners from Shelly and shocked protests from Cloris. This is a sit-com that a master of double-entry bookkeeping might have composed, keeping everything in balance, however implausibly. Shelly is short, plump, foulmouthed, sexually active, and seemingly content; Cloris is tall, slender, prim of speech, sexually inactive, and miserable. By the end of the play, one can be sure that Cloris will be content and Shelly miserable. Mr. Simon has a coarse notion of his craft; for example, he has invented an offstage psychoanalyst named Dr. Stein, who is plainly a charlatan. It is to Dr. Stein that Cloris constantly turns for help, and in failing to see through Dr. Stein she becomes as tiresomely predictable a caricature as he is. In the case of the many offstage lovers . . . But stay! I perceive that I risk seeming to take this TV pilot seriously. Its merits lie in the professional skills of Miss Elias and Miss Larson; they are often affecting when their lines are not. The snappy direction is by Zoe Caldwell, the setting—a California cabin of unimpeachable authenticity—is by David Potts, the costumes are by Jane Greenwood, and the lighting is by Todd Elmer. My compliments to them all.

—BRENDAN GILL

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Stunt Man

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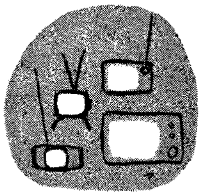


THE call had been for seven in the morning, but Mulloy had taken his time, as usual, stopping off at the Krazy Kaptain for eggs and a Michelob and a quick look at the trades. Then the not altogether unpleasant, not entirely smog-choked drive down Sepulveda to the studio. "Hey, Mulloy," said the guard with the whiskers and the walrus nose. "I seen you two nights ago in 'Thunderclap.' A class show but lousy ratings. I hear they got Biemiller's ass on the line."

"Best place for it," said Mulloy.

The guard put his face close to Mulloy's. "I knowed it was you, Tuesday night," he said. "I knowed it on account of the eyes. I called my wife—I said, 'Hey, that's Mulloy stuntin' for Drew Danby!' She came runnin', but by then you was gone."

"*Vita brevis*, Pops," said Mulloy. He swung his aged Mustang around to the parking lot on the right, found an empty spot in the middle of what seemed to be a family reunion of chocolate-brown Mercedeses, and ambled over to check in with Pruitt.

"You're late," said Pruitt. Like all executive producers, he sported a solid-gold Swiss Army knife from Hermès on a belt loop of his Cacharels.

"Well, I hope you didn't hold things up on my account," said Mulloy.

Pruitt tried one of his scowls that never came out right. "You should be so lucky," he said. "Get suited up in Wardrobe. You come on at the end of the big Interstate scene."

"We had a big Interstate scene last week," said Mulloy.

"Last week was the Freeway Hijacking," said Pruitt.

"My mistake," said Mulloy.

He walked down the hall to Wardrobe and got fitted into the top half of a state-highway patrolman's uniform. "How come I don't get to wear the britches?" he said.

"I guess because they ain't gonna *show* your britches," said the wardrobe girl. "Who're you stuntin' for today?"

"Garson," said Mulloy.

"Tommy Garson?" said the girl. "I thought he did his own stunts."

"Not the ones he needs me for," said Mulloy.

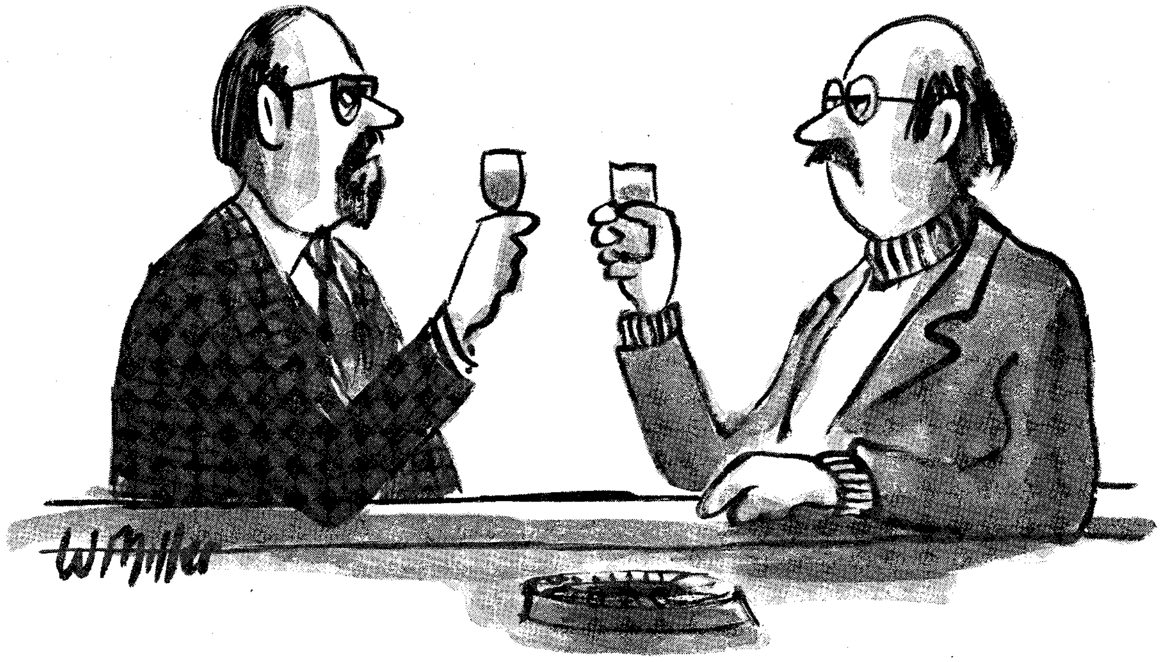
Outside, the sound of engines—car engines, truck engines, motorcycle engines—filled the air as Mulloy made his way to the set, wearing his own trousers and the top of the patrolman's uniform. Over in front of Makeup, two red LTDs and a police commissioner's limo waited to get their trim retouched. Behind the wheel of the limo, wearing at least the top half of a police commissioner's uniform, slouched the unmistakable figure of Jimmy Lee Loomis, smoking a suspicious-looking cigarette and reading the car-ad section of the L.A. *Times*. Once upon a time, Mulloy reflected, Jimmy Lee Loomis *was* "Truck Patrol." Once upon a time, Jimmy Lee Loomis just about *owned* Wednesday night. But that was three years ago. The guy could have had anything then. They offered him a five-year renewable. They offered him his own golf tournament. They offered to tape the whole show right from the highway in front of his mother's house. Even today, nobody really knew what had happened. Some said it was on account of artistic differences with his co-star, Lance Laidlaw. Others said it was because Jimmy Lee was already beginning to lose it in the skid scenes. Anyway, one day Jimmy Lee Loomis walked. He made a Grand Prix musical with CheeWee Degener which the critics liked but nobody saw. He went to Japan to make a motorcycle comedy that was too kinky to get out of the country. Finally, he came back. As a favor to his agent, they tested him for "Truck-Drivin' Lawyer," but it was true: he'd lost it in the skid scenes. So now he lived with a grounded Eurasian stewardess out in the Canyon, taught a class at film school in engine maintenance, and took an occasional guest shot when it came up. Hollywood was a tough town, Mulloy reflected.

"Hi, old buddy," Mulloy said to Jimmy Lee.

"Hey, Mulloy," said Jimmy Lee. He always spoke real slow, like a football player; that is, before football players started to study sports announcing. The makeup man was busy daubing some red dust on the right front fender of the limo. "Not too heavy with the dust, Eddie," said Jimmy Lee.

"We need plenty of red, Mr. Loomis," said Eddie. "That Prentice is gonna zoom in very tight on the fenders at the cloverleaf."

"You're lookin' good, Jimmy Lee," said Mulloy, which was no less than the truth. Even after the passage of three years, Jimmy Lee's straw-yellow hair, pale-



"To life, liberty, and the consideration of the concept of happiness."

blue eyes, and superlatively tanned forehead were as splendid as ever.

"I'm readin' scripts," said Jimmy Lee.

"I bet you are," said Mulloy.

"I got a whole garageful of scripts, but they ain't got a *full-size* machine in one of them. Just them itty-bitty things and them pickups and them ambulances. The other day, this guy at Parsifal called me down to audition for some new father-and-son paramedic pilot. Heck, they wanted me to play the *father*. I told 'em to try Walter Pidgeon."

"You keep 'em flyin', Jimmy Lee," said Mulloy, starting to head over toward the set.

"You know the trouble with this town, Mulloy?" said Jimmy Lee. "Ain't nobody can write a simple three-car pileup anymore."

Over by the set, everything was chaos and bedlam, as usual. They had been working on the Interstate scene since early morning, with Peter Prentice, the director (stern and unforgiving but beautifully in control, as always), riding in the camera boom above the "Interstate"—another of Cy White's masterpieces, designed to replicate the stretch of Arizona I-98 midway between Tucson and Scottsdale—while below him Johnston, the assistant director, rehearsed the extras on the motorcycles. "Gentlemen, let's run through it one more time," said Prentice through a bullhorn. "Where *are* those motorcyclists?"

"Let's go, you guys," said Johnston. "Remember, this is a state patrol. Both wheels on the asphalt."

Now, on cue, far down the long strip of highway a green Toyota sedan appeared, cruising at a good seventy-five, followed by a red-and-white ambulance. As the ambulance moved inside to pass, the Toyota feigned a blowout and spun toward a ramp down which a huge Diamond Reo semi was accelerating. Now there was Tommy Garson in the patrol car, coming up fast, followed by the motorcycles: Garson weaving beautifully, first slipping by the ambulance on the outside—with the ambulance skidding off toward the green Toyota—and now coming up toward the big Diamond Reo, appearing to go head-on against the Diamond Reo but suddenly spinning again (a full-vector Manfredi in four lanes of traffic, as only Tommy Garson could do it), knocking down four of the cyclists, squeezing in between the Diamond Reo and the Toyota and an onrushing Pontiac Trans Am before crashing to a stop

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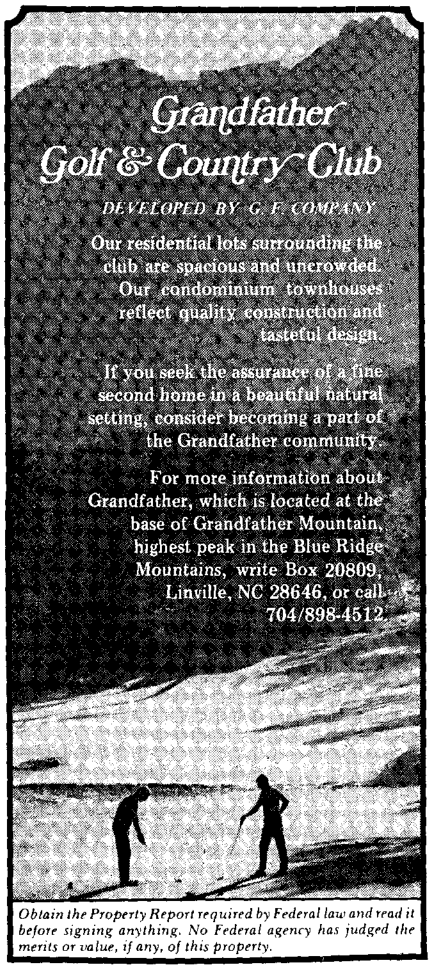

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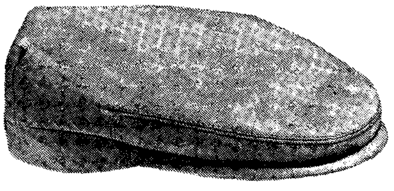

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"O.K., O.K.," said Prentice through the bullhorn, cool as a cucumber. "Billy, I'm afraid you're forcing that skid a little. What I think we want here is more a *suggestion* of a skid. *Comprenez?*"

The red-and-white ambulance sped over to the camera boom, and Billy Taylor leaned out the window—all goggled and silver-suited, like a spaceman. He lifted off his goggles and shook his glossy dark hair free and blinked his dark-brown eyes—eyes that were like a deer's after mounting, as some New York critic had once remarked. "He's not giving me time to downshift," he said.

"Billy, I don't *want* you to downshift," said Prentice, with exaggerated patience. "I don't believe I read 'downshift' anywhere in the script."

"I'm telling you it just doesn't feel right this way," said Billy Taylor. "I always downshift. I downshifted in 'Rear Axle.' "

Prentice groaned aloud to Pär Lagerkvist, the cameraman. "Now he's back on 'Rear Axle' again."

Lagerkvist pretended not to hear.

"Billy, 'Rear Axle' was a nice series," said Prentice. "A nice little series. But just a shade *unsubtle*, don't you think, with all those tires screeching, and those unmotivated drawbridge jumps?"

"You call a forty-two share *unsubtle?*" said Billy Taylor, blinking his deer eyes as if he were close to tears.

"I call it unsubtle, coarse, unmotivated!" snapped Prentice. "Mr. Taylor, let me remind you we are not dabbling in audience share here. We are making *television.*"

Billy Taylor shoved the goggles back on his head, jammed the ambulance into gear, and drove off, narrowly missing Johnston and the motorcyclists.

"God save me from actors," said Prentice.

"Ve are losing the light," said Lagerkvist dourly.

Prentice noticed Mulloy standing nearby. "Nice of you to show up," he said sarcastically.

Mulloy waved.

"Are you ready? Did you get the new pages last night?"

Mulloy nodded.

"All right, everybody!" Prentice called on the bullhorn. "This time, we're going to do it. Five minutes!"

Two men ran out onto the set with cans of paint and paintbrushes and began painting over the skid marks while others attempted to straighten out the "Food and Fuel" sign. Mulloy stood in the sun watching the activity, listening to the engines throbbing around him but scarcely noticing any of it as he retreated to that deep space inside him, trying to psych himself up for the part. About thirty yards away was the talent tent, an elaborate roped-off area that contained the principal vehicles and the principal actors, who were now loitering in the shade of the overhanging canvas sipping Gatorade and talking contracts: a dozen men, variously in driving suits or policemen's uniforms, standing about with helmets under their arms, somewhat like warriors—each one either tanned and yellow-haired or paler-skinned with dark, wavy locks. Beautiful, muscle-bound bastards, Mulloy thought contemptuously. Sometimes, in moments of weakness brought on by too many Michelobs, Mulloy asked himself if he still envied the talent. It was a question there was no point in wasting time over. He remembered trying out years ago for a minor cop show, with no race-car experience, no stock-car experience, not even motor-pool experience—just three years at Yale Drama School and six months at the Kennedy in "The Cherry Orchard." "But what can you *do*, kid?" they kept asking. Water over the dam, Mulloy thought. He'd made his peace. Now one of the tall yellow-haired men—this one in the full regalia of a state-highway patrolman—left the enclosure of the talent tent and walked slowly in Mulloy's direction.

"Hi . . . Mul . . . loy," said Tommy Garson. He spoke the words, as he always spoke, in a strange, low monotone, with no inflection and with equal pauses between syllables—the result, someone had said, of his once having taken voice training at the American Airlines Institute for Passenger Representatives in Fort Wayne, Indiana.

"Hi, Garson," said Mulloy. "I hear we got the big one comin' up."

"Yes . . . we've . . . got . . . the . . . big . . . one . . . Mul . . . loy," said Garson, in the same weird, stately voice.

"No sweat, Garson," said Mulloy. "I've done it a hundred times."

"I . . . en . . . vy . . . you . . . Mul . . . loy," said Garson. Mulloy watched Garson's face closely. At the right side of his mouth, as if by a Herculean effort, a single muscle briefly twitched, and the barest trace of a smile passed across Garson's noble, impassive countenance, only to disappear as quickly as it had come. Mulloy was tempted to say, "Garson, that and five hundred bucks will buy me one week of pool consultation with Mr. Trang." It never paid to ruffle Garson, though. Instead, he just said, "Sure, Garson."

But now there was no stopping Garson. "I . . . real . . . ly . . . mean . . . it . . . Mul . . . loy," he said. Clearly, he had attempted to inflect the word "mean," but the attempt hadn't quite succeeded. "You . . . do . . . the . . . tough . . . parts . . . Mul . . . loy . . . but . . . every . . . body . . . thinks . . . it's . . . me."

Not *everybody*, Garson, Mulloy thought. "Look, Garson, there's a dozen guys who do what I do, but there's only one of you. I mean, there's not another actor in town could have done a Manfredi right there in the inside lane and come out of it alive."

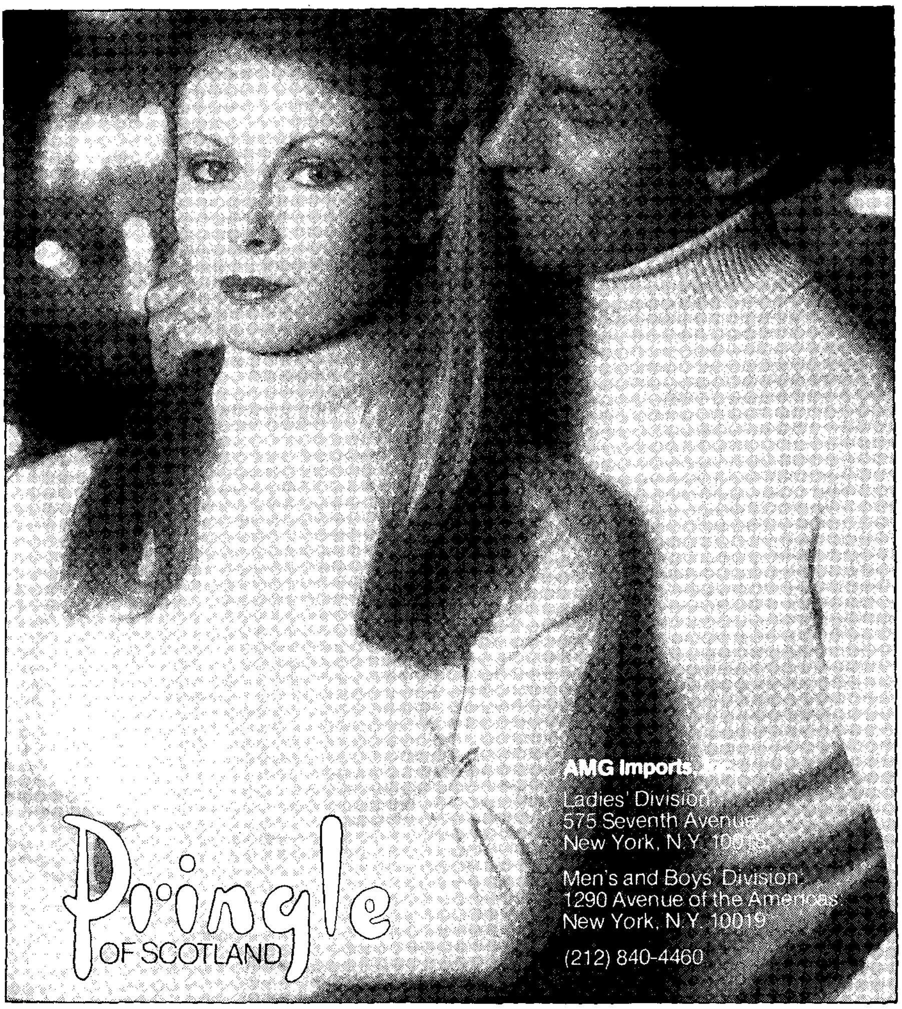
Garson tried another smile. His whole jaw heaved mightily and finally locked into place, so that a few teeth appeared. "That . . . was . . . a . . . good . . . Man . . . fredi . . . was . . . n't . . . it . . . Mul . . . loy?" he said.

Just then, Johnston's whistle sounded, and the principals started to buckle themselves into their various vehicles. "Take . . . care . . . Mul . . . loy," said Garson. His beautiful blue eyes stared straight ahead. He raised his right hand to his highway patrolman's helmet in a salute and strode away toward his car.

This time, the scene went without a hitch, with the green Toyota and the ambulance coming on fast, and the big Diamond Reo thundering down the ramp, and Garson, gleaming and invisible, like a medieval knight, beneath his goggles and helmet, whipping down the lane, scattering the extras on their cycles, moving up on Billy Taylor's ambulance—but this time Billy Taylor did something quite marvellous. He sideslipped: not a skid at all; not even a suggestion of a skid. A sideslip—perfect. And then Garson was head-on against the Diamond Reo. "Jesus," Mulloy muttered. "He's left the Manfredi awfully late; he hasn't given himself enough room." But suddenly the patrol car was spinning—one spin, a second spin: a *double* Manfredi—then straightening out, then skidding. Now came the Pontiac Trans Am—sideswipe. Now the Toyota sedan—a rending of bumpers. Now the final spin toward the "Food and Fuel" sign.

"O.K., O.K.," came Prentice's voice on the bullhorn. "Where in hell is Mulloy?"

Mulloy walked slowly toward the smoking patrol car, which was resting, half tilted on its side, against the nearly demolished sign. Pruitt, together with Garson's agent, was helping Garson out of the car. "Beautiful, Tommy. A



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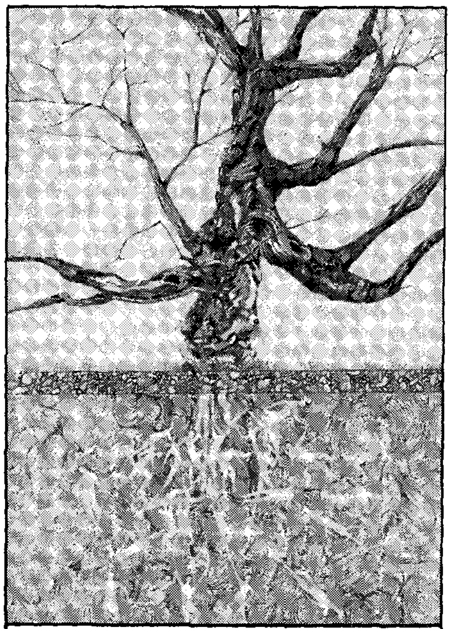

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very powerful moment," the agent was saying to Garson.

"You want a hand?" Pruitt said to Mulloy.

"Not from you," said Mulloy. The left window of the wrecked automobile was open, so Mulloy slithered in, turned himself around inside, squeezed in beneath the steering wheel. A propman reached in and handed him Garson's helmet and driving glasses, and also Garson's white silk scarf—his trademark. Mulloy buckled himself into the seat belt and took a couple of deep breaths.

Outside, the second-unit camera was now in place.

"I vant more head and shoulders," said Naumhoff, the second-unit cameraman, who was actually Danish but affected an irresolute Swedish accent out of deference to Lagerkvist. A sound man reached into the car and tucked a tiny mike, out of sight, into the folds of Garson's scarf.

"All right, Mulloy," said Prentice, now standing behind the second-unit camera. "You know what I want. Let's make it good. Everybody quiet. Everybody ready. Lights. Camera . . ."

Even behind Garson's thick glasses, Mulloy could feel the lights. The lights always excited him. He blinked his eyes, using up a few seconds, letting the script recede in his memory, letting the lines flow into his head as if they had always been there.

"Roll 'em," said Prentice.

On cue, Mulloy began the grin, at first pushing his mouth into it, then feeling his face relax, feeling the grin take over, wide now, not too wide, keep control—a stupendous grin. Jesus, wouldn't Garson have liked to pull off a grin like that! Now the laugh. What did the pages say? A reckless laugh? Mulloy let the peals of laughter erupt, hearing them reverberate inside the patrol car, pushing the laugh, driving the laugh higher, looking for the right place. *Now.* He held it, counting the seconds, letting the recklessness take over, letting it seem as if the laugh were suddenly in command, as if he couldn't handle it, and then tapered it, brought it down—not too fast, not too abruptly—softening the high notes, lowering the laugh to a register where his voice began to catch. Where was the catch? There! His voice caught beautifully. Mulloy's laugh now slipped, now glided effortlessly into the beginning of a new sound: At first, the merest hint of a sob. Then two sharp, quick sobs. Watch the sneeze, Mulloy said to himself. Now go for it! A real sob. Mulloy

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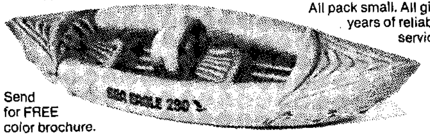

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brought his right hand to his face—a touch not in the script, but now he was well into the part, deep into character, remembering, as if he had been the one behind the wheel, the sideswiped Pontiac and the thundering Diamond Reo, recalling the thud of the motorcyclists bouncing off the back fender and the gallantry of the green Toyota, feeling the mysteries of life and death, the ambiguities of speed and slowness, the challenges of falling rocks and no passing on the right, the excitement of the center lane, and the unbearable sadness of the access roads. . . . With an effort, Mulloy reached for the police microphone that dangled from the dashboard of the car and brought it to his lips. Dimly, he was aware of the lights boring in upon his helmet, piercing his glasses. He could sense Prentice somewhere out there. The rest of the crew. Let's make this one good, he thought. Aloud now, in a firmer voice—shaken but still proud—he said, "Zero-two-niner. Zero-two-niner." Then softer, quieter, not yet a whisper, though with an unmistakable resonance of hope: "Tell Sue-Ann I'm *comin' home*." Then he slumped forward onto the steering wheel.

After they pulled him out of the car, he handed the helmet, glasses, and scarf back to the propman. Johnston was smiling, and gave him the thumbs-up sign. Even Prentice, in a rare moment of warmth, came over and draped a cardiganed arm around his shoulder. "Nice work, Mulloy," he said. "It made me *weep*. The recklessness of that laugh! It made me *weep*." He removed the arm. "O.K., everybody, we've got work to do. The canyon leap next. Mulloy, I'll be seeing you."

As Mulloy walked away from the car, he spotted Garson standing all by himself at the edge of the now empty "Interstate." "Hi, Garson," he said.

"Lis . . . ten . . . to . . . this . . . Mul . . . loy," said Garson, taking a deep breath as if he were about to dive underwater, and then carefully and metronomically enunciating the words. "Tell . . . Sue . . . Ann . . . I'm . . . com . . . in' . . . home."

"Hey, not bad, Garson," said Mulloy.

"Ze . . . ro . . . two . . . nin . . . er," said Garson, once again clenching his face into that impenetrable look. "Ze . . . ro . . . two . . . nin . . . er."

"You just keep working on it, Garson," said Mulloy. He put his hands in his pockets and headed for the parking lot. Sooner or later, they all wanted to do their own stunts.

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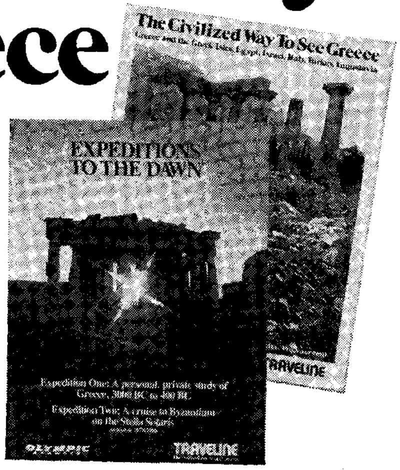

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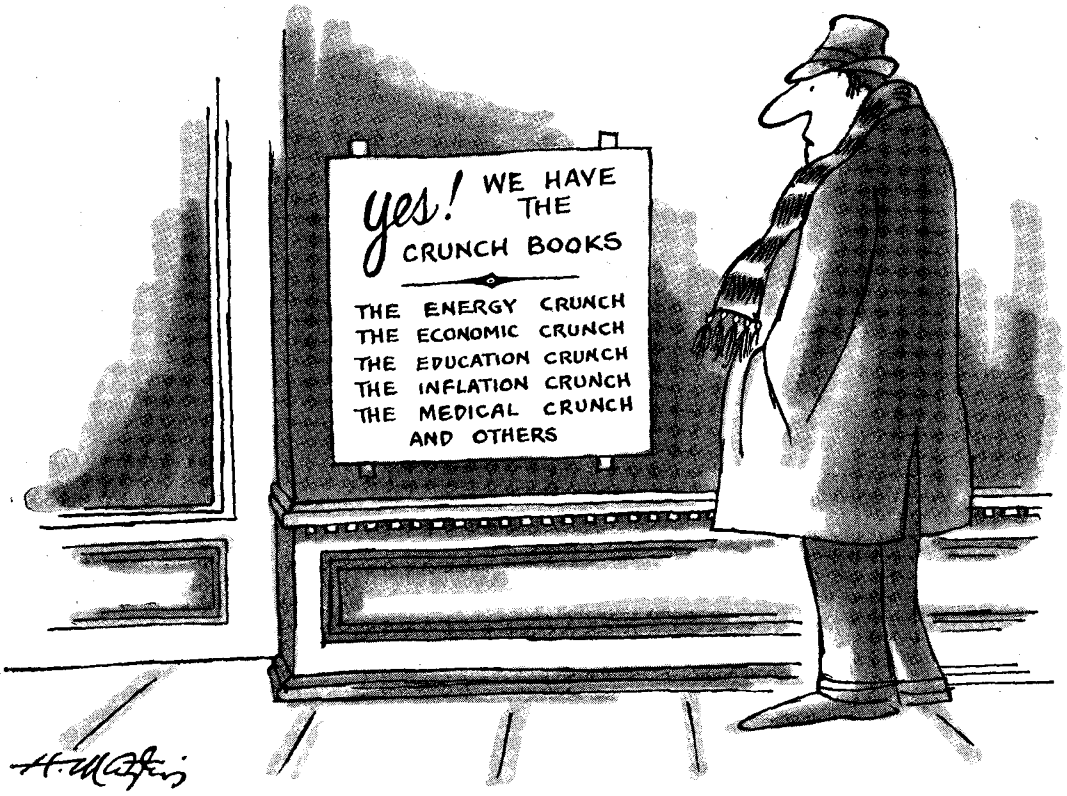
THE ART WORLD

Matisse's Armchair

MODERN ART may be finished, but nobody has figured out what to call its successor. "Post-modern," the term being advanced these days, is no more than a stopgap, a reminder of the problem. For three-quarters of a century, serious artists have comforted themselves with the thought that they were enlisted in the high and rigorous cause of Modern Art, a comfort denied to artists in earlier periods; the Old Masters may have thought they were creating Modern Art, too, but that knowledge alone was not sustainingly uppercase—they were obliged to concentrate on painting well. In our century, painters have worried less and less about painting well, or painting at all. What mattered was to be modern, which meant, for some, purifying art by reducing it to the rock-bottom essentials of color and form, and, for others, extending art's reach by knocking down the barriers between it and everyday life. Neither course seems to hold out the slightest appeal to young artists today. In fact, the most recent tendencies appear to be not only post-modern but anti-modern.

What could be more *retardataire* than the current rediscovery of decoration as an aesthetic principle? The word "decorative" has been a term of contempt for decades, a sure and easy way to dismiss an artist's claims to serious attention. ("No, painting is not made to decorate apartments. It is an instrument of war, for attack and defense against the enemy"—Picasso, in 1944.) In the last five years, however, a dozen or so American painters and sculptors have cultivated extravagantly decorative styles, often borrowing their motifs from pre-modern sources such as Oriental rugs, Chinese porcelains, and Islamic interiors. Their work, referred to as "pattern painting" or "pattern-and-decoration," has caused an immoderate stir in Europe, where important collectors are buying it up as fast as they can, and it is now catching on here as well. No museum has embraced the trend as yet, but several group shows have been organized, critical appraisals have appeared in the art press, and prices are rising predictably. Clearly the art market will have no trouble accommodating itself to the latest heresy. One can almost hear a susurrus of relief. Real painting again, after the lean years of "specific objects"—those impersonal, bland, repetitive products of Minimal Art. Something to look at, for a change, after the glum verbosities of Conceptualism. The accompanying obbligato of scorn is audible as well. Pattern painting's instant success confirms long-held convictions that the art world is by now totally corrupt and commercialized, that serious art is no longer possible inside "the system."

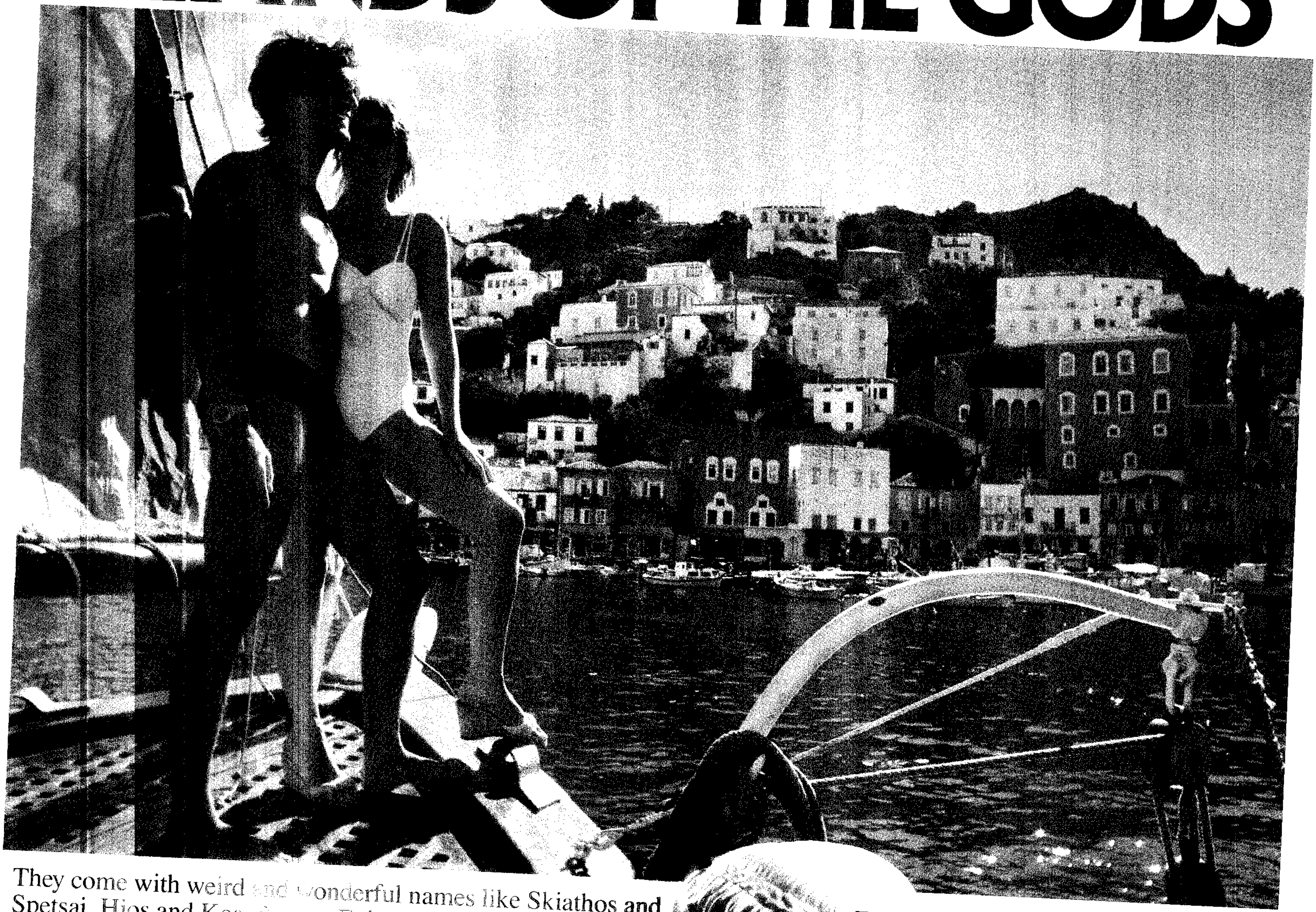


Pattern painting came right out of the contemporary art-support system, no doubt about that. Virtually every one of its practitioners holds either a B.F.A. or an M.F.A. degree from one or another of the accredited college art departments that turn out a hundred thousand graduates each year in this country. Robert Kushner and Kim MacConnel, two of the movement's best-sellers, were classmates at the University of California at San Diego; Joyce Kozloff took her B.F.A. at Carnegie Tech and her M.F.A. at Columbia; Ned Smyth graduated from Kenyon with high honors in art; Brad Davis studied at the Art Institute of Chicago and took his B.F.A. at the University of Minnesota; Tina Girouard is a B.F.A. graduate of the University of Southwestern Louisiana. And so on. No college dropouts in this group. They came out of school knowing all there was to know about Modern Art, its significant battles and dates, its wars of succession, its multiple discoveries and the theories to go with them. They also learned some earlier art history, and looked at a lot of reproductions (even some originals) of pre-Modern, non-Western painting, sculpture, architecture, and decorative art.

By the time these bright young men and women graduated, in the late sixties and the early seventies, the advanced art being shown in New York and elsewhere was Minimal or Conceptual. Some of them started in there, of course, painting monochromatic squares or making pencil marks on walls. But the feeling had already spread that Minimal and Conceptual were dead-end styles, signposts marking the last few kilometres of modernism's long path. Minimal and Conceptual were so *boring*, so relentlessly drab and self-referential, that it began to seem as though their real underlying purpose were to bring down the system itself, to undermine the art world (corrupt and commercialized) and to set up something else in its place: the artist as shaman, perhaps. But the younger artists were not interested in becoming shaperSons.

Kushner, who had started making fantastic-looking costumes while he was still in college—costumes that doubled as wall pieces when he was not using them in performance works—came to

ISLANDS OF THE GODS



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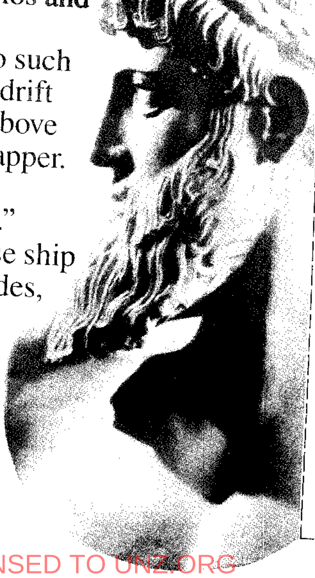

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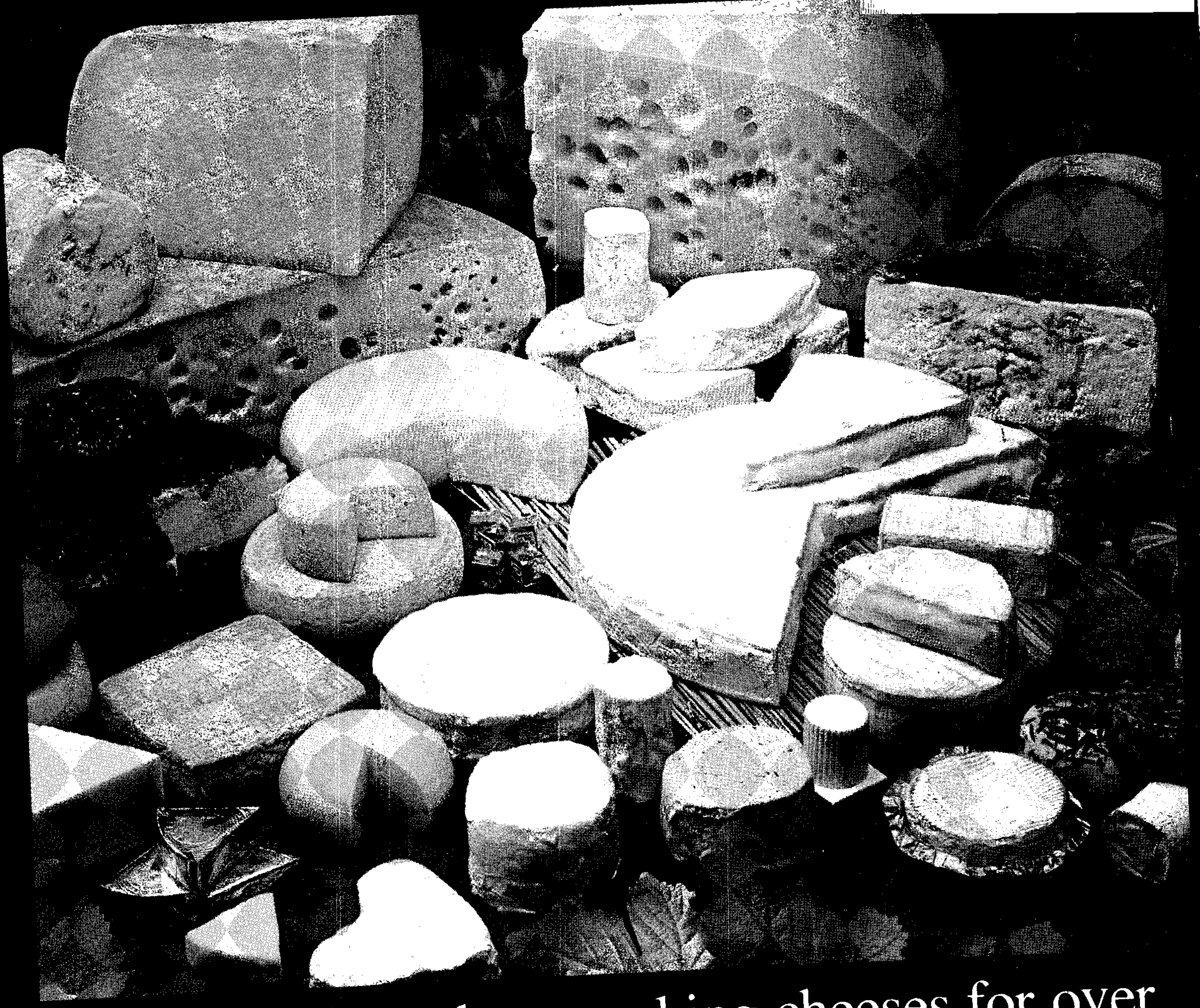

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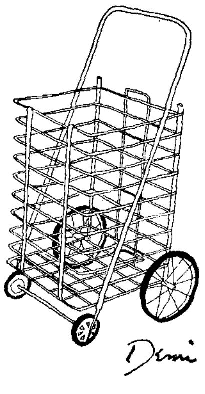
CHEESES FROM FRANCE

New York in 1972, got a job in a SoHo restaurant, and spent a lot of his free time making calligraphic drawings with India ink on rolls of cheap paper. A two-month trip to Iran in 1974 rekindled his interest in Oriental rugs (MacConnel and his wife had turned him on to them when all three were still in San Diego). When Kushner got back to New York, he apprenticed himself to a rug repairer and worked at that trade until his calligraphic, Orientalized pattern paintings started to sell. MacConnel, who also came to New York, and who remained in close touch with his former classmate, acquired a sewing machine and some bolts of printed cloth from yard-goods stores; he cut and sewed strips of patterned cloth together with plain cloth on which he painted his own designs to make fabric collages that he pinned, unframed, to the wall. Brad Davis, who came East (from Minnesota) in 1966, had his epiphany at Hunter College in 1970, in a graduate course on Islamic art. The following year, he began making pictures that looked like enlarged Persian miniatures or Chinese vase paintings, with images of stylized trees, plants, lean hounds, and waving grass. Joyce Kozloff dates her disenchantment with formalized abstract painting from a 1973 trip to Mexico, where she sketched the brick and tile and stonework façades of ancient Mayan temples and Churrigueresque churches. Miriam Schapiro's exuberant fabric collages, or "Femmages," as she calls them, are the direct outgrowth of her involvement in the feminist movement. Well known for two decades as an Abstract painter, Schapiro has said that feminism was for her "a way of questioning all assumptions, including assumptions about art. I stopped worrying whether this or that approach was 'legitimate.' "



Miriam Schapiro and her husband, the painter Paul Brach, were teaching in the Art Department at the University of California at San Diego when Kushner and MacConnel were students there. It became evident to them at the time that other artists, independently, were breaking out of the Minimalist straitjacket, and when Schapiro visited New York in 1974 she and Robert Zakanitch, who was also doing decorative paintings, organized an open meeting of some twenty of these artists; slides were shown, and the general impression spread that a new sensibility was afoot. Feminism had apparently influenced the men as well as the women. Everyone was questioning old assumptions, and the men felt free to experiment with "decorative" materials and techniques—long considered to be the province of women.

A number of the younger artists in the group gravitated to 112 Greene Street and 98 Greene Street, in SoHo—two of the early "alternative spaces" that emerged in the seventies to show not only painting and sculpture but also video and film works, and the sort of performance pieces that came out of Conceptual Art. Kushner did a performance in 1972 called "Robert Kushner and Friends Eat Their Clothes," in which the artist and his associates came out costumed from head to toe in fresh fruit and vegetables, which were consumed or otherwise redistributed in the course of the performance. Holly Solomon, who ran 98 Greene Street, was very much impressed by Kushner. He told her that he wanted to elevate decoration and fashion to a higher aesthetic status. Decoration and fashion were the most derogatory categories in art, he said, and what interested him was trying to lift them up, just as the Pop artists had elevated commercial art.

Holly Solomon was an actress manquée. She had spent years auditioning for parts, taking acting classes, working occasionally Off Off Broadway, but getting nowhere. Her husband, Horace, had his own business (women's hair accessories), so she didn't starve. After making the rounds of the casting offices each day, she got in the habit of visiting the Museum of Modern Art, or the Whitney, or the Guggenheim, and that led her to visit art galleries. Eventually, in the mid-sixties, the Solomons started to buy pictures. They bought Pop Art at first, until the prices soared out of their range. They investigated Earth Art. In the fall of 1969, they rented the small loft at 98 Greene Street. Holly presented some short plays she had written—she had not yet abandoned the theatre entirely. There were also poetry readings, dance recitals, performances by artists, video and film showings, and exhibitions of new art—some Minimal, some Conceptual, and some blatantly decorative. When she took the commercial plunge in 1975 and opened the Holly Solomon Gallery, on West Broadway, her stable of artists included Kushner, MacConnel, Davis, Smyth, Girouard, Zakanitch,

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Joe Zucker, and several other pattern artists, most of whom are still with her. Other dealers and several artist friends told her she was making a huge mistake—pattern-and-decoration was not and would never be "mainstream." After two lean seasons, though, a Swiss private dealer, Thomas Ammann, came in out of a snowstorm and bought several pattern works, and the rush was on. So far, the major buyers have been European. Dr. Peter Ludwig, the West German chocolate manufacturer and Medici of contemporary art collecting, has bought in depth. A group exhibition of Herr Ludwig's holdings in this line is currently on view at the Neue Galerie-Ludwig Collection in Aix-la-Chapelle, under the title "The New Fauves." Other dealers have lost no time catching the decorative wave: James Mayor in London, Daniel Templon in Paris, Bruno Bischofberger in Zurich, Rudolf Zwirner in Cologne, and Robert Miller, Tibor de Nagy, and the Lerner-Heller Gallery in New York.

Fauvism is assuredly among the historical sources employed by the pattern artists, or at any rate by some of them. MacConnel, who seems to me the most accomplished of the group so far, has obviously looked long and hard at Matisse, and not only at Fauve-period Matisse. MacConnel's overstuffed furniture—armchairs, sofas, ottomans—which he bought in Mexico and painted over in his opulent, flowing style, suggests a sort of irreverent homage to the Master, who once said that he dreamed of an art that would be "like a good armchair which provides relaxation from physical fatigue." Matisse borrowed design motifs from the decorative arts, of course, and painted odalisques in Moorish interiors. The great synthesis of drawing, color, form, and composition that made his art one of the century's monumental achievements has been rather narrowly interpreted by his recent followers; Matisse reduced to his purest and narrowest comes out Ellsworth Kelly. A younger artist who looked hard at Matisse today, though, might easily decide that decoration was not such a derogatory category after all.

Are MacConnel, Kushner, et al., really and truly anti-modern, then? A few of their sources are more contemporary even than Matisse, as a glance at the new architecture makes clear. The Bauhaus-pure severity of the International Style succumbed several years ago to the battering of a new eclecticism, a zestful willingness on the part of young architects to ransack the past, and even to experiment with the

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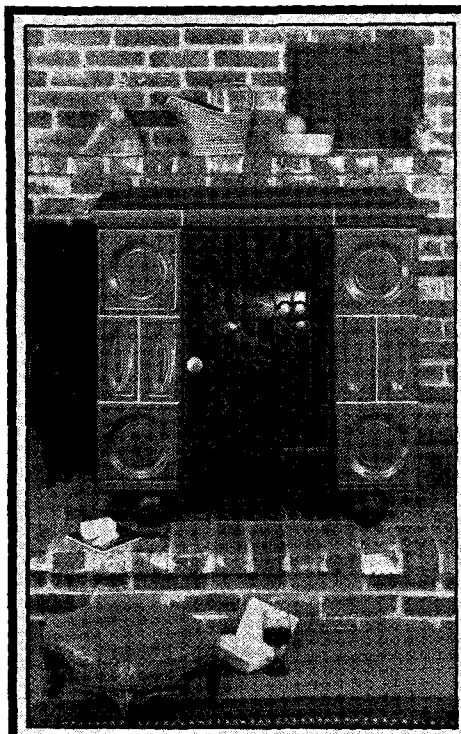
sort of ornamental detail that we all supposed Mies van der Rohe had expunged for good. Most of the pattern artists are interested in the architectural use of space. They want their work to surround the viewer; Ned Smyth and Thomas Lanigan-Schmidt make whole-room "environments" suggesting gaudy temples or shrines—wildly fanciful spaces done in a spirit of playful exoticism that has more than a little in common with the "illogical" architecture of Frank Gehry or Stanley Tigerman.

There is, moreover, the interesting question of Frank Stella's latest work. Stella is one of the most influential artists around. His early black-and-white striped paintings, and his insistence that there were no humanistic values to be found in them—that "only what can be seen is there"—functioned as a major inspiration for Minimal Art. His concentration on certain highly specific "problems" in abstract painting provided fuel for the pseudo-scientific theorizing of Conceptualism. Yet Stella has said that his main interest is "to make what is popularly called decorative painting truly viable in unequivocal abstract terms." He wants his pictures to be not conventionally decorative but decorative "in a good sense, in the sense that it is applied to Matisse." Stella's two most recent shows jolted his ardent admirers. The series of brilliantly colored paintings on aluminum which he called "Exotic Birds," shown at Knoedler in 1976, and the series of "Indian Birds," at Leo Castelli's last year, were gorgeous pictures, opulent and seductive. To the Minimally dulled eye, they were baroque, overpowering, embarrassing. Both shows sold out—by no means the usual thing for Stella. Not everyone was embarrassed.

Which brings us back to the problem of what comes after Modern Art. I suppose the answer is simply modern art. If the decorative impulse is not anti-modern, after all—and it is not—then perhaps the time has come to acknowledge that there is not and never has been such a thing as Modern Art. All new art is modern for a while; the mistake was to posit a style called Modern. As Marcel Duchamp once said in another context, "there is no solution because there is no problem."

—CALVIN TOMKINS

EDITORS' NOTE: This is a first report by Mr. Tomkins on what is currently going on in the art world. He will continue to write reports of this kind for the magazine at fairly regular intervals.



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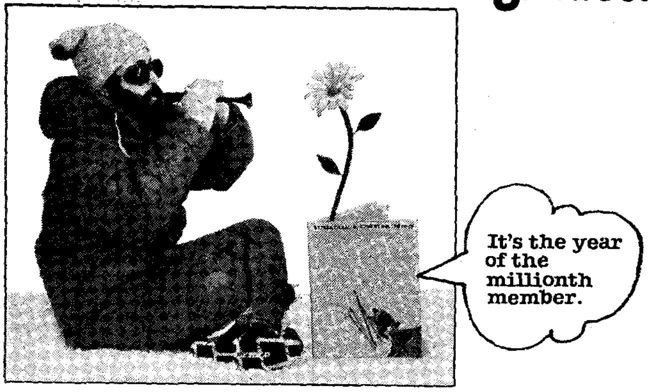
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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Visions

STRANGE flavors are hard to describe. John Huston's "Wise Blood," which has been adapted with great fidelity from the late Flannery O'Connor's novel, published in 1952—it was her first book—is a movie as odd as its title. Because it reminds one so often of the book, while resembling no other movie that I can recall, it is a disconcerting sort of picture to sit through; we wait with impatience for a recognizable story line or a single major tone to assert itself, and neither comes to pass. The movie is irritatingly flat and scattered, and I think a lot of people are going to give up on it along the way, finding it excessive in almost every scene and yet thin in toto. But anyone who doesn't hate "Wise Blood" may end up remembering it intensely and thinking about it again and again—as I have since I saw it at the New York Film Festival last fall—and being a little startled by such an attachment to a work that may be a broad-scale holy-picaresque farce, or a Southern-regional historical urban-pastoral, or perhaps a plain metaphysical tragedy. Even after seeing the movie for the second time, I find it hard to understand how I could cotton to some of Miss O'Connor's singular preoccupations and inventions—a scene, for instance, in which Hazel Motes (Brad Dourif), the self-proclaimed prophet of the Church Without Christ ("where the blind don't see and the lame don't walk and what's dead stays that way"), deliberately runs over a shabby rival holy man with his car and then listens to the victim's mumbled confession on the highway. "Give my mother a lot of trouble," the dying man says. "Never giver no rest." Or a slapstick episode in which young Enoch Emery (Daniel Shor), a mentally deficient eighteen-year-old (he thinks he shares Hazel Motes' "wise blood"—a fitful inner sense of predestination), steals a shrunken, stitch-lipped little mummy from a cabinet in the local museum, in the belief that the doll-like figure will become the new Jesus that Motes must surely require. Or, more gently, a sequence in which a street evangelist alternatively known as Onnie Jay Holy and Hoover Shoates (Ned Beatty) smoothly works a sparse crowd of blacks and derelicts for dollar bills in support of the new prophet Motes ("a great man with great idears") while Motes, at his side, implores the audience not to listen. American Gothic has never been my line, but I guess it is now.

Michael Fitzgerald, who is the co-producer (with his wife) of the movie, and Benedict Fitzgerald, who wrote the screenplay, are the sons of Robert and Sally Fitzgerald, who are, in turn and respectively, Flannery O'Connor's literary executor and the editor of her collected letters, so it is hardly surprising that the picture should follow the text of "Wise Blood" with almost reverent care. This faithfulness can be startling—a one-armed actor has been found to play a one-armed garageman who turns up in movie and book for only an instant—but it is sometimes rewarding in small, sharply precise ways. "It used to be a fire escape there," a landlady who is showing a room to Hazel Motes says—the right wording, right out of the novel. At the same time, I wish the Fitzgeralds had sometimes seen fit to invent more dialogue or some business of their own that would give the members of their extremely capable cast a chance to play together in a more useful, inter-reactive dramatic form, instead of pursuing their lonely lines of scam or vision in such perfect, cuckoo isolation. Hazel Motes spends too much time clenching his teeth and staring stiffly into the middle distance while muttering the tenets of his private gospel ("Jesus is a trick on niggers"), and when others in the same frame are lost in *their* visions ("This child seen its granny in hellfire, swoll and burning," murmurs the lascivious girl Sabbath Lily [Amy Wright], lying at Hazel's feet) we simply feel shut out. The faithfulness to a thirty-year-old text creates another problem for the movie, which sometimes has a contemporary look, with superhighways and late-model cars in view, and sometimes looks like the period of the novel. The shabby little back streets of Macon, Georgia, where the picture was shot, don't seem to have been rebuilt or painted since Gene Talmadge's day, while the faces of some of the extras and minor players, with their pinched cheeks, ruined teeth, and thin, slicked-down hair, remind us of people in the Farm Security photographs of Walker Evans. These sights, when taken with the unaltered dialogue of the book, convey the feeling of a smaller, more provincial time in the South, when evangelism and the Jesus obsession burned hotly in revival tents and flaking clapboard churches along back-country dirt roads and were not yet a staple of national television. But which is the period of this movie? It doesn't seem to have made up its mind.

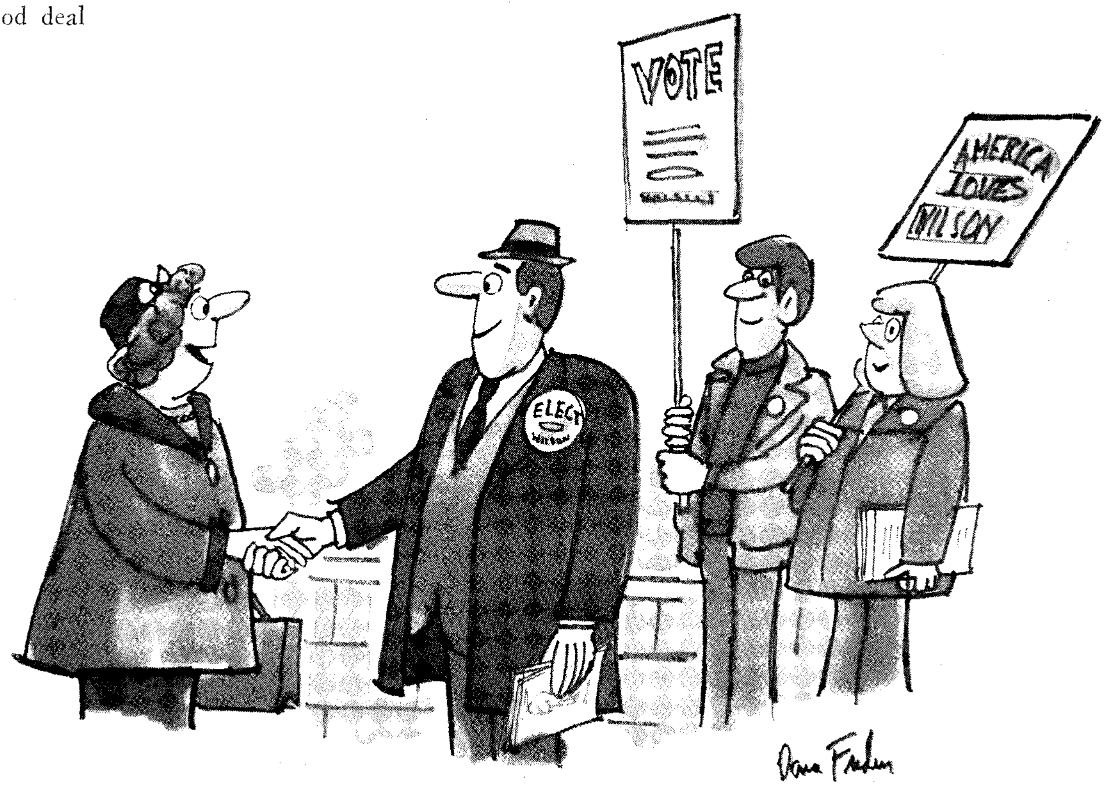
John Huston has made "Wise Blood" work, however, against all odds, because of his actors and because of his own flair for comedy, and because he seems to share Flannery O'Connor's unique feelings for the wild humor and the pain and heroism of home-fried Christian passion. Brad Dourif, with his black hat, his pale Jesus-stamped face, and his slitted, chameleonlike eyes (he was the stuttering schizophrenic Billy Bibbit in "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest"), so much becomes the haunted Hazel Motes that one can't imagine anyone else in the part, and the entire last quarter of the movie—when "Wise Blood" deliberately slows and then slows again, becoming darker and more powerfully sad and strange—is held together by a quiet, altogether exceptional performance by Mary Nell Santacroce, as Hazel's landlady and last companion. When she discovers that her roomer is wearing several strands of barbed wire wrapped around his chest under his shirt (Hazel has begun to punish himself for his holy guilt), she reproves him as if it were a social impropriety, like bad table manners. "It's not *natural*," she says primly. "It's something people have quiyut doin', like boiling in oil or being a saint or walling up cats." This is funny and awful, and so, earlier on, is the death of Hazel Motes' beloved, rickety second-hand car—a highway menace that a local sheriff confiscates by pushing it off the top of a hill; the clanking, slack-doored Ford bounces slowly and sorrowfully down a long meadow and drowns itself in a pond, and we laugh, even though we sense this is the end of everything for Motes. He can't run any farther, and he goes back to his room and blinds himself. Jesus has caught him at last.

A lot of "Wise Blood" is gently funny, as against hayseed funny or hellfire funny—Enoch Emery, standing in line outside a movie theatre to shake hands with a man in a gorilla suit, being studied by a small black boy, who then shyly asks him how old he is—and John Huston's evident enjoyment in making the picture often does away with its hovering literary pretensions. (He has even thrown in a small inside movie joke: when Enoch delivers the little black mummy he has stolen, the figure is wrapped in layers and layers of newspaper and looks very much like the wrapped-up statuette that Walter Huston, as the dying sea captain, brought to Sam Spade's office in "The Maltese Falcon"—the first movie John Huston directed.) But, above all, "Wise Blood" is vintage Flannery O'Connor, and it never loses her rare, strange down-home flavor. It's like Nehi or Moxie: you may not like it, but it sure is *ours*.

CAN ghosts kill people? This philosophical problem occurred to me more than once while I was watching John Carpenter's thriller "The Fog," thus confirming my sad realization that the movie was not quite driving me out of my mind with fear. The ghosts here are those of a crew of lepers, foully done in by six thieving scoundrels a century ago in the scuttling of a square-rigger, Elizabeth Dane, off the Northern California coast; the lepers return to the modern-day resort village of Antonio Bay under the cover of an icy, shroudlike fog in search of their lost hoard of gold and with the intention of murdering six townspeople—any six—in revenge. Murder them they do, and my mild indignation over this crime wave came not from any deep affection for the victims (most of whom had time only to emit a horrified "Yaaargh!" before being sloughed with a cargo hook or decapitated with a cutlass) but from Mr. Carpenter's violation of commonsensical tradition in these matters. People in "The Fog" spend a good deal of time barricading their doors and windows against the damp, dead figures out on their porches, which didn't make much sense to me. If a ghost can actually kill somebody, as against scaring him to death or goading him into a fatal accident, then he can do *anything*—throw the whole house into the bay, or turn it into a Pizza Hut—and there isn't much reason to feel more than resignation when he comes to call. Now, Mr. Carpenter can change these conventions if he wants to, but I think he should do so in a more dashing and outrageous fashion, as Alfred Hitchcock did in "Psycho"—to name a famous instance—when he killed off Janet Leigh in her shower, shocking us deeply because she was the only established character in the picture. Context is what matters in a chiller, and Mr. Carpenter's picture, which is not a cobwebby, old-dark-house kind of ghost story, is careless about the tone and logic of its fright. When a sheeted cadaver begins to twitch and sit up on its table, or when a recovered trail board from the lost vessel suddenly oozes salt water (or is it blood?), or when we notice that the shuffling, squishy ghosts have unexpectedly been given illuminated orange slit-eyes, like jack-o'-lanterns, we suffer a little lurch of doubt and disbelief.

This is a shame, because Mr. Carpenter, whose most recent movie was the phenomenally frightening and successful "Halloween," is a resourceful and imaginative young filmmaker, who is serious about trying to scare people. He has found some vivid locations for "The Fog" in the bare, low-lying, windswept landscape around Point Reyes, and in a spectacular white lighthouse perched above the ruffled, metallic-looking sea, with a narrow flight of steps leading *down* to the light, of all things. Night falls eerily here, in beautifully shot quick cuts of the bay and hills at evening, with the shapes of trees darkening and a foghorn beginning to moan, while the groaning, creaky music of the score (also by Mr. Carpenter) sweeps over us, along with the fog. It's a good creepy fog—too white for comfort, and with a grasping, voracious eagerness that means us no good. The ghosts are spooky, too, because we never see them in much detail (except for one closeup, very near the end, of the head and face of one spectral seaman, who—well, he's a leper, don't forget, and he's been under water for a hundred years. Wooo-eeee!). Mr. Carpenter knows other tricks of the genre—a sudden vertiginous camera shot looking straight down at the roof of the lighthouse, where the heroine is frantically scrambling away from one of the ghostly attackers (the old stair-landing shot from "Psycho"), and a moment when a priest called Father Malone (Hal Holbrook) unexpectedly steps forward out of the shadows in his church and makes us all yelp with fright. (The first time I can recall being scared in quite that way at the movies was in Val Lewton's "The Body Snatcher," in 1945, when a white horse suddenly reared up in a very dark stable, and I came straight up out of my seat.) Chillers should never be above this sort of stuff, and "The Fog," which is a spacious, handsome picture, is never too sophisticated or too uppity to go for a screech.

For all this, the picture doesn't grab us the way "Halloween" does, and its large scale is mostly to blame for that. The script, which Mr. Carpenter wrote in collaboration with Debra Hill (the two also combined to write "Halloween"), covers too much ground and too many characters. We do care about Father Malone (who has some real cause for anxiety, since an ancestor of his turns out to be one of the men



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who did away with the lepers); and we worry about a pretty night disc jockey named Stevie Wayne (Adrienne Barbeau), who works all alone out at that lighthouse (it has been converted into a radio station); and we even mind a bit when the fog begins to creep up on Stevie's young son, Andy (Ty Mitchell), and his babysitter. But there is almost a villageful of secondary characters as well, who have a nervously uninteresting look to them, like the dumb locals in "Jaws," and since even John Carpenter isn't ingenious enough to get them all into one room, or even into one house, the camera has to keep leaping about to cover all the bad news. We are never closed in, so we never start to look about and think, Oh, my God, let me *out* of here!

This is exactly what one does feel in "Halloween," from first to last, because its story is almost unfairly simple—a handful of teen-age babysitters and one of their boyfriends being terrorized by a madman with a large knife. There is nothing ghostly about *his* powers or motivation; he is an escaped lunatic who is said to have not uttered a word for the past fifteen years, and any lingering doubts about his malevolence are cleared away when we learn that he has just dined on somebody's pet dog. ("Halloween," by the way, has an interesting level of sexual anxiety that is entirely missing from "The Fog," which is sanitized. One of the babysitters is upstairs in bed with her boyfriend just before they are incised by the weirdo—a scenario that perfectly illustrates the darkest fears of every parent who has gone off for the evening leaving an infant in the charge of some anonymous and bemused adolescent: *The minute we're gone, there's going to be a lot of sex and stuff, and then something really* terrible *will probably happen.*) "Halloween" was shot (in 1978) in less than three weeks, on a budget of three hundred thousand dollars, and it has gone on to earn twenty million dollars in this country alone, which is the most money ever made by an independently produced picture. These profits are the most famous numbers in Hollywood since the grosses for "Star Wars," and they won the backing of a major studio and a more comfortable budget for "The Fog." But I think the other figures are the ones that matter. "Halloween" scared the pants off me, which seems to suggest that there's nothing like an unfair, claustrophobically tight budget to keep an imaginative moviemaker at his best and to lock the rest of us into a very small, dark corner and hold us there, happily frightened to death, for an hour and a half.

"THE IMMORTAL BACHELOR" is an Italian marital comedy in which Giancarlo Giannini plays an unshaven down-and-out sexual rooster, Gino, "too talented to work," who slaps around his blond, cheerful nitwit wife, Tina (Monica Vitti, looking terrifically sexy and funny), whenever he isn't cheating on her, but whose inspired lovemaking keeps her happy just the same. Their shack is practically on the roadbed of a railroad track—a main line, by the sound of it—and whenever a passing express or local wakes them up at night, they eye each other and shrug and have at it again. The story is presented in flashbacks, for Tina has been accused of murdering her wayward mate by throwing him into a sewer (he turns up in the end, of course, and the case collapses), and almost every episode finishes with Tina, on the floor or in bed, turning toward the camera with a delighted grin and murmuring, "Tell me, Your Honor, would *you* kill a man who could make love like that?" Claudia Cardinale and Vittorio Gassman are a wealthy middle-class couple (she is a juror at Tina's trial) who discover, once again, that only the poor have fun in bed in Italy.

"One and One," by contrast, is a Swedish look at love, done more or less in the style of Ingmar Bergman, and thus a bit chillier in tone. (The script is by Erland Josephson; the direction is a collaborative effort by him and Ingrid Thulin—both veteran players in the Bergman troupe, who play the leads here—and Sven Nykvist, who also wields the camera, just as he did in so many of the Master's films.) Miss Thulin is Ylva, an aging, gray-blond, unhappy-looking artist—no one has ever seen her paintings, perhaps because she keeps them in her studio with their faces to the wall—who conceives an inexplicable passion for a lonely, thick-bodied eccentric known as Uncle Dan (Mr. Josephson, in round, black-rimmed eyeglasses, short gray hair, and a jiggling, irritable manner), a lifelong misogynist, who stuffs himself with pastries and delivers conversational sparklers like " 'Oblomov' is the only book I read now. . . . I never get past the first twenty pages." The two take a holiday trip to Copenhagen and then to the beautiful Baltic island of Bornholm, where they often sit side by side, staring glumly out to sea, while each talks at length about himself or herself. One night, Ylva takes off all her clothes in front of Uncle Dan as a gesture of honesty, and a few nights later he returns the compliment, but nothing happens either time. Miss Thulin and Mr. Josephson are resourceful actors, of course, and they impart a certain sadness and conviction to all this, which do not, however, dispel one's nagging wish not to have been invited along on their excursion.

Each of these imports conveys its nationality and its weather (scenic and psychic) as perfectly and predictably as a travel poster, and thus proves to be a mite forgettable. During a recent dawn bout of insomnia, I began to wonder whether they might not perk up in recollection if the lines uttered by the romantic principals in the two movies could be switched. Thus, Miss Thulin might be able to think of Uncle Dan in Miss Vitti's slightly less cerebral terms—"He'd run his hand down here [her neck, she means] *piano*, *piano* . . . *piano!* What was I to do, throw gasoline in his face?"—while Mr. Josephson, somehow taking on the suggestive wet eyes of Giancarlo Giannini and at least a trace of his froglike sexual croak, would say, "What's the matter? Don't I take care of you first? After that, I can screw around with anybody else I want to!"

Meanwhile, back in their railroad flat, Gino and Tina find that their domestic intercourse has acquired a more Kierkegaardian flavor. Gino, on the point of taking his blond hoyden to bed once again, reels away from her, just as Uncle Dan did upon seeing some Brueghel nudes in a museum, and cries, "It's too much—all this inspiration and possibility!" Then he knocks his mate to the floor, more or less out of habit, from where Miss Vitti, prostrate again, delivers a soliloquy to herself: "You're like all the others, Tina. You think you can escape your individualism by hitching yourself to another. One and one. Two and two. That's the only social gospel we can cope with. . . ." She sighs and looks up, noticing that her husband has divested himself of all his clothes.

GINO (*in a Swedish accent, if possible*): Look at this funny white thing, my body. It's gone all pink from cream and marzipan. (*Musingly*) It's got nothing to say to you.

TINA: You wanted to show all your cowardice and prevarication. . . .

YLVA (*as Tina, to Tina*): I wouldn't waste my time with this bozo.

UNCLE DAN (*as Gino playing Uncle Dan*): I love you, but it doesn't do any good.

YLVA (*all mixed up*): *Basta!*

FINE—or perhaps SLUT

—ROGER ANGELL

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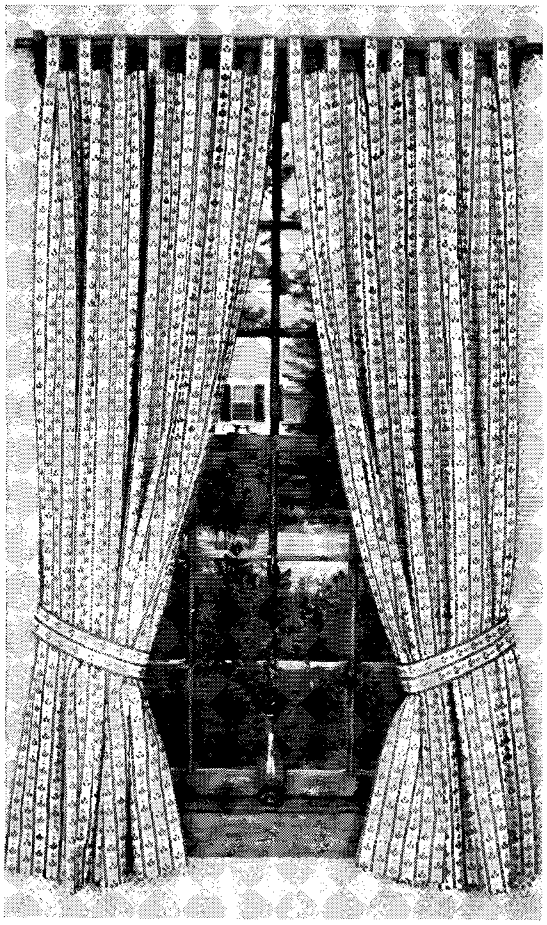


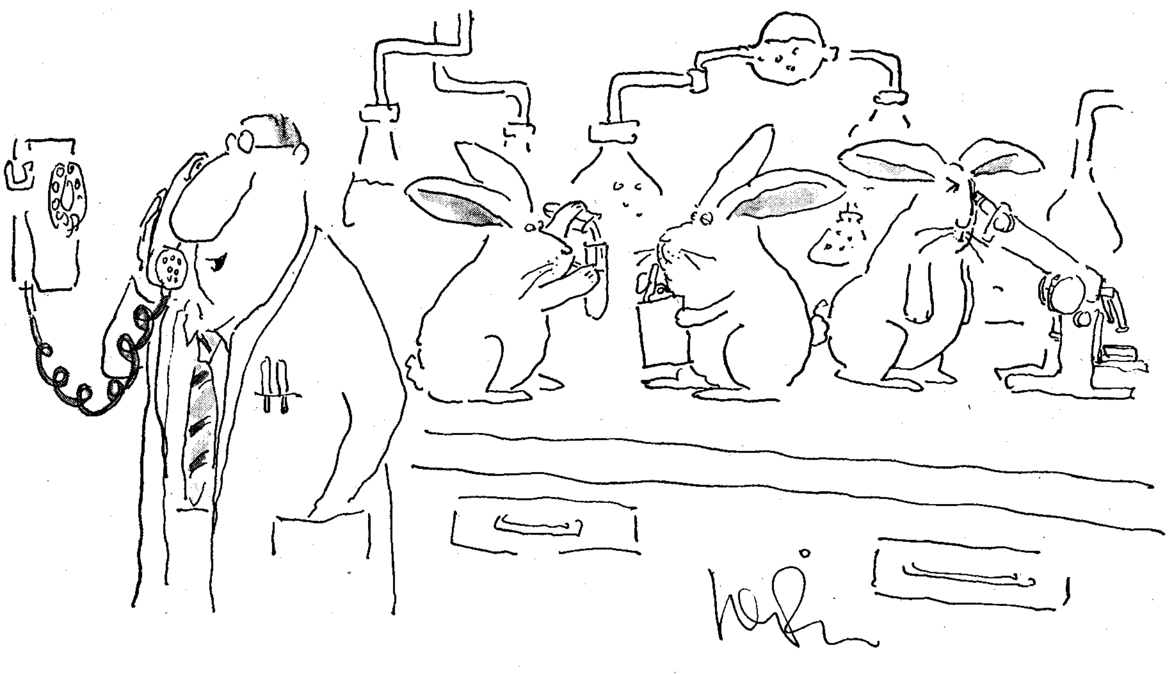
DANCING

"Locale"—The Motion Picture

NOW that video cassettes are here and we can look forward to building our own home libraries of dance, what kind of performance do we want: live transmissions from the stage, studio versions that try to preserve the look if not the letter of the choreography as originally composed, or whole new treatments, better suited to video or film expression? It takes a certain amount of redesigning to make any theatrical dance consistently intelligible to the camera; the less there is of this, the more we have to rely on our knowledge of how a dance works in the theatre. Yet the "Live from Lincoln Center" broadcasts, which alter nothing of the event but the stage lighting, are highly popular, even with audiences who may never have been to the theatre. Live dance on television often has the drama of a sports event, and the element of danger and self-testing which links dancers to other athletes may be more evident on television than it is in the theatre. The trouble with broadcasting dance live is that only the nineteenth-century ballets, with their discursive mime scenes, which move the plot and allow for closeups, work in camera terms. Concentrated all-dance ballets aren't really possible even under controlled studio conditions. No matter how persuasively they're done, they can never show us all there is to see, and we know they aren't being done as we watch. Still, we watch and even enjoy them. Because we can see how much greater in this kind of choreography the risks are that the dancers have to take, we can infer what's being lost in translation. Very likely, it's this interaction of gain and loss that has made the WNET series "Dance in America" successful. The staff directors, Merrill Brockway and Emile Ardolino, have been able to "explain" companies and choreography just clearly enough to let people see what goes on in a theatre and what they miss by not being there. And, in fact, the series has been a powerful sales booster for American dance, bringing a measurable rise in attendance to every company it has presented.

My own favorite "Dance in America" program so far has been Merce Cunningham's, which Brockway filmed three years ago. Cunningham put together an hour mostly of excerpts from various compositions, cutting from one to another without interruption, as in one of his stage Events. He was also able to use the original costumes and scenery for each piece, so that the visual world of "RainForest" was presented as completely as that of "Antic Meet." Cunningham understood television spectacle not only as environment but also as changing environment; his show was organized as if by channel selector, with a master's hand at the switch. And his stage choreography was radically rearranged to look its best on camera. Of all the choreographers whose work has been seen on "Dance in America," Cunningham made the biggest contribution to the series as television. Independently, he has also composed several pieces of video choreography, the most brilliant of which, "Fractions," actively exploits both the possibilities and the limitations of television as a dance medium. In the videotape of "Fractions," the camera keeps capturing dancers and their images on TV monitors in the same shot; the "real" space of the dance studio simultaneously encloses and is enclosed by an electronic representation of space, so that the views of "reality" may be no less fragmentary and impressionistic than the views on the box inside the box. The sum of "Fractions" is, of course, the sum of all these views. And "Fractions" also exists as a work of stage choreography in the Cunningham repertory; we can add our knowledge of it in performance to our experience of the videotape version. The question is in which version, stage or tape, are we seeing the most of "Fractions"?

I haven't yet seen "Locale" on the stage, but I have seen the film that Cunningham has just finished of this new thirty-minute work starring his company. Like the tape of "Fractions," the film of "Locale" is a total experience; it does for dance in the medium of film what "Fractions" did for it in video, but it is much less confined by the medium's limitations or much less interested in holding them up for comment. "Locale" is galvanizing from the very first shot—one of several shots in which the camera sails through the room (the "locale" is the Cunningham studio in Westbeth, where all his films are made), taking in a three-hundred-and-sixty-degree span without stopping or cutting away for at least five or six minutes. Cunningham and his film collaborator Charles Atlas are clearly striving for an approximation of the immediacy and continuity of live performance. The long takes enable the dancers to assemble their own continuity, as they do on the stage. The greater scale and definition of film, as opposed to video, mean that Cunningham and Atlas can take greater chances with sweep and perspective. There's a giddy, go-for-broke feeling in the film, and at times (most notice-



"Oh, nothing much. Just experimenting with some rabbits."

ably in the opening shot and in a later one in which the action is at its wildest) the camera is literally giddy in its whirling circumferential flights, and the image bounces about. But this is personal filmmaking—even amateur filmmaking, if you will—and Cunningham isn't aiming for the mechanical smoothness of the picture studios. The intricacy of the photography is a trial even for the Steadicam, which may be the most agile travelling camera ever developed. In "Locale," we're seeing Cunningham's choreography with his eye and mind. A little bouncing is a small price to pay for communication as direct and transparent as any we have had on film since the hand of Picasso drawing in "Le Mystère Picasso."

"Locale" is also the most serious and expansive attempt we have yet had to put dance on film so that it stays vivid as dance, with real physical and kinetic force. The most successful dance films ever made are still those of Fred Astaire, whose requirements were modest compared to Cunningham's. Astaire's intimate style needed only to be closely observed by the camera to result in the encompassing dance experience the audience had paid to have. A developed high-contrast theatrical style like ballet or like Cunningham's adaptation of ballet needs to restate itself in spatial terms before a camera can begin to see it. It especially needs to do this because, unlike tap-dancing, it doesn't make definite sounds as it moves; it lacks the kind of aural anchor that can make up as much as fifty per cent of a dance's credibility in the flattened perspective of the picture screen. If Cunningham's disdain of musical synchronization gave him one more problem than most choreographer-filmmakers face, his spatial freedom took one away. A Cunningham dance dissolves the conception of stage space as a cube, with a front, a back, and sides; we are not surprised to find the organization of space as dramatically flexible, or even more so, in a Cunningham film. As in any film or video dance, we must read "large" and "small" as "near" and "far;" but Cunningham choreography can be laid out huge distances from the lens without making us aware of either a problem or a solution. I understand that Cunningham went to a lot of movies in order to prepare for "Locale," and I'm surprised that he should have felt a need to do so. Except for the most elaborate three-hundred-and-sixty-degree shot, for which he used a crane, the solution to the puzzle of film technique is in-

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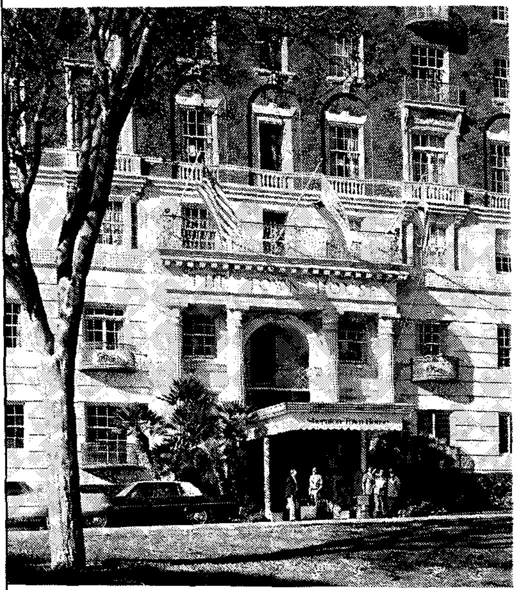

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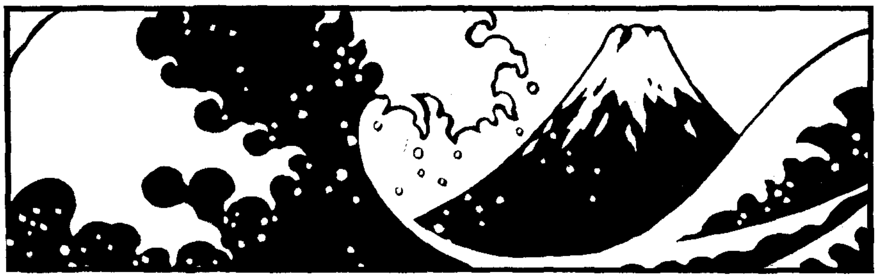

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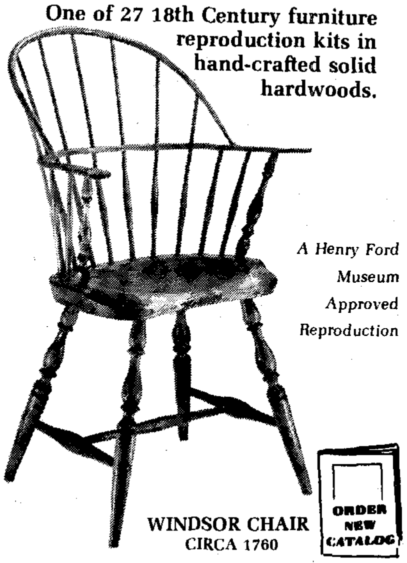

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herent in his style of choreography. As it is a radical style, so the film is a radical film, a wholesale reinterpretation of the dancer's space. The choreography of "Locale" is made up of changing groups, with every now and then a brief solo. The changes are rapid, the movements are large and open, and the pace accelerates from moderate to fast to very fast, then shifts back to moderate. But, again, although fast dance movement that takes in a lot of space is usually incomprehensible to a camera, I'm not aware of any blockages of this sort in "Locale" or of any painstaking attempt to grapple with them. The film is as clean and comfortable to watch as a dance on the stage. Perhaps the most exciting thing about it, though, is that it never resorts to stage convention. The dancers don't enter or exit as they would on a stage; they are discovered and lost by the camera as it travels or they are suddenly there and gone by means of a cut. A sequence in which all the transitions are managed through cuts follows the opening sequence, in which all the transitions are managed through movements of the camera. Whatever the chosen device, it is the one that follows most logically the sense of the dance. There is a passage in which Cunningham isolates a single figure, then a duo, then a trio, cutting each time, and each time on movement, back to the group. He contrasts long diagonal perspectives with two-dimensional compositions that appear to be matte shots until the dancers move away from their background and one sees that it's a real wall. The pale noonday skyline view beyond the windows of the Westbeth studio is the film's main backdrop (the mirrored wall is seen only once), and the black marly with which the floor and the small stage have been covered gives it some of its most distinctive moments. I enjoyed especially those in which cuts are avoided or concealed by keeping or going to this black—a method that sometimes involved spiralling the camera right over the tops of the dancers' heads as they passed the lens.

Takehisa Kosugi, who did "Squaregame," provided the score; the costumes are tights and tops in contrasting colors and were designed by Mr. Atlas. "Locale," live and onstage, has its New York première this week, on the first night of the Cunningham Dance Company season at the City Center. On the evening of the twenty-fourth, "Locale," in 16 mm. and in color, has *its* première at the same theatre, along with "Roamin' I," a fifteen-minute documentary on the making of the movie—which must have been very nearly as athletic as the dancing. An earlier Cunningham-Atlas collaboration, "Blue Studio: Five Segments," will also be shown. Through the magic of chroma-key printing, Cunningham appears against different backgrounds. Old Buster Keaton fantasies are revived, as first a street, then a lake, then a studio arrive to surround the solitary figure. The grand finale is like one of Astaire's—five Cunninghams in motion at once. All of these productions may eventually be rented or bought, either as films or as videotape cassettes. How appropriate it would be if the name Westbeth turned out to have the same historic importance to dance that Biograph had to the movies. Cunningham, as always, is manning the frontier.

—ARLENE CROCE

• •

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People are standing, as if out of the rain,
holding on. For the last two blocks
the woman across the aisle has wept
quietly into her hands, the whole
of her upper body nodding, keeping time.
The bus is slow enough you can hear,
inside your head, the traffic within
traffic, like another talk.

Someone is leaning down, someone has touched
her shoulder. But by now she has tucked
her legs up under her, grief given over.
She will not lift her face.
Across the park the winter sun is perfect
behind the grillwork of the trees,
as here it is brilliant against buildings.
Above her body the thousand windows blur.

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Heart and Mind

MOZART'S C-Minor Fantasy (strictly, Maximilian Stadler's completion for solo piano of a magnificent movement Mozart began for piano and violin) was billed to open Radu Lupu's recital in Avery Fisher Hall last week. In the event, Mr. Lupu played Mozart's B-Minor Adagio, a long, serious stretch of music and perhaps Mozart's greatest solo composition for the instrument. He played it thoughtfully, beautifully, amply, and without exaggeration, sounding the strong dynamic contrasts yet never breaking the scale of the music. Then he played Schubert's A-Minor Sonata, D. 845. A modern Steinway, with its thick, "rich" tone, is no fit instrument for Schubert, but then the immense Fisher Hall is equally no fit place for it—or for a fortepiano. Last time I heard Mr. Lupu, playing Schubert's A-Major Sonata, D. 959, in Carnegie Hall, I felt that the big modern instrument got in the way of the music, and in the way of a wonderful performance. And in the A-Minor last week there were passages—where the thick-clumped chords of the opening Moderato move low, where the A-flat variation of the second movement needs unstinted fortissimo on an early-nineteenth-century but not a twentieth-century scale—to make a listener regret the sweetness and clarity of a piano that Schubert would have recognized. But regrets were fleeting, no more than evanescent flecks on the rapture that Mr. Lupu's playing inspired. In fact, I would hesitate to bring up once again the question of the instrument (except to praise this one as a fine specimen of its kind) had not the program announced that Mr. Lupu is to record a complete cycle of Schubert's sonatas. Already he has put four of them on disc. One can understand his using a Steinway when he plays to an assembled multitude. But records are heard at home, and through them he could reach more people still, without having to sacrifice the kinds of sound the composer had in mind—to hold back, to "transcribe," in effect, for a different instrument. The superior merits of a Schubert piano, for Schubert, will never be widely recognized until a great Schubert pianist of our day—and that Mr. Lupu now is—joins his musical understanding and his technical command to its tones and action.

Since he won the Leeds Piano Competition, in 1969, Mr. Lupu has grown steadily, shed mannerisms, matured into a master of the most satisfying kind. None of the three works on his program was in any sense a display piece, even though the third was Brahms' formidable, fiery Third Sonata. Played for show, the sonata can sound extravagant and extreme. Mr. Lupu played it as poetry, rather as Edwin Fischer used to (though Mr. Lupu played its finale more accurately), and it was stirring. For encores, he returned to Schubert: the Andante of the A-Major Sonata, D. 664, lifted out as a gentle romance, and well able to stand on its own; and the F-Minor Moment Musical, exquisitely light and enchantingly poised.

Mozart's C-Minor Fantasy did begin Russell Sherman's recital the week before, at Washington Irving High School. For several years, Bostonians (and others) have been recommending Mr. Sherman to me as if he were America's answer to Alfred Brendel. On records, I have admired arresting Beethoven and masterly Liszt. This was my first "live" encounter with his playing, and I was disappointed. The Mozart promised well. Two pieces by Stefan Wolpe, "Form for Piano" and "Form IV: Broken Sequences," were finely and strongly done. But then his account of the Brahms-Paganini Variations suggested an interpretation thought out, worked over, worried at, pondered in intellectual and technical details to a point where the music lost any natural flow. There was none of the improvisatory quality that can make the work so exciting, so exhilarating to hear. In the second half, Mr. Sherman's Chopin was similarly personal and "cultivated" to the point of preciousness. Incidentally, his recital was one in the series of Peoples' Symphony Concerts, to which admission is a dollar and a half; at the next of them, on February 23rd, Mr. Lupu is billed to repeat the Mozart and Brahms from his Fisher Hall program and, between them, play a different Schubert sonata, the C-Minor, D. 958.

A few days later, Alfred Brendel came to Carnegie with an unexpected repertory: three Schumann cycles—"Kinderscenen," "Carnaval," and "Kreisleriana." He is a pianist who holds one's attention on everything he does. The "Kinderscenen" pieces were shapely, sharply characterized, nervously alive. So were the "Carnaval" pieces, and yet—how can I put it without sounding philistine?—there seemed to be too much brain and not enough simple feeling in their performance. "Kreisleriana" was wonderful in its way, but one was aware of points that were being made, of problems that had been solved. In his collection of essays "Musical Thoughts and Afterthoughts," Mr. Brendel wrote, "*Feeling* must remain the Alpha and Omega of a musician," and "The moment an audience feels that a performer wants to teach them, his case

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is lost." I quoted those sentences when praising Youri Egorov's first Carnegie recital, last season; and after Mr. Brendel's recital I returned to the Egorov recording of "Kreisleriana" for reassurance that I hadn't been wrong to miss something—spontaneity, simplicity—in Mr. Brendel's brilliantly disciplined, formidably polished performance. I don't think he was consciously trying to teach, but perhaps he is still rather too close to the results of lessons he himself must have learned while restudying this Schumann repertory. He provides pleasures for the mind. He can play Beethoven in a way that seems to convey Beethoven's very thought. But there are pleasures of the senses—rapture in warm, beautiful, romantic piano sound—which escape him. I'm trying to avoid the easy label "intellectual," so often attached to him. He *is* communicative, exciting, and direct. But this Schumann lacked natural impulsiveness.

Mr. Egorov's Carnegie recital this season was not quite the sensation that his earlier one had been. I enjoyed his Bach E-Minor Partita—not as stylish Bach playing but as the fresh response of an exuberant, instinctive pianist-musician to the music. Bartók's Sonata was potently done. Then Mr. Egorov attempted the well-nigh impossible: to sustain not merely one complete set of Chopin's Studies but both sets in a single recital. There were many, many pleasing and beautiful things along the way. Mr. Egorov seems to be a born, not a made, pianist.

EARLY this month, the Juilliard American Opera Center gave the first performances of a new two-act opera, "Feathertop," by Edward Barnes, a twenty-two-year-old Juilliard student. The subject is from Hawthorne's story of the same title, in "Mosses from an Old Manse." In eighteenth-century New England, a witch sends her scarecrow out into the world dressed as a fine young lord, and the world accepts him as one. But in a mirror he and the girl he plans to marry see "not the glittering mockery of his outside show, but a picture of the sordid patchwork of his real composition, stripped of all witchcraft," and he chooses not to live. Maurice Valency adapted the story for television in 1963, and later for the stage, and has now fashioned his play as a libretto. In a program note, he says that any debt to Gogol's "The Government Inspector" is accidental. A similar idea provided the plot of Hans Werner Henze's opera "The Young Lord" (1965), but there it is an ape, not a scarecrow, whose outré deportment is enthusiastically copied. Hawthorne could have known the Wilhelm Hauff story (1827) on which Henze's opera is based, but he need not have: the donnée has a folk-tale, fabular quality. Its moral is stated by Hawthorne's witch:

> My poor, dear, pretty Feathertop! There are thousands upon thousands of coxcombs and charlatans in the world, made up of just such a jumble of worn-out, forgotten, and good-for-nothing trash as he was! Yet they live in fair repute, and never see themselves for what they are.

And the sentiment is provided by her further reflection "He seems to have too much heart to bustle for his own advantage in such an empty and heartless world." Dramatists and composers can make much or little of the subject. Henze expanded it into a big opera, packed with character studies, caricatures, thoughts about individual and social human behavior, and almost too much music. Barnes' treatment is light. Both the moral and the emotions are touched on without emphasis. It was hard to tell whether the composer's heart was engaged, whether he was drawn to the familiar matter by more than its evident stage effectiveness. But his skill was not for a moment in doubt. The opera moves confidently, sings well, and sounds good. A small orchestra—strings, woodwind quartet, horn, trumpet, plentiful but delicate percussion, piano, and an offstage women's chorus used instrumentally—is handled in a masterly way. Points of reference for the music are Britten (the witch's familiar is a new version of Britten's Puck), Boulez, and Maxwell Davies. "Feathertop" is a slight piece, but one of the most efficient first operas I have ever heard.

The only voice of much note in the cast was J. Patrick Raftery's baritone, in a small role; but the production, directed by H. Wesley Balk, designed by Peter Perina, and staged in the school's Drama Theatre, was one of the most accomplished that New York has seen, up on a level with the Met's "Lulu." Mr. Perina, a Czech who lives and works in Canada, is a discovery. The designing style was "school of Svoboda" at its most poetic, and apt for this adventurous, imaginative presentation of a contemporary opera. The Juilliard Philharmonia, conducted by Richard Dufallo, played admirably.

Earlier this season, in the Juilliard Theatre, the Opera Center put on four performances of Puccini's operetta “La Rondine” in elaborate stock scenery acquired from the Opera Company of Philadelphia. That décor, too, matched the work it housed. The singers weren’t particularly good; Laszlo Halasz’s conducting was sometimes ungainly; Ian Strasfogel, the director, handled the crowd scenes very well but had devised some awkward bits of business for the principals. The first night was sticky; at a later performance I surrendered happily to the charm of Puccini’s tuneful score.

MASSENET’s “Hérodiade” (1881), which succeeds the oratorio “La Vierge” in his catalogue, is a surprisingly decorous work, despite the scene in Act II of Herod’s repose attended by the masseuses of the day. (Even there, the proprieties are saved when the love philtre Herod drinks proves soporific.) As H. E. Krehbiel remarked when the piece reached New York, in 1909, “the names of the principal characters were those which for a few years had been filling the lyric theatres of Germany with a moral stench; but their bearers in Massenet’s opera did little or nothing that was especially shocking to good taste or proper morals.” Salome proves to be a chaste and devout cousin of the frivolous Manon Lescaut. Herodias is a tender mother and jealous wife. (It is late in the piece before she discovers that her rival is also her long-lost daughter.) John the Baptist is “a voice—but not one crying in the wilderness.” In the last act, he allows himself a love duet with Salome, regarding it as a sign of divine favor that she has come to visit him in his prison. The scene includes a saxophone obbligato.

“Hérodiade” is a grand opera with multiple choruses, processions, ceremonies, dances in each of the four acts. As the first event of its season, the Opera Orchestra of New York gave it a large-scale concert performance, in Carnegie Hall. There was a strong, confident chorus, formed of the New York University Choral Arts Society and the C. W. Post College Chorus of Long Island University. Eve Queler had assembled an orchestra of expert players. Her conducting was broad, spirited, and sensitive in the intimate scenes. The only large cut was of the Act IV ballet. At the Wexford Festival production of “Hérodiade,” in 1977, the role of Salome was sung by a Pamina, Eilene Hannan. In New York, Montserrat Caballé was billed for it, but she became ill. Awilda Verdejo, a pretty Pamina at the Juilliard three years ago (and later a touching

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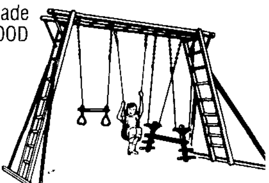

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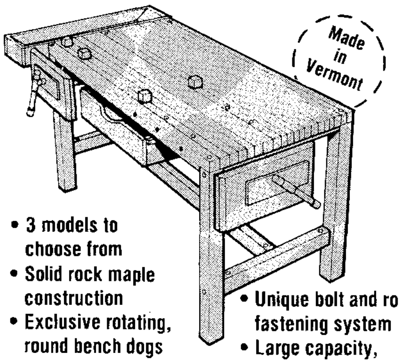

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Jenůfa), brought charm, piquancy, and clear, fresh tones to the part, and also the ability to spin a long, soaring line. Nicolai Gedda had withdrawn from the role of the Baptist. A young tenor from North Carolina, Richard Estes, made a brave and stylish shot at a role calling (like Berlioz's Aeneas, Rossini's Arnold, Don José) for that combination of elegance and heroic ring of which Jean de Reszke was a famous and Georges Thill perhaps the last exemplar. Bernadette Greevy, Wexford's Herodias, repeated her role; she was potent and passionate. Juan Pons produced fine, smooth tone as Herod. Paul Plishka was an imposing Phanuel, the Chaldean astrologer. Miss Queler had engaged a real and magisterial cantor, Herman Malamood, to sing the offstage "Hear, O Israel" of the Act III temple rite.

The director of the Paris Opera, Auguste Vaucorbeil, turned down "Hérodiade," according to Massenet's memoirs, as needing the attentions of a *carcassier*—someone who could articulate an operatic skeleton firmly. One sees what he meant. The matter of "Hérodiade" *is* rather a muddle of loves, faiths, and the Judeo-Roman power struggle; the opera is an accumulation of striking scenes rather than a dramatic progress. Plainly, it's not a piece deserving a full-scale stage revival, but it does show Massenet's merits: his rhythmic flexibility in word setting, which opened the way to "Manon" (and was perhaps not without influence on "Pelléas"); his delicate handling of voices and instruments; and—as also in "Le Cid," which Miss Queler did four years ago—his easy command of very large operatic forces. Like most of Miss Queler's revivals, this "Hérodiade" was at once enjoyable and instructive.

—ANDREW PORTER

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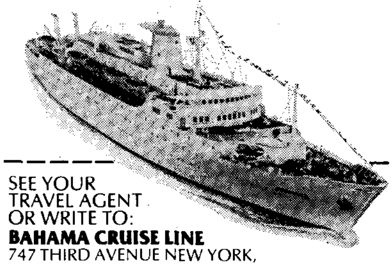

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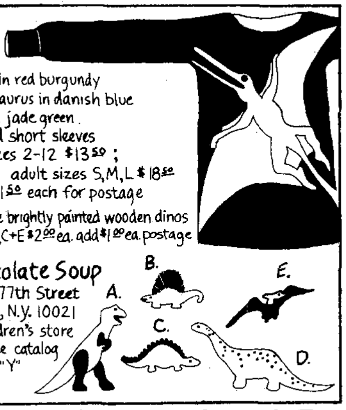

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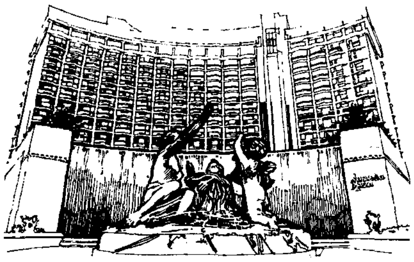

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> An author in his book must be like God in the universe, present everywhere and visible nowhere. Art being a second Nature, the creator of that Nature must behave similarly. In all its atoms, in all its aspects, let there be sensed a hidden, infinite impassivity.
>
> The less you feel a thing, *the more capable you are of expressing it as it is* (as it *always* is, in itself, in its universality, freed from all ephemeral contingencies). But one must be able to *make oneself feel it.* This faculty is, simply, genius: the ability to *see,* to have the model posing there before you.
>
> Everything should be done coldly, with poise.
>
> At the present moment I believe that a thinker (and what is an artist if not a triple thinker?) should have neither religion, country, nor even any social conviction.
>
> I do not want my book to contain a *single* subjective reaction, nor a *single* reflection by the author.
>
> There are no noble subjects or ignoble subjects; from the standpoint of pure Art one might almost establish the axiom that there is no such thing as subject—style in itself being an absolute manner of seeing things.
>
> I envision a style: a style that would be beautiful, that someone will invent some day, ten years or ten centuries from now, one that would be rhythmic as verse, precise as the language of the sciences, undulant, deep-voiced as a cello, tipped with flame: a style that would pierce your idea like a dagger, and on which your thought would sail easily ahead over a smooth surface, like a skiff before a good tail wind. Prose was born yesterday: you have to keep that in mind. Verse is the form par excellence of ancient literatures. All possible prosodic variations have been discovered; but that is far from being the case with prose.
>
> I like clear, sharp sentences, sentences which stand erect, erect while running—almost an impossibility. The ideal of prose has reached an unheard-of degree of difficulty: there must be no more archaisms, clichés; contemporary ideas must be expressed using the appropriate crude terms; everything must be as clear as Voltaire, as abrim with substance as Montaigne, as vigorous as La Bruyère, and always streaming with color.
>
> May I die like a dog rather than hurry by a single second a sentence that isn't ripe!
>
> It takes more genius to say, in proper style: "close the door," or "he wanted to sleep," than to give all the literature courses in the world.
>
> When literature attains the precision of an exact science, that's something!
>
> The artist must raise everything to a higher level: he is like a pump; he has inside him a great pipe that reaches down into the entrails of things, the deepest layers. He sucks up what was lying there below, dim and unnoticed, and brings it out in great jets to the sunlight.
>
> Live like a bourgeois, and think like a demigod.
>
> Between the crowd and ourselves, no bond exists. Alas for the crowd; alas for us, especially. But since there is a reason for everything, and since the fancy of one individual seems to me just as valid as the appetite of a million men, and can occupy an equal place in the world, we must (regardless of material things and of mankind, which disavows us) live for our vocation, climb up our ivory tower, and there, like a bayadere with her perfumes, dwell alone with our dreams.
>
> Mankind hates us: we serve none of its purposes; and we hate it, because it injures us. So let us love one another "in Art," as mystics love one another "in God."
>
> There are two kinds of literature: one that I would call "national" (the better of the two); and the other, "individual"—works produced by gifted writers. For the first to be realized, there must be a fund of opinions shared by the mass of the people, a common bond such as does not now exist; and for the full development of the second, there must be *liberty.*

Flaubert's portrait of the artist in materialist, fragmented society and his prescription for the artist's recourse set the tone for a modernism that, a century later, has perhaps been exhausted but not superseded. His vehemence became, in an apostle like Pound, something like fury; his purism, in a figure like Wilde (who wrote in 1888, "Flaubert is my master"), somewhat effete. Joyce took Flaubert's call for impassivity and the simile of the hidden God to extreme conclusions both stern and droll; and Proust undertook, it would seem, to write the book of which Flaubert dreamed, one "which would entail only the writing of sentences," a book "which would be held together

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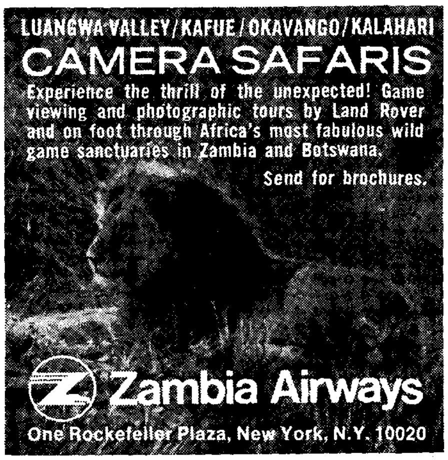
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by the internal strength of its style, just as the earth, suspended in the void, depends on nothing external for its support." Flaubert's demand that writers *see* found an echo in a famous preface by Conrad, and his call for prose to be purged of rhetoric and subjectivism has its homage in styles as diverse as those of Ernest Hemingway and Vladimir Nabokov. Strange to say, the very idea of "good writing," now gropingly inculcated in a wide world of writing courses, had no very distinct presence in prose until Flaubert; he himself frequently marvels at the artlessness of Rabelais and Cervantes. Flaubert's influence as a theoretician and father figure is immense, and comes precariously close to outweighing the impression his works make. Postwar American writers have expressed restiveness under his sway. Saul Bellow couldn't write "The Adventures of Augie March," he has told interviewers, until he cast off the Flaubertian principles he sought to embody in "The Victim," and J. D. Salinger's fictional poet Seymour Glass once wrote to his story-writing brother Buddy:

> I'm positive tonight that all "good" literary advice is just Louis Bouilhet and Max Du Camp wishing Madame Bovary on Flaubert. All right, so between the two of them, with their exquisite taste, they got him to write a masterpiece. They killed his chances of ever writing his heart out. He died like a celebrity, which was the one thing he wasn't. His letters are unbearable to read. They're so much better than they should be. They read waste, waste, waste. They break my heart.

Another brokenhearted unenthusiastic reader of the letters was their principal recipient, Louise Colet. She wanted to hear about love and marriage, and all she got was Art. She wanted him to come to Paris and her bed, and he stubbornly stayed in his ivory tower in Croisset, near Rouen, with his mother and his mission. The tristful comedy of the mortal context of this immortal correspondence is nicely indicated in "The Letters of Gustave Flaubert 1830-1857," selected, edited, and translated from the French by Francis Steegmuller (Belknap/Harvard; $12.50).

Mr. Steegmuller is, of course, an old Flaubert hand, the translator of "Madame Bovary" into its definitive English-language form and author of a book-length study, "Flaubert and Madame Bovary." As editor, he has been over the ground of Flaubert's correspondence twice before, once in 1953 as the editor of the Flaubert volume in the lamentably defunct Great Letters Series by Farrar, Straus & (then) Young, under the general editorship of Louis Kronenberger, and again in 1972 as the editor of "Flaubert in Egypt," a fascinating narrative of Flaubert's travels of 1849-51 as drawn from his letters and journals, with added perspective from the writings of his companion on the trip, Maxime DuCamp. The present volume announces itself to be the first of two that will be derived from the new French text of Flaubert's letters, edited by Jean Bruneau and still in preparation. Mr. Steegmuller has availed himself of some of M. Bruneau's notes, of a number of letters not heretofore available, and of our broadened freedom of printed expression, in order to render more precisely some of Flaubert's blunt language. The scholarship, like its object, is fastidious and deliberate, and the editorial bridges between the letters carry their burden of clarification lightly and altogether give this selection commendable biographical coherence. However, the production, fine as it is, is not beyond cavil. For a volume of only two hundred and fifty pages, the page is exceptionally large, and the print meanly small and set in lines twenty-eight picas long, which, if not quite as ungainly as the lines in which the Magna Carta was inscribed, still challenge the eye not to lose its place. Flaubert's signature is not indicated at the end of the letters, and no typographical distinction is observed—neither a shift to italics nor a change in size—between the epistolary text and the editor's commentary: the result is a passing ambiguity, on several pages, as to who is speaking, Flaubert or Mr. Steegmuller. The footnotes are given at the end of each letter, which is a convenience for the printer but a trouble to the reader. Professedly a translation from the French, this volume contains quite a sprinkling of French untranslated, from snatches of idiom like "*c'est la vie*," "*pauvre vieux*," "*à contrecœur*," and "*je t'embrasse*" to more than a few lines of poetry; e.g., "*Il ira, joyeux oiseau, saluer dans les pins le soleil levant.*" Undoubtedly, these words would lose something in an English rendering, but such loss is part of the contract of any translation, *ça va sans dire*. And though one rarely wishes any book longer than it is, one wonders in this instance why quite so many ellipses have been inserted, and why some letters included in the earlier, smaller selection (four, for instance, of the letters written to Louise Colet before their final break, in 1855) have been excluded from this, which feels, all in all, patchier and less complete than it should.

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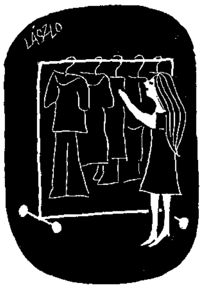
apparatus provides access as direct as can now be had to an aloof and in ways repellent man. Repelling, indeed, was his forte; his maneuvers with Louise Colet—subverting a mistress into an absentee confidante of his abstract aspirations, setting his superb tirades upon Art between him and the seductive neediness of an impoverished widow—constitute one of his many refusals to do what other people wanted him to do. His father, the formidable Dr. Achille-Cléophas Flaubert, judged his second son not to have the makings of a doctor and sent him to law school; Gustave managed to crystallize his disgust and boredom there into a case of epilepsy that secured his return home to the dreaming, reading, and writing that obsessed him. After his father died, his epilepsy eased off and his inherited income protected him from all incursions save that of a marriageable temptress. Early fascinated by St. Anthony, he was himself a great resister of temptations. Lust he recognized as a chink in his armor, and he used both prostitutes and chastity to seal it. He was charmed by whores, and in these letters has much good to say of them. “Naples is a charming city thanks to its great numbers of pimps and whores.” “Our century is a century of whores, and so far what is least prostituted is the prostitute.” He noted that “my heart plays the very whore, gushingly receptive to anything and everything” and admired how “brothels provide condoms as protection against catching the pox from infected vaginas. Let us always have a vast condom within us to protect the health of our soul amid the filth into which it is plunged.” Flaubert, after a typical Continental sexual initiation by a female servant and a Marseilles hotelkeeper, voluntarily remained chaste for two years in his early twenties, and with much protestation allowed himself to be launched into an affair with Mme. Colet. He met her, a married poetess eleven years his senior, in the studio of a Paris sculptor shortly after the sudden deaths of his sister and his father. “You are the only woman,” he wrote her soon afterward, “whom I have both loved and possessed. Until now I used women to satisfy desires aroused in me by other women. You made me untrue to my system, to my heart, perhaps to my nature.” A letter later: “Don't you know that to love excessively brings bad luck to both? It's like over-fondled children: they die young. Life is not made for that. Happiness is a monstrosity; they who seek it are punished.”



The theme of children enters their correspondence as a dread undercurrent. As it becomes clear that his visits to Paris and her will be at best bimonthly, she waxes importunate, and he rebukes her by likening himself, gloriously, to a tree: “Its branches may be unruly, but they are thick and leafy, and they reach out in all directions to breathe the air and the sun. You want to tame that tree, to make it into a charming espalier that would be trained against a wall: true, it would then bear lovely fruit, which a child could pick without a ladder.” The metaphorical child becomes actual in the next day's letter: “You desire a child—admit it. You are wishing for one, as yet another bond that would unite us . . . the very idea sends a shiver up my spine. And if to prevent its coming into the world I had to leave the world, the Seine is right here, and I'd jump in this very moment with a 36-pound cannonball attached to my feet.”

To his mother Flaubert confided, “For me, marriage would be an apostasy: the very thought terrifies me. . . . I know very well that I shall never love another woman as I do you.” Yet it is less his mother who looms in these letters as Louise's rival than his male friends. Toward four of them—Ernest Chevalier, Alfred LePoittevin, Maxime DuCamp, and Louis Bouilhet, who in that order occupied the center of his affections—he directs effusions that, even allowing for the diction of male friendship in that era, have a certain homoerotic content. Before he lost his hair and put on weight, Flaubert was a handsome man as well as, in his surly way, a brilliant one; jealousies over his friendship existed between DuCamp and LePoittevin and then between Bouilhet and DuCamp. When LePoittevin married, it was regarded by Flaubert as a sad betrayal (“Too late! Let be what will be. I will always be here for you”), and when LePoittevin died, Flaubert was at his bedside for two nights, and in a letter to DuCamp described the vigil (“I wrapped him in his shroud, I gave him the farewell kiss, and saw him sealed in his coffin”) as if LePoittevin's wife were not there. With DuCamp, amid the homosexual enticements of Egypt, Flaubert addresses Bouilhet in language like “Ah, you old bardash [catamite; kept boy]” and “The thought of you was like a constant vesicant, inflaming my mind and making its juices flow.” In recounting one lubricious episode, Flaubert teases Bouilhet about the size of

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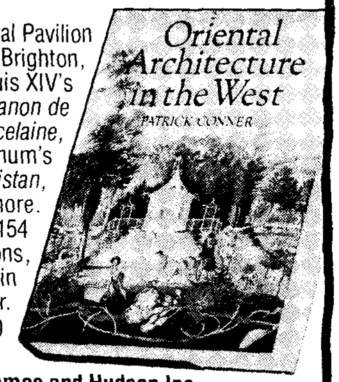

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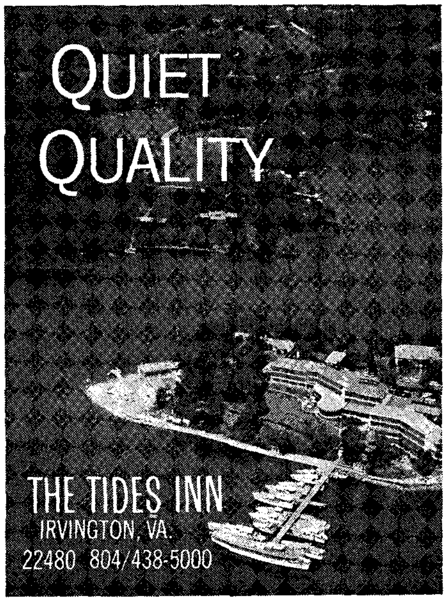

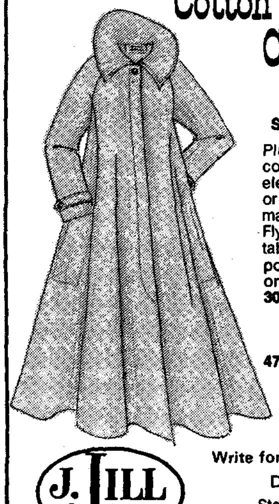
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his penis and indulges in friendly misogyny: "Which in turn goes to show, dear Sir, that women are women everywhere: say what you will, upbringing and religion make no difference: they only cover up a little." Bouilhet, on his side, enlisted by Louise (whose husband had died while Flaubert was in the Orient) to further her case with her elusive lover, instead describes to Flaubert her natural wish to marry him as "monstrous" and in his fervor inadvertently pens an Alexandrine—"*Elle veut, elle croit devenir ton épouse!*" But Flaubert's male companionships, like his female contacts, took second place to his Art; when DuCamp, a literary activist now best remembered for his historic photographs of Egypt and his not always trustworthy memoirs of Flaubert, became importunate in his way, pleading with Flaubert to come up to Paris and publish something speedily, Flaubert responded with a firm rebuff: "You and I are no longer following the same road; we are no longer sailing in the same skiff. May God lead each of us to where each of us wants to go! As for me, I am not seeking port, but the high seas." To Louise Colet he wrote of the exchange:

> I have sent him another letter from the same barrel (of vinegar) as my first. I think he'll be reeling for some time from such a blow, and that he will now keep quiet. I am a very peaceable fellow up to a certain point—up to a certain frontier (that of my freedom), which no one is to pass. So, since he chose to trespass on my most personal territory, I knocked him back into his corner.

His abnegations and defenses turned him prematurely old. At the age of eighteen, he wrote to Ernest Chevalier, "I have nothing but immense, insatiable desires, frightful boredom and incessant yawns," and at the age of twenty-two he was "already suffering from old men's illnesses." A year later, he confided to LePoittevin, "I no longer feel the glowing enthusiasm of youth . . . I am ripe. . . . I try to pass the time in the least boring way possible, and I have found it. Do as I do. *Break with the outside world*, live like a bear." He frequently described himself as a bear, and came to resemble one. Before he was thirty, he was writing to Bouilhet, "I am getting fat and paunchy and repulsively common-looking . . . Yes, I am growing old. I feel that I am no longer capable of coming up with anything good. I have a terror of everything to do with style." Writing to Louise Colet in the first throes of "Madame Bovary," the hibernating bear—perhaps dramatizing his own self-tortures to counterbalance her complaints—avowed more terror: "When I reflect that so much beauty has been entrusted to me—to me—I am so terrified that I am seized with cramps and long to rush off and hide, no matter where." A month later: "You speak of your discouragements: if you could see mine! [I] am sustained only by a kind of permanent frenzy, which sometimes makes me weep tears of impotence but never abates. I love my work with a love that is frantic and perverted, as an ascetic loves the hair shirt that scratches his belly."

His correspondence late and early brims with vows and allusions to his version of religion. "I am turning toward a kind of aesthetic mysticism (if those two words can go together), and I wish it were more intense," he wrote to Louise Colet, and this: "The true poet, for me, is a priest." Nor did he shirk the duty of the religious to hate the world; indeed, it came naturally to him. To Maxime DuCamp he wrote at the age of twenty-four, "While still very young I had a complete presentiment of life. It was like a nauseating smell of cooking escaping through a ventilator: you don't have to eat it to know it would make you vomit." And, five years later: "My youth . . . steeped me in an opiate of boredom, sufficient for the remainder of my days. I hate life. There: I have said it; I'll not take it back. Yes, life; and everything that reminds me that life must be borne." And he sees, in true Christian fashion, the great worth of suffering, inveighing against modern Socialists that "they have denied suffering; they have blasphemed three-quarters of modern poetry, the blood of Christ that stirs within us. Nothing will extirpate suffering, nothing will eliminate it. Our purpose is not to dry it up, but to create outlets for it." "The soul expands with suffering, thus enormously increasing its capacity; what formerly filled it to the point of bursting now barely covers the bottom." The doctor's son, who as a child witnessed many dissections, seems to join voices with the desert saint manqué: "The human heart can be enlarged only by being lacerated."

A curious cruelty in Flaubert led him to dote, in foppish fashion, upon the ancient tyrants and their sybaritic world of slavery and slaughter, the realm most congenial to his imagination, and the site of his more foppish novels. This attraction was present early; at the age of seventeen he wrote to Chevalier, "I love to see men . . . like Nero, like the marquis de Sade. When you read history, when you see the same old wheels always rolling along the same old roads in the midst of ruins, turning, turning in the dusty path of the human race, those figures loom up like Egyptian priapi . . . Those monsters explain history for me, they are its complement, its apogee, its moral, its dessert." For such an imagination, locked into perpetual protest against the impure and tedious world around him, to set a novel in that very world—circumambient and common, provincial and drab—was a tour de force so brutal he recoiled from repeating it. In thanking the great Sainte-Beuve for his favorable review of "Madame Bovary," Flaubert wrote, "I regard this book as a work of pure art, the result of an inflexible resolve. Nothing more. It will be a long time before I write anything else of the kind. It was *physically* painful for me to write it. Now I want to live—or rather resume living—amid less nauseating scenes." He commenced "Salammbô," set in barbaric Carthage, where, amid the torture and butchery and child-devouring gods, he could indeed write his heart out.

It is difficult, reading "Madame Bovary" now, to sense much of the disgust with which Flaubert claimed he wrote it. Its rural Normandy, pre-electricity and pre-automobile, has become for us as exotic as the Oriental vistas Flaubert loved to dream about, and is rendered with a fidelity that passes, after a century's lapse, as affection. The heroine is beautifully felt, from within, by the author's feminine side, and vividly seen from without by his masculine self. The satire on poor M. Homais has lost its sting, and seems now merely comic and, in what we insist on reading as a love story, disproportionate. Flaubert himself, as he reported to Louise Colet his epic progress—moving along scene by scene, never advancing until he was satisfied with the previous pages, so that the book took form in one, glacially slow draft—sometimes betrayed enthusiasm. Of the celebrated scene at the agricultural fair, he wrote her:

> If the effects of a symphony have ever been conveyed in a book, it will be in these pages. I want the reader to hear everything together, like one great roar—the bellowing of bulls, the sighing of lovers, the bombast of official oratory. The sun shines down on it all, and there are gusts of wind that threaten to blow off the women's big bonnets.

A scene from Tolstoy seems conjured up. Though "Madame Bovary" is often extolled as the first modern novel, its novelty scarcely leaps to the eye. Its realism is no more limpid and telling than Stendhal's, or more strenuous and determined than Balzac's. At the

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outset of his five years' labor, Flaubert expressed wariness of "producing a kind of chateaubriandized Balzac," and at the end of it he confessed to Sainte-Beuve that he regarded himself not as a man of his own generation but as "a rabid old Romantic—or a fossilized one." The other discerning critic of "Madame Bovary" to whom Flaubert addressed a letter was Charles Baudelaire, who in striking parallel was, in poetry, bringing something new and hard out of Romanticism's rabid decadence, and whose "Fleurs du Mal" was prosecuted for obscenity the year after "Madame Bovary" was. Flaubert, no spendthrift of praise, praised "Les Fleurs du Mal" in terms he might have applied to himself: "You resemble no one—the greatest of all virtues. The originality of your style springs from the conception; each phrase is crammed to bursting with its idea." Sentence after sentence in "Madame Bovary" is crammed to bursting with its idea. In the fair scene, the gravedigger Lestiboudois enriches himself by renting church seats to the crowd:

> The villagers were hot; they clamored for the straw-seated chairs that gave off a smell of incense, and they leaned back with a certain veneration against the heavy slats stained with candlewax.

The entire atmosphere of a church is transposed to the out-of-doors in these few apparently simple sensory images and lifted into comedy by the "certain veneration." Of the wind Flaubert forecast to Louise Colet, we read:

> A gust of wind coming in the windows ruffled the cloth on the table; and down in the square all the tall headdresses of the peasant women rose up like fluttering white butterfly wings.

We are inside an upstairs room with Emma and Rodolphe, as her virtue is coaxed away; we are outside with the dutiful peasant women in traditional holiday costume; a gust of wind unites them, and we feel the space under Emma's gaze at this moment of falling, and the casual uncaring breath of Nature. "Madame Bovary" is like the railroad stations erected in its epoch: graceful, even floral, but cast of iron.

—JOHN UPDIKE

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

WINTER JOURNEY, by T. Alan Broughton (Dutton; $10.95). Mr. Broughton's new novel takes its title from the Schubert song cycle "Die Winterreise" and recounts the adventures, largely emotional, of an American divorcée, Nancy Mitchell, and her seventeen-year-old son, Carey, a promising concert pianist, during a season in Rome in the early nineteen-fifties. It opens and progresses with every expectation of accomplishment. Mr. Broughton is a writer of considerable style and lyrical ardor. He is also himself a trained pianist (Juilliard), and thus is able to depict the inner responses of a musician, and he convincingly remembers what it is like to be seventeen. We believe him when his young Carey Mitchell is confronted by the experience of Italy and of a cosmopolitan Roman school, and we are beguiled when Carey falls into a love affair with his piano teacher, a twenty-nine-year-old war widow. But then the story begins to flounder in a straining for something more, in a complexity of design. Nancy Mitchell is plunged into a counterpoint love affair with a charming Italian, and to that is added, as a third, related theme, an unhappy homosexual love affair involving an Englishman who teaches at Carey's school and a French social worker. There is much talk, much examining of one another's love affairs, much examining of one's innermost feelings, some diverting sightseeing. And then it all resolves—Carey and the widow, Nancy and her Italian, the English teacher and his faithless Frenchman—and dissolves in a sigh and a shrug of romantic rue.

GENERAL

THE FIRST CHURCHILL: THE LIFE OF JOHN, FIRST DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH, by George Malcolm Thomson (Morrow; $12.95). John Churchill (1650-1722) resembles his descendant Winston in that both received the opportunity to demonstrate their greatness late in their careers. This biographer recalls the years that his subject, the son of an impoverished Royalist gentleman, first devoted to feathering his nest by royal patronage. (He deserted one of his patrons, King James II, in the Glorious Revolution of 1688.) The great commander was practically unknown as a military quantity when, in 1701, at the age of fifty-one, he took the field at the head of a European coalition that, year in, year out, battered the enormous armies of Louis XIV in the War of the Spanish Succession. Churchill was a handsome charmer and a shrewd, reserved diplomat, who worshipped his difficult wife, Sarah, cared for his comrades in arms, and fought with an audacious fury that, Thomson believes, arose from his awareness of the penalties he risked by losing: in the Blenheim campaign, Churchill was fighting for his life—not against the French in the field but against the Tories and Jacobites at home, who sought excuses to send him to the Tower or the block. This book contributes to historical as well as biographical understanding by its unemphatic but unmistakable account of the barbarity of Augustan politics.

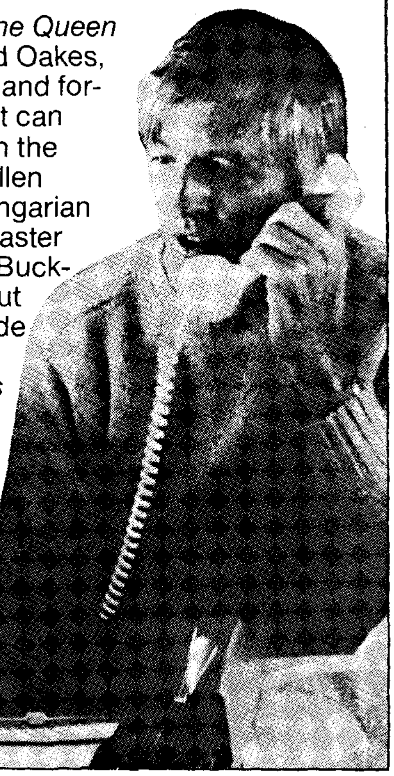
A DANCE ON THE HIGH WIRE, by Jed Harris (Crown; $10). The recollections and assorted musings on theatrical and other matters of Mr. Harris, who died a week after this book was published and many years after his career in the theatre came to an abrupt end. A number of the small facts are perhaps distorted by memory, and there are far too many direct quotes for total credibility. Yet this brusque, uncompromising, and reputedly abrasive man—Laurence Olivier's model for his venomous Richard III—was a spellbinding, witty writer, whose admiration (for Laurette Taylor, Osgood Perkins, Lillian Gish, and Helen Hayes and her mother, among a few others) was as pure and intense as his scorn (for Alexander Woollcott, among countless others). In most of his encounters, onstage and off, he sees himself—or, at least, presents himself—in a dazzling light, and he is right. He was a brilliant man and the incomparable producer and/or director of "Our Town" (1938), "The Front Page" (1928), "Coquette" (1927), "Broadway" (1926), and "Uncle Vanya" (1930), all of them enterprises that have become legendary for their high quality. The chapter on "Uncle Vanya," from casting through rehearsal to opening, makes an exciting climax to a volume that as a whole generates an excitement rare indeed in theatrical memoirs.

•

At the reception which followed, Mrs. Serkin, for her part, told Cecile: "This is the second time you have made me cry." (Cecile's interpretation of Beethoven's Pathetique was what had touched her profoundly.) Mrs. Serkin continued: "The first time you made me cry was when you played Mozart's Sonata in P Major."

—*Philippines Daily Express.*

That would break *anybody* up.



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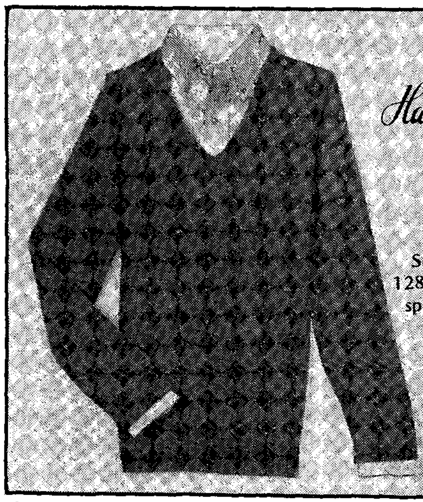

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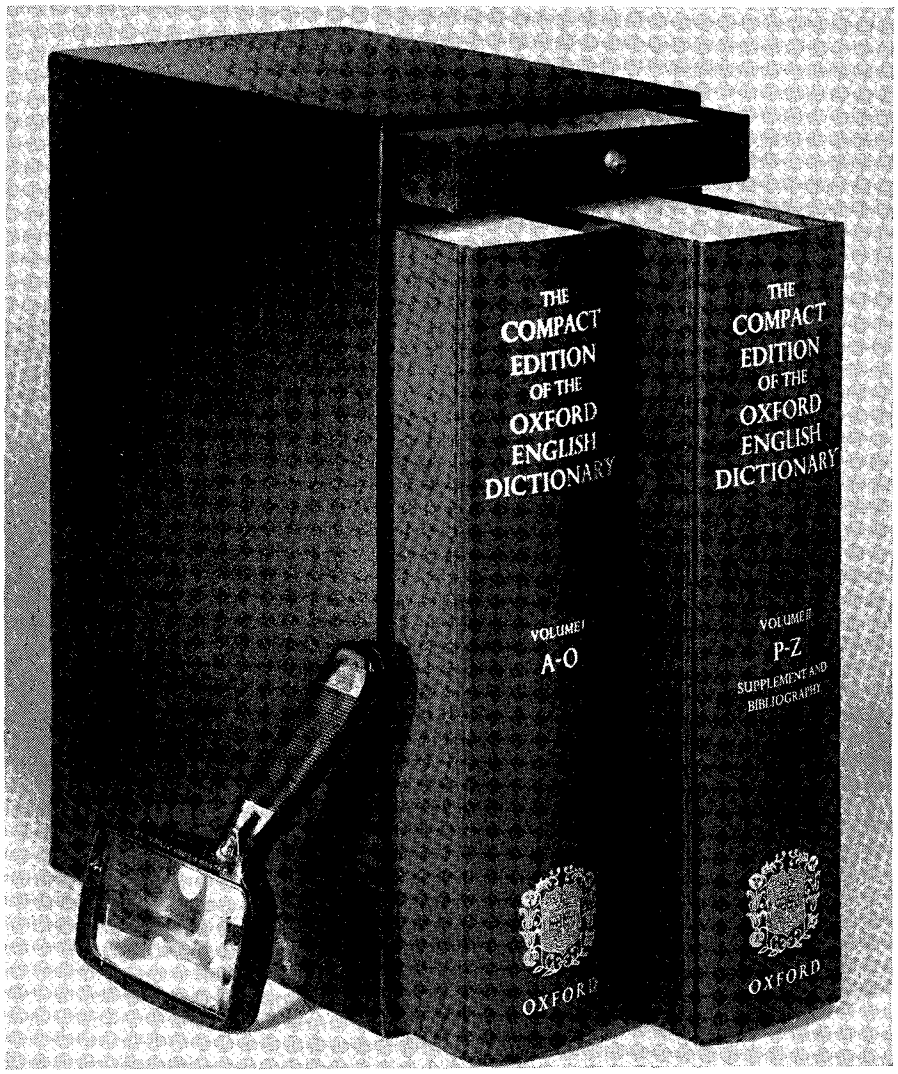
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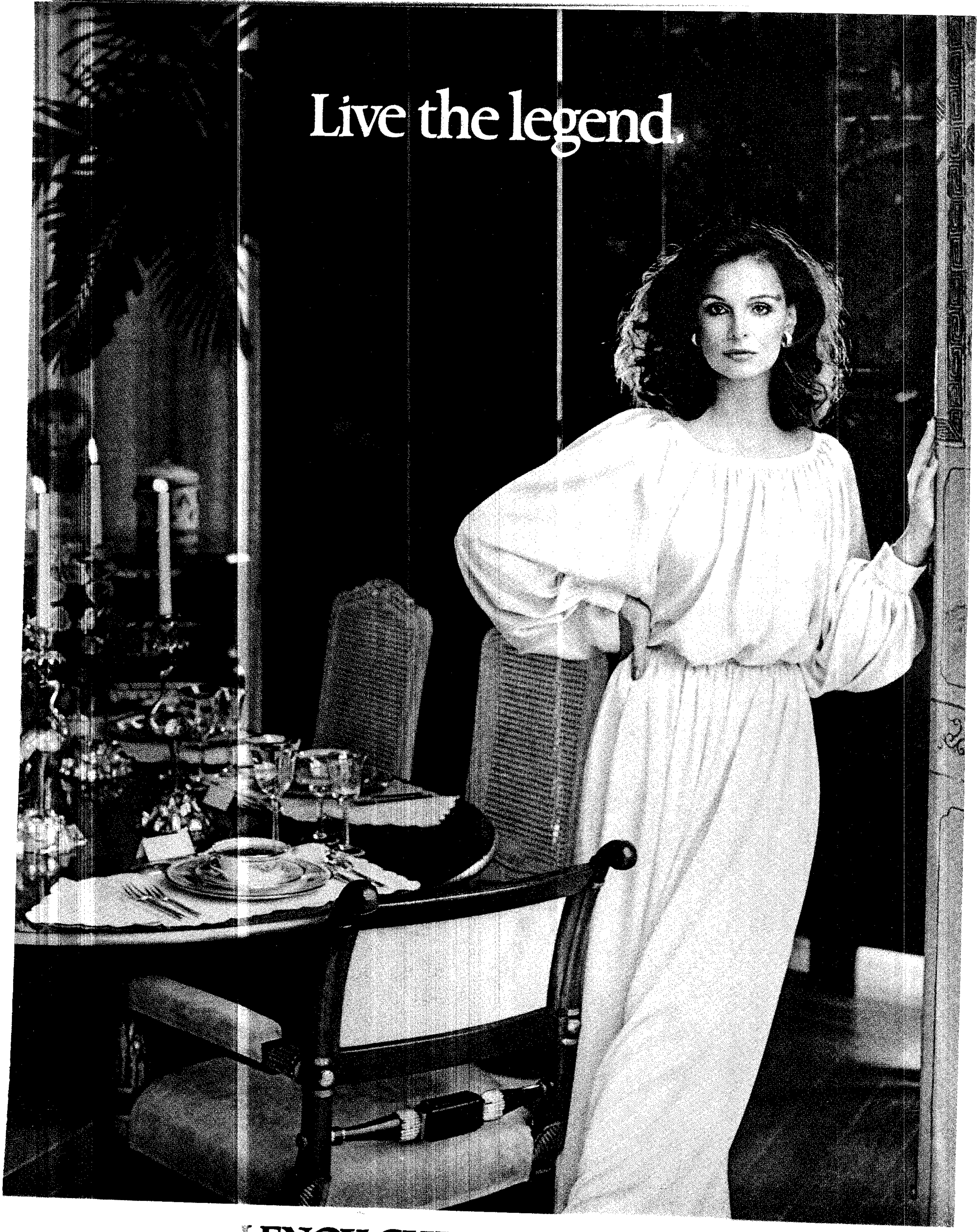
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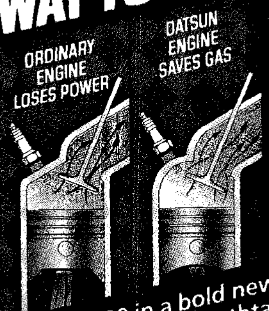

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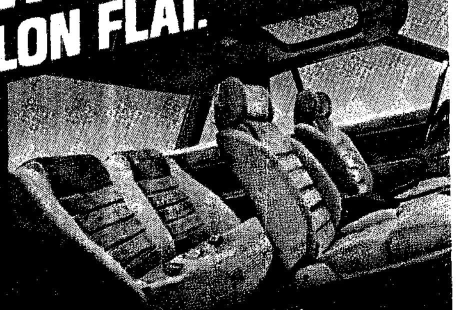

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